SPECIMEN

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASING

RACING

BY THE

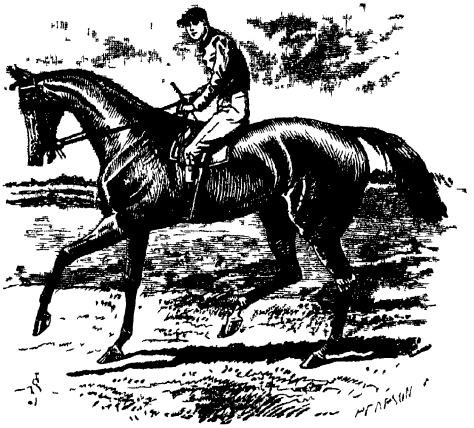
EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, AND W. G. CRAVEN

WITH A CONTRIBUTION BY THE HON. F. LAWLEY

STEEPLE-CHASING

BY

ARTHUR COVENTRY AND ALFRED E. T. WATSON



NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS by J. STURGESS

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DEDICATION

TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BADMINTON: *October* 1885.

HAVING received permission to dedicate these volumes, the BADMINTON LIBRARY of SPORTS and PASTIMES, to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, I do so feeling that I am dedicating them to one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time. I can say, from personal observation, that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen, when a fox breaks covert, more dexterously and quickly than His Royal Highness; and that when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better. Also, when the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen His Royal Highness knocking over driven grouse and partridges and high-rocketing pheasants in first-rate

workmanlike style. He is held to be a good yachtsman, and as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron is looked up to by those who love that pleasant and exhilarating pastime. His encouragement of racing is well known, and his attendance at the University, Public School, and other important Matches testifies to his being, like most English gentlemen, fond of all manly sports. I consider it a great privilege to be allowed to dedicate these volumes to so eminent a sportsman as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and I do so with sincere feelings of respect and esteem and loyal devotion.

BEAUFORT.

PREFACE.

A FEW LINES only are necessary to explain the object with which these volumes are put forth. There is no modern encyclopædia to which the inexperienced man, who seeks guidance in the practice of the various British Sports and Pastimes, can turn for information. Some books there are on Hunting, some on Racing, some on Lawn Tennis, some on Fishing, and so on; but one Library, or succession of volumes, which treats of the Sports and Pastimes indulged in by Englishmen—and women—is wanting. The Badminton Library is offered to supply the want. Of the imperfections which must be found in the execution of such a design we are conscious. Experts often differ. But this we may say, that those who are seeking for knowledge on any of the subjects dealt with will find the result of many years' experience written by men who are in every case adepts at the Sport or Pastime of which they write. It is to

point the way to success to those who are ignorant of the sciences they aspire to master, and who have no friend to help or coach them, that these volumes are written.

To those who have worked hard to place simply and clearly before the reader that which he will find within, the best thanks of the Editor are due. That it has been no slight labour to supervise all that has been written he must acknowledge; but it has been a labour of love, and very much lightened by the courtesy of the Publisher, by the unflinching, indefatigable assistance of the Sub-Editor, and by the intelligent and able arrangement of each subject by the various writers, who are so thoroughly masters of the subjects of which they treat. The reward we all hope to reap is that our work may prove useful to this and future generations.

THE EDITOR.

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By JOHN STURGESS.

(Executed by G. Pearson.)

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RACING

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THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE
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CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF HORSE-RACING.

Coming from the Birdcage, Newmarket

NO BOOK on the subject of horse-racing can well exclude some more or less brief comments on the history of the sport; and here it is obvious that the writer has no alternative but to go over ground which has already been traversed. No more difficult, more well-nigh impossible task could be assigned, even to those who have the greatest modern experience of horse-racing and its congener horse-breeding,

than that of compiling a volume on these subjects which shall contain even a small portion of original matter in that part which relates to turf history.

We are necessarily driven to research in old writings, and here we are bound to accept the outlines, whatever amount of credence we may accord to the minor details. So far, therefore, as history goes, it is our intention to confine ourselves to extracting such information from other authors as has received some sort of confirmation, or is at least reasonably possible. The bare history of the turf is not so very recondite, for the introduction into this country of the various strains of blood which have parented our present thoroughbred stock is duly recorded in works the majority of which were written by men of high position; but when we come gravely to consider what we are asked to believe as to the feats accomplished by horses even one hundred years ago, the spirit of distrust grows strong within us. If anyone should exclaim against such incredulity, let him, if at all posted up in turf matters, read for one week his contemporary racing literature and reflect thereon by the light of his own knowledge; then let him try to imagine himself his own great-grandson, perusing some century hence the statements of to-day, and he will readily arrive at the conclusion that his illustrious descendant will do well to accept with some reservation the published accounts of ancestral sporting performances.

We do not think that we shall unduly tax the credulity of readers when we come to contemporary affairs, and after the legends of the turf have been summarised we may unhesitatingly promise matter which at least has the claim to absolute freshness. Through the kindness of the owners and trainers of several of the most famous horses that have run during recent years, we are able to afford readers peeps behind the scenes, which we hope and think can scarcely fail to prove instructive; for what these famous horses were asked to do at home, and how the capacity which they publicly displayed was privately gauged, will be set forth. Readers will see how some-

times horses ran up to their trials and how sometimes they failed to do so; and if no other explanation be deducible, at least a lesson as to the uncertainty of the turf may be learnt.

When we come to discuss the breeding of racehorses, we are once more beset with difficulties. For there seems in very truth, as far as the science has gone at present, to be *no* 'royal road' to breeding. All men who have devoted themselves to this study have their individual hobbies. Many preach what they do not practise; while others who put their theories into practice do more harm than good, the theories relating rather to the immediate pecuniary advantage to be derived from sale than to ultimate improvement in the quality of the stock.

It is the study of every breeder to find that 'nick' of blood which will produce winners; and after infinite care, thought, study, and experience the 'nick' is sometimes found and the winner produced. The breeder rejoices. His toil seems to be rewarded. His calculations have proved accurate. In the youngsters the faults of the sire have been, let us say, corrected by the dam. His stamina joined to her speed results in the appearance of a racehorse far removed from the common. Eagerly the breeder tries the combination again, and what is the result? Almost as often as not a worthless animal.

The union of Dutch Skater and Cantinière gave birth to that excellent mare Dutch Oven. The combination looked promising and proved notably successful; but the next child of these well-mated parents was Prince Maurice, a handsome colt truly, and thoroughly sound throughout his career, but unable to gallop and valueless as a racehorse. Again, the result of sending Devotion to Hermit was Thebais, a mare of the first class, winner of the One Thousand and Oaks, possessed of speed and exceptional stoutness. Devotion visits Hermit again and gives birth to St. Marguerite, a delicate mare which nevertheless wins the One Thousand Guineas. Clairvaux, a wonderfully speedy colt, is another success so long as he can be trained. Again a foal is born to these two, a colt, St. Honorat, which is bought for 4,000 guineas and reluctantly parted with; but he

proves worth less than 4,000 pence for racing purposes. Similar instances might be multiplied. We are, however, not without hope that by the careful study of the Stud Book, jointly with the Calendar, some few facts may yet be gleaned tending to throw a light on this vexed question.

A comparison must also be instituted between the ancient and the modern systems of racing, though, in endeavouring to lay before our readers what we believe to be the truth, we must confess that we approach a delicate subject with considerable misgivings; for, in order to adequately describe the racing of our present time, we must freely express our views, not only on the sport itself, but also on all the influences, good, bad, or indifferent, which are brought to bear upon it, and during this process we may chance to tread upon toes more used to administer kicks than to feel admonitory pressure.

We had begun by ransacking old volumes and by having recourse to the shelves of the British Museum, but when we had already gone far into our subject, our attention was called to a work, written, so far as history is concerned, in much the same strain as that which we proposed to adopt.

Our space being limited, we shall be forced to abridge much of the detail which those who care to peruse will find in the 'History of the British Turf,' by James Christie Whyte, published in 1840, a book which gives a complete record up to that date of matters connected with racing in this country. The author has compiled a mass of interesting material from ancient writers, and we propose to borrow largely from his facts and occasionally to quote his ideas thereon. Like Mr. Whyte, we feel that we cannot better begin our essay than by taking the historical record which appeared in the 'Sporting Magazine' of 1792. The conciseness of the article will be readily appreciated.

It runs in the following strain:

HORSES OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Before the time of Julius Cæsar, the inhabitants of these islands certainly had horses which served as beasts of burden and also drew them in their chariots ; but history does not furnish us with any account of them in these early years. We are informed by the Venerable Bede that the English began to saddle their horses about the year 631, and he has remarked that at this period the people of rank first distinguished themselves by appearing frequently on horseback. Whyte says on this subject, 'However this may be, we find on Cæsar's invasion of Great Britain that the landing of the Roman troops (B.C. 55) was opposed by bodies of horsemen, besides chariots and infantry;' and as the fact is well established by the testimony of many Roman historians, we are inclined to take it in preference to what is advanced by Bede, who assigns the year 631, in the reign of Edwin the Great, as the earliest period at which the English used saddle-horses.

In the reign of Athelstane horses were held in high estimation, and those bred in England were supposed to be so much superior to those of other countries, that a law was made to prohibit their exportation. It is remarkable also that in this reign horses were imported into England from the Continent.

Whyte says, 'The earliest mention of racehorses or, as they were called in those days, running-horses, in our nationa annals, are those of the ninth century ('Malms. de Gest. Reg. Angl.' lib. ii. cap. vi.), sent by Hugh, founder of the Royal House of Capet, in France, as a present to King Athelstane, whose sister, Ethelswitha, he was soliciting in marriage.'

When William the Norman conquered this country the breed of horses was considerably improved. Many were brought from Normandy and other countries. Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, in particular, rendered this nation essential services by introducing the stallions of Spain into his

estate in Powisland. From these a breed was cultivated whose perfections have been celebrated by Giraldus Cambrensis and Drayton. This race was calculated for the purposes of war and for pageantry or grand solemnities.

In the reign of Henry II. tournaments and horse-races began to be frequent exhibitions; and Smithfield, which was the first market in England for every denomination of horses, was the theatre of these sports and exercises.

FitzStephen, the chronicler of this time, says: 'When a race is to be run by this sort of horses and perhaps by others which in their kind are also strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest. . . . The horses, on their part, are not without emulation; they tremble and are impatient, are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start down the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys, inspired by the thought of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries'—by no means, we may add, the modern idea of an artistic finish.

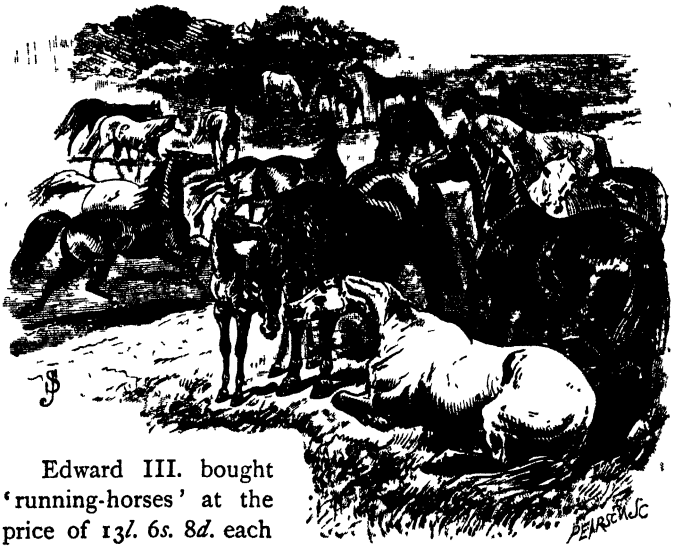
Again in Richard I.'s reign the popularity of racing was no doubt very great, and Sir Beuys of Southampton, in his 'Metrical Romance,' thus describes the sports in the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays:

> In somer time at Whitsontyde,
> When knights most on horsebacke ryde;
> A course let they make on a daye,
> Steedes and palfreye, for to assaye;
> Which horse, that best may run,
> Three myles the cours was then,
> Who that might ryde him shoulde
> Have forty pounds of redy gold.

In a romance written to celebrate the deeds of Richard I. we find that swift running-horses were much esteemed by the heroes who figure in it. Speaking of races in the camp:

Two steedes fownde King Richard,
That Von Fazell, that other Syard,
Yn this worlde they hadde no pere;
Dromedary, rabyte, ne cammele
Goeth none so swifte without fayle,
For a thousand pounde of golde
He shoulde the one be solde.

Edward II. was particularly fond of horses, and the warlike genius of Edward III. induced him to procure supplies of them from distant countries. Historians inform us that this valiant prince was at one time indebted to the Count of Hainault 25,000 florins for horses which he had furnished.



Herds of horses.

Edward III. bought 'running-horses' at the price of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each —equal to 160*l.* in money of the present day. He received a present of two fencing horses from the King of Navarre, and gave 100 shillings to the person who brought them.

In this age horses were divided into *the managed*, or those disciplined for war, and into coursers, amblers, palfreys, nags,

and ponies. When chivalry prevailed, no knight or gentleman would ride a mare—it was thought dishonourable and disgraceful. No satisfactory reason has ever been assigned for this absurd prejudice, but some imagine it was because the clergy had in some measure appropriated the use of mares from a pretended principle of humility, as they were less spirited than horses.

In the reign of Henry VII. the English had large herds of horses in their pastures and common fields, and when the harvest was gathered in, the cattle of different proprietors fed promiscuously together, on which account the horses were castrated. This was therefore the age of geldings; for the entire horses which were kept for breeding were confined in stables or on lands which were enclosed.

Under the succeeding Prince particular attention was paid to the raising of a strong breed of horses, and laws were instituted to enforce the completion of that design.

To secure size and strength in the progeny, it was thought necessary to select the sires and dams of a certain proportion, size, and mould, and not to permit any mare or stallion to breed except under these restrictions. A law was accordingly promulgated for that purpose. The Act ran thus:

'By the 32 Henry VIII. c. 13 it is enacted that no person shall put in any forest, chase, moor, heath, common, or waste (where mares and fillies are used to be kept) any stoned horse above the age of two years, not being fifteen hands high, within the shires and territories of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Essex, Kent, South Hampshire, North Wilts, Oxford, Berks, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, North Wales, South Wales, Bedford, Warwick, Northampton, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Salop, Leicester, Hereford and Lincoln; nor under fourteen hands in any other county on pain of forfeiting the same.' But by the 21 James I., c. 28, f. 12, Cornwall is excepted.

By the 8 Elizabeth, c. 28, the statute of 32 Henry VIII. shall not extend to the marshes in the counties of Cambridge,

Huntingdon, Suffolk, Northampton, Lincoln, and Norfolk; provided that the horses be of thirteen hands.

By the statute of 32 Henry VIII. c. 13, 'Any person may seize any horse of under-size, in manner following: he shall go to the keeper of such forest, or (out of such forest) to the constable of the next town, and require him to go with him, to bring such horse to the next pound; there to be measured by such officer, in the presence of three other honest men, to be appointed by the officer, and if he shall be found contrary to what is above expressed such person may take him for his own use. And any such keeper, constable, or other of the three persons who shall refuse to do as aforesaid shall forfeit 40*s*.'

Also by the same statute: 'All such commons and other places shall, within fifteen days after Michaelmas, yearly, be driven by the owners and keepers, or constables respectively, on pain of 40*s*., and they may also drive the same at any other time they shall meet. And if there shall be found in any of the said drifts any mare, filly, foal or gelding which shall not be thought able, nor like to grow to be able to bear foals of reasonable stature, or to do profitable labours, by the discretion of the drivers, or the greater number of them, they may kill and bury them.'

Even infected horses are prohibited from being turned into such commons by the same Act, whereby it is enacted that 'No person shall have nor put to pasture any horse, gelding, or mare infected with the scab or mange, in any common or common fields, on pain of 10*s*., and the offence shall be enquirable in the leet, as other common annoyances are, and the forfeiture shall be to the Lord of the Leet.'

This statute had the effect which might naturally be expected, and furnished the kingdom with many stout and useful horses. Carew, in his 'History of Cornwall,' supposes this Act of Parliament to have been the occasion of losing almost entirely the small breed of horses which were peculiar to that county. It is also known to have had the same effect in the Principality of Wales, where the little breed once so abundant

is now extinct; its scarcity is proof of the astonishing changes which air, food, and a mixture of blood can produce in the animal world.

The loss, however, of these pigmies which Mr. Carew regrets was well repaired by a race of larger and more able-bodied creatures; for the small animals, however pleasing and useful in their own craggy mountainous country, could not extend their merit beyond its boundary, being inferior for the task of war, the swiftness and fatigue of the chase, the splendour of tournaments, and the magnificent pageantry of the times, which, particularly in the reign of Henry VIII., all writers agree was excessive.

Henry VIII., from his excessive fondness of pomp and ostentation, even obliged under penalties all orders of men to keep a certain number of horses in proportion to their rank and circumstances.

The archbishop and every duke were enjoined to keep seven trotting stone horses for the saddle, each of which was to be fourteen hands in height. Every clergyman possessing a benefice to the amount of one hundred pounds per annum, or a layman whose wife should wear a French hood or a bonnet of velvet, was to keep one trotting stone horse, under the penalty of twenty pounds; and there were other regulations equally singular and minute.

Henry VIII. did not confine his attention merely to the establishment of a generous and serviceable breed of horses; he was solicitous to provide from different countries skilful and experienced persons to preside in his stables, in order that by their means the rules and elements of horsemanship might be circulated throughout the nation.

In Sir N. H. Nicolas' work, entitled 'Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.,' we find items to the keeper of the 'Barbary horse' for his board for so many weeks; to the same keeper again—by 'way of reward,' with a reward also 'to the boye that ranne the horse,' with other charges, including 'a bath for the horse.'

A nobleman's steed about this time is described in Whyte, and is taken from the regulations and establishments of Algernon Percy, the fifth Duke of Northumberland, in 1512.

'This is the order of the chequer roul of the nombre of horsys of my lordys and my ladys that are appointed to be in the charge of the hous yerely, as to say, gentill horsys, palfreys, hobys, naggis, clothsek hors, male hors.

'First, gentyll horsys, to stand in my lord's stable, six. Item, palfreys of my ladis, to wit, oone for my lady, and two for her gentillwomen, and oone for her chamberer. Four hobys and nags for my lordys oone saddill—viz. oone for my lorde, and oone to stay at home for my lorde.

'Item, chariot hors, to stand in my lordis stable yerely. Seven great trottynge horsys to draw in the chariott, and a nag for the chariott man to ride, eight. Again, hors for Lord Percy, his lordship's son and heir. A gret doble trottynge hors, called a curtal, for his lordship to ride on out of townes. Another trottynge gambaldyne hors for his lordship to ride on when he comes into towne. An amblynge hors for his lordship to journeye on daily. A proper amblynge little nag for his lordship when he goeth on hunting and hawking. A great amblynge gelding, or trottynge gelding, to carry his male.'

'Gentyll' horse was one of superior cattle and made the best chargers. 'Palfreys' were an elegant kind, mostly small, and broken in to the use of ladies, and aged or infirm people of rank. 'Hobys' were strong active horses of small size, and are originally supposed to have come from Ireland. This breed, being at one time in high repute, gave origin to the phrase by which any favourite object is termed a man's 'hobby.'

The 'clothsek,' or male horse, was one that carried the cloak-bag, or portmanteau.

'Chariott' horses (derived from the French *charette*), were waggon-horses.

'A gret doble trottynge hors' was a heavy powerful horse, whose pace was a trot, being either too unwieldy in itself or carrying too great weights to gallop.

So says Whyte, but 'double' in French is often used for an 'entire' horse as against 'ongre,' which signifies gelding. At the same time a cob is often called a 'double pony,' though not entire.

A 'curtal' was a horse whose tail was cut or shortened.

A 'gambaldyne' horse was one of show or parade—from gambol, which is derived from the Italian 'gamba' (leg). An ambler is called a pacer now-a-days.

An 'amblynge' horse was one of much the same description, but whose more quiet ambling pace adapted him especially to the use of ladies.[1]

Edward VI., convinced that horses were now become more valuable than they had been, was the first to make the stealing of them a capital offence. By the 1 Ed. VI. c. 12 it is enacted that 'No person convicted for feloniously stealing of horses, geldings, or mares, shall have the privilege of the clergy.'

The deficiency of this statute being observed, inasmuch as it ran only in the plural—to wit, *horses, geldings and mares*, a doubt arose whether a person convicted of stealing *one* only of each was not entitled to his clergy; but in order to remove this doubt, the statute of 2 & 3 Ed. VI. was promulgated, wherein it is enacted, that 'all and singular person and persons feloniously taking and stealing any horse, gelding, or mare, shall not be permitted to enjoy the benefit of clergy, but shall be put from the same.'

Both these Acts of Parliament are therefore still in force, the latter being only supplemental to the former.

Till towards the termination of the reign of Elizabeth, only saddle-horses and carts were used for the conveyance of persons of all distinctions. Elizabeth rode behind her Master of the Horse when she went in state to St. Paul's; but this practice was discontinued when Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, introduced

[1] There is no record of our ancestors having known that tying the fore and hind leg on the same side teaches horses to amble or pace, though when turned out on commons it may have been in use as a system for checking

the use of coaches, an innovation which then created an enormous demand for horses. It is also to be observed that the use of gunpowder, making heavy armour unnecessary, occasioned a demand for light and active horses, instead of those stately animals which had been employed in war and exhibition. As far as racing is concerned, it ceased to be a great public amusement during this reign. No mention is made of the sport as forming part of the amusements which were provided for the Sovereign during her visit to Lord Leicester at Kenilworth, and Commenino says that in 1590 tilting or quintain is used, when a ring is struck with a truncheon, instead of horse-racing, which, he adds, is grown out of fashion.

No doubt racing did not completely die out, as we find in Bishop Hall's 'Satires,' published about the same time, the following lines :

> Dost thou prize
> Thy brute beasts' worth by their dam's qualities ;
> Say'st thou, this colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,
> Only because a jennet did him breed ?
> Or sayst thou, this same horse shall win the prize,
> Because his dam was swiftest Trunchifrice,
> Or Buncivall his syre : himself a galloway ?
> While, like a tireling jade, he lags half-way.

It is remarkable that at this time there was such a lack of cavalry horses that when England was threatened by the Spanish Armada no more than 3,000 cavalry could be mustered in the whole kingdom.

But in the reign of James I. horsemanship was still more practised and encouraged ; many improvements and refinements in that art were introduced by the different masters, who now taught it throughout Europe.

Public races were about this time established, and such horses as had given proof of superior abilities became known and celebrated ; and their pedigree as well as that of their posterity (in imitation, perhaps, of the Arabian manner) preserved and recorded with the minutest exactness. Garterly,

in the county of York, Croydon, and sometimes Theobalds or Enfield Chase, were then the usual places of exhibition allotted for the fleetest races.

The races were then conducted upon the same principles, and nearly on the same rules, as at present, and the horses were prepared for running by the discipline of food, physic, airing, sweating, and clothing. The weight to be carried by each horse was also rigidly adjusted, and the usual weight of a rider was stated at 10 stone.

The most respectable races throughout the kingdom were called 'Bell Courses,' the prize or reward of the conquering horse being a bell. It may therefore be submitted as a conjecture, whether the phrase of 'bearing the bell,' [1] which implies being comparatively the best, is not more aptly deduced from this custom, and thus more forcibly applied, than from the method of tying a bell round the neck of the sheep which leads the flock, and is therefore supposed to be the best. James I. built ample stables at Newmarket, near the Palace. These were afterwards rebuilt by Charles II., and again in the middle of this century by the Rothschilds. These stables have been since occupied by many trainers of note, and of late years, before belonging to the Rothschilds, by Godding, whose employers—Lord Uxbridge, Mr. Naylor, and Captain Little, all well known on the turf—trained there such horses as General Hess, Carnival, Macaroni, and other equine celebrities.

King James bought an Arabian horse of one Mr. Markham, a merchant, for which he gave 500*l*. It was the first of that country which had been seen in England, though it seems surprising, considering the several expeditions to the Holy Land and other parts of the East, that none had even been imported before.

The Duke of Newcastle, in his treatise on horsemanship, says he saw the Arabian above mentioned, and describes him as a small horse of a bay colour, and not very excellent with

[1] Or from the French 'La Belle,' the best of three games, as races were run in heats.—ED.

regard to shape—a description applicable to the famous horse since known as the Godolphin Arabian.

Henry, Prince of Wales, the son of James, had an early and eager inclination to those exercises which tend at once to engage and employ the mind, form the body, and add grace to vigour and activity. He therefore cultivated horsemanship with industry, and the art would have found in him its greatest ornament and support, had not death prematurely deprived the world of this amiable Prince, and the *manège* of a promoter and protector. He was under the tuition of an experienced horseman named Saint Antonius, and received his lessons in a riding-house in St. James's Palace.

Several writers on the subject of horses speak of this young Prince's attachment to equestrian exercises, with regard to hunting as well as the *manège*; and mention the hopes that were once conceived of the advantages the kingdom would derive from the studs which he had formed, and the races he had established.

In this reign the merits of English horses began to be so evident that many were purchased and sent into France, where they continue to be much valued and admired. Bassompierre, in his Memoirs, gives us the following account of their first introduction into France:

> The Court (he says) being at Fontainebleau, it was the practice to play for large and serious sums; and the circulation being extremely brisk, the courtiers called the counters, which represented money, *Quinterots*, because they passed and repassed from one player to another with as much celerity as the English horses were known to run. These were called *Quinterots*, from the name of the person who had brought them into France the year before.

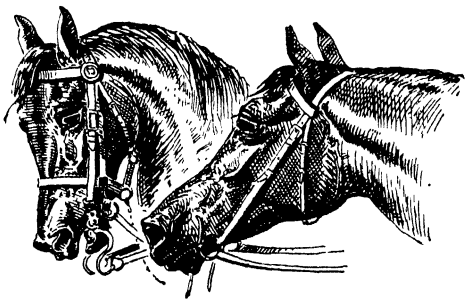
He further observes: 'That English horses were so much admired for their speed that they have since that time been always employed in hunting and on the road—a practice until then unknown.'

Towards the conclusion of the reign of James I. it appears

that the English method of keeping and managing their horses was thought so judicious that France and other neighbouring countries imitated and copied it.

The reign of Charles I. was embroiled and distracted by scenes which prevented his attending to those arts and improvements which are the offspring of peace, and which must be nursed by leisure and tranquillity. This King was nevertheless very fond of the *manège*, and, according to the testimony of historians, a very judicious and accomplished horseman. As an instance of his attention to the art of riding, considered in a national and public light, he issued a proclamation in the third year of his reign, enjoining the use of bits instead of snaffles, which were used in the army at that time.

This proclamation sets forth that His Majesty, finding by experience that such horses as were employed in the service are more apt and fit to be managed, by such as shall ride them, by being accustomed to the bit than the snaffle ; he therefore strictly charges and commands that no person (other than such only as His Majesty in respect of their attendance on his Royal person, in times of disport or otherwise, shall license hereunto) shall in riding use any snaffles but bits.



Bits for troops : snaffles for disport.

This was a judicious regulation, for bits are more becoming and better suited to the troops, as snaffles are in general fitter

for 'times of disport'—by which it is presumed racing and the chase were meant, and for these they were reserved.

The first races held at Newmarket took place in this reign, about 1640, although the round course was not made till 1807.

In D'Urfey's collection of songs, supposed to have been written about this time, one called 'Newmarket' runs thus:

Let collies that lose at a race
Go venture at hazard to win;
Or he that is bubbled at dice,
Recover at cocking again.
Let jades that are foundered, be bought;
Let jockies play crimp to make sport;
Another makes racing a trade,
And dreams of his prospects to come,
And many a crimp match has made
By bubbing[1] another man's groom.

Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' says: 'Riding of great horses, running at rings, tilts and tournaments, horse races, and wild-goose chases, which are disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means gallop themselves out of their fortunes.'

It is possible, Whyte says, that by wild-goose chases steeple-chases are meant, and would thus be mentioned for the first time, so far as he can find. But this is a theory which requires more confirmation.

Whyte tells us that Mr. Place, so well known in sporting literature through his famous horse White Turk, was master of the stud to Oliver Cromwell; but the civil war of the time, whilst it must have interfered with the sport, also caused a scarcity of record.

It was during his exile in 1658 at Antwerp that the Duke of Newcastle wrote his 'Méthode et Invention Nouvelle de Dresser les Chevaux,' originally written in French, and giving

[1] Bribing.

his views on the various breeds of horses which he knows. He praises the barbs, and talks of an old French nobleman, who served under Henry IV., having told him that he had often seen these upset the large Flemish horse in the tilt. He also mentions the solidness of the bone of the barb as compared with all others: 'Having a hollow scarcely large enough to insert a straw, while on the other hand in the same bone of a Flanders horse you may almost insert your little finger.' This is a fact as regards our thoroughbreds as compared with all other breeds in this country.

When Charles II. was restored arts, sciences, and pleasures followed in his train, and were also restored to a nation from which the troubles of a preceding reign and Cromwell's interregnum had driven them away. The laughter-loving monarch greatly encouraged racing; he gave public rewards and prizes, and delighted in being a spectator of the contests of the course. When he resided at Windsor the horses ran on Datchet Mead; but the most distinguished spot for these spectacles was Newmarket, a place that from the firmness of the ground was first chosen and has ever since been devoted to these sports.

The glory of this scene now burst forth in its grandest splendour. The King honoured the races with his presence, and established a mansion for his reception. He even condescended to be a competitor, kept and entered horses in his own name, and by his attention and generosity added dignity, importance and lustre to the institution over which he presided. Bells, the ancient reward for swiftness, were now no longer given; a silver bowl or cup, of the value of one hundred guineas, succeeded the tinkling prize. On this Royal gift the exploits of the successful horse, together with his pedigree, were usually engraved, to publish and perpetuate his fame. Several of these trophies are now to be seen in the possession of the descendants of sportsmen. The Duke of Newcastle informs us that Charles II. had much knowledge in horses, and was an able and experienced rider.

During this reign, about the time of the Rye House Plot, Newmarket caught fire, the palace being at the time occupied by the King, Queen, and Duke of York, and the damage done was estimated at 20,000*l.*

The fire broke out on the Suffolk side, but danger was apprehended to the Cambridge side, and notice was sent about 1 A.M. to the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge that the Court would move there; but about 3 in the morning Lord Grandison arrived and informed the Mayor that the Court had gone to Cheveley. In reality the King never moved from Newmarket till the Monday following that black Friday—March 6, 1683.

In Evelyn's Diary of September 23, 1683, we find:

> There was this day a collection for rebuilding Newmarket, consumed by an accidental fire, which removing His Majesty thence sooner than was intended, put by the assassins, who were disappointed of their rendezvous and expectations by a wonderful Providence. This made the King more earnest to render Winchester the seat of his autumnal field diversions for the future, designing a palace there where the ancient castle stood; infinitely preferable to Newmarket for prospects, air, pleasure, and provisions. The surveyor has already begun the foundation of a palace, estimated to cost 35,000*l.*, and His Majesty is purchasing ground round it, to make a park.

Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, and he worked hard till the King's death, after which the palace was turned into a prison, and in 1810 into the barracks.

The celebrated 'Royal mares' were imported from Tangiers, in Africa, at this time. Besides these came Place's White Turk; and it was from this time that we can fairly say that our improved breed of Eastern horses, now called thoroughbreds, began to be highly valued, though it did not reach its full appreciation till later on.

James II. has the honourable testimony of the Duke of Newcastle with respect to his being a good horseman; but his reign was too short and troublous to permit him largely to

discover his sentiments and inclinations upon the subject of horses. He was a lover of hunting, and for that purpose preferred English horses, of which he always had several in his stables after he became an inhabitant of France.

When William III. ascended the throne he not only added to the plates given to different places in the kingdom, but rendered a more necessary and important service to the country. He founded an academy for riding, and invited from France a very able and experienced horseman—Major Joubert —to preside over his institution.

Queen Anne continued the bounty of her predecessors, with the addition of several plates. Her Royal consort, George, Prince of Denmark, is said to have taken infinite delight in horse-racing, and to have obtained from the Queen the grants of several plates allotted to different places.

During this reign the Darley Arabian was brought into England.

Towards the close of the reign of George I. he discontinued the plates, and in lieu gave the sum of one hundred guineas. The statute 13 George II. c. 19, for the prohibition of races by ponies, forbids all matches for any plate or prize under the value of 50*l.*, and enacts that each horse which shall be entered to run, if five years old shall carry 10 stone; if six, 11; and if seven, 12 stone.

This Act of Parliament had a twofold intention, being framed not only to prevent the encouragement of a paltry breed of horses, but also to remove all temptation from the lower class of people, who constantly attend these races, to their very great injury and loss of time.

It was thought expedient about 1785 to impose a tax upon running-horses; accordingly the financier obtained a statute for that purpose in the 24th year of the reign of George III., c. 26, whereby it is enacted that:

For every horse entered to start or run for any plate, prize or sum of money, or anything whatsoever, in addition to the duties of former and subsequent Acts laid upon horses, shall be paid the

further sum of 2*l.* 2*s.* And the owner of every such horse shall previously pay the sum of 2*l.* 2*s.* as the duty for one year to the clerk of the course or other person authorised to make the entry, which if he shall neglect or refuse to pay, he shall forfeit 20*l.*

We may here opportunely quote from the pages of Mr. J. C. Whyte, the work referred to in our introductory remarks. He says :

The earliest historical record on which dependence can be placed of the performances of the English racehorse, and published in an authentic form, was a work of John Cheney, entitled, 'An Historical List of all the Horse-Matches run, and all Plates and Prizes run for in England and Wales (of the value of Ten Pounds or upwards) in 1727, &c. &c. ;' and to which is added a list of all Cock-Matches of the same year.

From this book it would appear that the cities and towns in England where races were then held amounted to 112, and in Wales to five.

The most correct set of racing records of the early history of the British turf are in the possession of Messrs. Weatherby, the proprietors of the 'Racing Calendar,' the nephews of James Weatherby, many years keeper of the match-book at Newmarket. This is a work which succeeded Cheney's, and is to be found in almost every country in Europe.

These gentlemen, the Weatherbys, who are generally esteemed for their urbanity and unblemished character, have likewise in their library an old work published at York in 1748, entitled an 'Historical List of all the Plates and Prizes run for on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings ; also since they have been removed to Knavesmire, near the city of York ; likewise how the mares came in every year at Black Hambleton, &c. &c.'

The earliest race mentioned in these works is one for a gold cup of 50*l.* run on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, near the city of York, by horses 6 yrs. old, in Sept. 1709.

So much had this great national amusement increased in favour with royalty towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, that we find that Sovereign not only, as aforesaid,

increasing the number of royal plates, but actually running for them in her own name. For example: at York, in 1712, Her Majesty's grey gelding, Pepper, ran for the Royal Gold Cup, value 100*l.*; and again, Mustard, described as a nutmeg-grey horse, another of Her Majesty's racing stud, ran for the same stake in 1713.

The last mention made of any racehorse belonging to the Queen is for a sweepstakes, or, as it was then called, stakes of 109*s.* with a plate of 40*l.* added, run for over the same course near York, on Friday, July 30, 1714, the weight being 11 stone. This was won by the Queen's bay horse Star in four heats; for, according to the rules of racing at this time, the horse which had won the first and second heats was obliged to start for the third and to save his distance, in order to entitle him to the prizes.

On the Monday following, during a race for a gold cup, value 60*l.*, with a sweepstakes of sixteen guineas, an express arrived with advice of the death of Her Majesty. Most of the nobility and gentry left the course and attended the Lord Mayor of York and Archbishop Dawes, who proclaimed His Majesty King George I.

The fact of the non-existence of any authentic information as to the running of racehorses before the commencement of the year 1727 is further established by the following note in Mr. Cheney's work: 'During the six preceding years,' the author writes, 'there was no regular account kept how the horses, &c., came in, but as I have taken pains to inform myself in the best manner I could, I hope that what is published may be depended upon.'

Among the names worthy of notice that we find mentioned in this work as owners of racehorses, are those of Mr. Childers, better known as the breeder of Flying or Devonshire Childers; Mr. Curwin, who imported the barbs known by the names of the Curwin Bay Barb and the Thoulouse Barb; Mr. Darley, the importer of the Arabian called by his name, the sire of Childers; Mr. Darcy, who brought over the horses known in

the Stud Book by the names of Darcy's White and Yellow Turks, and the well-known Tregonwell Frampton.

Of most of these patriarchs of the turf little is known beyond the benefit they conferred upon this country by the importation of Eastern horses, and testing the value of their produce by public racing.

Tregonwell Frampton, Esq., of Moreton, Dorsetshire, was keeper of the running-horses at Newmarket to their Majesties William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II. He was styled for a great number of years 'the Father of the Turf,' died on March 12, 1727, aged 86, and was buried at Newmarket.

This extraordinary character was born in the reign of King Charles I., when the sport of horse-racing commenced at Newmarket. He was owner of the celebrated horse Dragon, who ran several times there with great success; but the account of it, and also that of his pedigree, have been for many years lost.

The most remarkable event supposed to have occurred in the lives of this gentleman and of his horse Dragon is very pathetically depicted by Dr. John Hawkesworth, in No. 37 of the 'Adventurer,' in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the Elysium of beasts and birds:

> It is true (replied the steed) I was a favourite; but what avails it to be a favourite of caprice, avarice, barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch who had gained a considerable fortune by play, but more particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty, and as he was able to sell even my pleasures though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared. I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation. I rushed into the field panting for conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to ten thousand pounds.

The proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding the disgrace, declared with great zeal that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum. My master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would the next day produce a gelding that should beat him. But what was my astonishment and indignation when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify *me* for this match upon the spot, and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service!

As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound. The operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted and spurred to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sank down at a post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life.

The following is the opinion of Mr. John Lawrence, as given in his 'Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses,' as to the credit which ought to be attached to this cruel anecdote:

Every sportsman I hope (writes that author) holds in equal detestation with myself the memory of the brutal and callous-hearted Frampton, who, dead to the soft feelings of compassion, and urged on by the sordid motives of gain, cut his favourite horse Dragon, and instantly ran him to death in his streaming blood. . . . I never view the portrait of that savage sportsman without discovering in the hard lines of his face and the knowing leer of his eye all the treachery, cunning, and inhuman profligacy of the lowest blackguard retainer of the stable. . . .

But common justice will not suffer me to refuse insertion to the following extract from a letter which I have lately received from Mr. Sandern, of Newmarket, a gentleman to whose kindness I also stand obliged for various points of interesting information:

'The abominable story which is told of Mr. Frampton having castrated Dragon, that he might immediately after run him as a gelding, and of the poor horse having instantly expired after the race, is entirely without foundation; for I had an uncle who was well acquainted with Mr. Frampton, and who frequently assured me that no such circumstance ever happened; and therefore, sir, I think you would do an act of justice to contradict it in your

publication, as cruelty was no part of the old gentleman's character.'

Thus far my respectable correspondent, whose opinion simply, situated and connected as he is, must have considerable weight. Sir Charles Bunbury also assured me that he was inclined to suspect the old anecdote of Mr. Frampton as a fabrication. There is at present no other authority for it, public or private, of which I am aware, than No. 37 of the 'Adventurer,' and Dr. Hawkesworth, in all probability, received it, as we do at this day, merely upon public tradition. . . .

Farther, it may be fair to suspect that the cruel anecdote of the Father of the Turf and his horse Dragon is a pious fraud, invented by those who might think it a great merit in a religious way to cast a slander that would stick well upon the unholy exercise of horse-racing. On the *per contra* side (for I love to reason in all cases arithmetically, and whenever I suspect the omission of a fraction on either side I am never satisfied with the truth of my account) thus much may and ought to be said: the anecdote, however barbarous, is strictly probable, and may be matched in too great a number of melancholy instances.

The object in view was a very large sum of money, and perhaps the moral dialectics of the day differed not very greatly from that of a later period, in which present profit is supposed to constitute the essence of justice—to ourselves—and that ourselves are our nearest relatives. I really cannot conceive but that some such act perpetrated must have been the ground of that universal tradition, whether or not the person named was the perpetrator.

Tregonwell Frampton, keeper of the running-horses at Newmarket to William III., Queen Anne, Georges I. and II., died in the year 1727, aged 86; he might, therefore, have been a proprietor of racers in the reign of Charles II.; and the famous Dragon, who precedes our oldest racing annals, and of whom we know nothing but by oral tradition, may have flourished about that time. . . .

The opinion of all the eminent veterinary surgeons we have consulted is in favour of the possibility of a horse being able to run a race immediately after castration; and from the frequent occurrence of acts of cruelty to horses and other animals at the period in which Mr. Frampton lived, we think it highly probable that such a race may have taken place.

Another story is told of this remarkable character, from which we may perceive that blacklegs may justly lay claim to be considered part of the family of the Father of the Turf.

Merlin[1] was matched for a considerable sum of money to run against a favourite horse of Mr. Frampton's at Newmarket. Immediately on its being closed there was great betting between the north and south county gentlemen. After Merlin had been some little time at Newmarket under the care of one Heseltine, Mr. Frampton's groom endeavoured to bring him over to run the two horses at a private trial, at the weights and distance agreed upon in the match—observing that by that means they might both make their fortunes.

Heseltine refused, but in such a manner as to give the other hopes of bringing him over. In the meantime Heseltine took the opportunity of communicating by letter the proposed offer to Sir William Strickland, in Yorkshire, who was principally concerned in making the match. Sir William returned for answer that he might accept of it, and instructed Heseltine to be sure to deceive his competitor by letting Merlin carry 7 lbs. more weight than that agreed upon, and at the same time laying a particular injunction on secrecy.

Soon after Heseltine had received this hint he consented to the proposal; but previously thereto Mr. Frampton had given his groom similar instructions. The two horses were prepared, started, and run over the course agreed to in the articles of the match, when Merlin beat his antagonist something more than a length of excellent running. This being communicated to each party by their secret and faithful grooms, who both rode the trial, flattered each with certain success. Merlin's friends observed that as he had beat the other with some pounds more weight, he would win his race easy. On the other hand, says Mr. Frampton, as my horse ran Merlin so near with seven pounds extra weight, he will win to a certainty.

[1] Merlin, by Bustler (son of the Helmsley Turk).

Immediately after proposals were made on both sides to an enormous amount, and accepted; and it has been asserted that there was more money betted upon this event than was ever before known, some gentlemen staking not only all the cash they were able to advance, but their property also.

At length the important hour arrived for the determination of this great event, and each party was flushed with success; the south county gentlemen observing to those of the north that 'they would bet them gold whilst gold they had, and then they would sell their land.' The horses started, and the race was won by Merlin, about the same distance as in the secret trial. In a short time after the truth became known. Merlin was ridden by Jerome Hare, of Cold Kirby, near Hambleton.

In consequence of several gentlemen having been entirely ruined by the above event, a law was soon afterwards passed by the legislature against the recovery of any sum of money exceeding ten pounds, betted or laid between any parties for the future. A gentleman who visited Newmarket in the reign of Queen Anne, and afterwards published his remarks, gives the following account of the doings there in his day:

Being there in October I had the opportunity to see the horse-races and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharping part of the sport, their wagers, their bets, that to me they seemed just so many horse-coursers in Smithfield; descending the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking of one another's pockets, and biting one another with as much eagerness, as it may be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.

There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and, as they say, cunningest jockey in England. One day he lost 1,000 gs., the next he won 2,000, and so alternately. He made as light of throwing away 500*l.* or 1,000*l.* at a time as other men do of their pocket-money, and was perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned when he had lost a thousand pounds as when he won it. On the other side there was Sir F. Ragg, of Sussex, of whom fame says he has the most in him

and the least to show for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried off the prize. His horses, they say, were all cheats, how honest soever their master was, for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy and as dirty and as much like a cart-horse as all the cunning of his master and the grooms could make him; and just in this manner he hit some of the greatest gamesters in the field.

This writer concludes his remarks with the following paragraph, worthy of note as affording a striking contrast to the latter end of nineteenth-century fashion:

'Pray take it with you as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket, except a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race, and then go home again!'

During the early periods of racing the best horses seldom ran more than five or six times, and some not so often, there being scarcely any plates of note except Royal ones; and very few sweepstakes or matches were made, except at Newmarket, till about the year 1760.

The great subscriptions at York did not commence till the year 1751, and were run for by five-year-olds, 10 st., four miles, on the Wednesdays; 9 st., two-mile heats, on the Fridays. Each subscriber paid 10*l.* yearly, for which he was allowed two silver tickets—viz. one for each stake, and the tickets were transferable. Non-subscribers were admitted on paying 20 gs. for each horse entered, and the City of York gave 50*l.* to each day's race.

These races were continued for seven years, when they were renewed with Thursday subscriptions for six-years-old and aged horses, &c.

Four-mile heats and matches were also begun at York about the year 1750, and after that time they became general.

At Newmarket till the year 1744 there were only two plates run for in October—viz. the King's plate and the town plate;

but in 1744 the trading inhabitants of Newmarket raised two plates of 50 gs. each, one for five-year-olds, 9 st., and the other free for any horse, &c., 9 st., four-mile heats; there was also 50 gs. raised by the contributions of persons of property for four-year-olds, 8 st. 7 lbs. each—four miles.

At this period there were only two meetings at Newmarket, viz. the first in April, and the other in October; but in 1753 there was a second spring meeting added, in which two Jockey Club plates and several matches were run for.

In 1759 the weights and scales plate was begun; in 1762 a second October meeting commenced of sweepstakes and matches; in 1765 the July meeting; in 1770 the Houghton meeting; and in 1771 the Craven meeting, with a subscription of 5 gs. each, 21 subs.—called the Craven Stakes, for all ages, from the ditch to the turn of the lands, which stakes were won by Mr. Vernon's Pantaloon, beating thirteen others.

In 1727 there were only eleven Royal plates run for in England—viz. one at Newmarket in April for six-year-old horses, &c., 12 st. heats, the Round Course (first called the King's Plate Course); one for five-year-old mares, 10 st., one heat over the Round Course; one in October for six-year-old horses, 12 st. heats, the Round Course; one at York (which commenced in 1711) for six-year-old horses, 12 st., four-mile heats; one at Black Hambleton, Yorkshire (this was a very ancient plate, but no regular account of it was kept until the year 1715), for five-year-old mares, 10 st., four miles, to be run for on the Saturday preceding the York August meetings, one at each of the following places—viz. Nottingham, Lincoln, Guildford, Winchester, and Lewes, for six-year-old horses, 10 st., two-mile heats; but in 1744 they were altered to two-mile-and-a-quarter heats, and in 1750, for four-year-olds, 9 st., two-mile-and-a-quarter heats.

In 1723 His Majesty gave a plate to Salisbury for six-year-old horses, 12 st., four-mile heats; in 1748 one to Lichfield for five-year-old horses, 10 st., two-mile heats; in 1753 one to Newcastle for five-year-old horses, 10 st., three-mile

heats; in 1755 one to Burford for five-year-old horses, 9 st., three-mile heats (in 1767 the latter was altered to 10 st., three-mile heats), and in 1763 one to Carlisle for five-year-old horses, 8 st. 7 lbs., three-mile heats.

The first account of the Royal plate at Edinburgh was published in 1728, when it was run for by six-year-old horses, 12 st., four-mile heats; but as very few horses of any note ran at Leith, it was not regularly inserted in the Racing Calendars, as were those run for in England. In 1752 it was altered, and ordered to be run for by four-year-olds, 8 st. 4 lbs.; 5 yrs., 9 st.; 6 yrs., 9 st. 10 lbs., and aged, 10 st. 3 lbs., four-mile heats, except in the years 1756–57–58 and 60, when His Majesty's plate of 100 guineas was divided into two plates, 50 guineas each, and run for as such.

Reverting to the pages of the 'Sporting Magazine,' 1792, we find it stated that:

> The Scots nation had a breed of horses which they much esteemed, and which were held in so much repute by other countries, that it became necessary to restrict their exportation. That country now encourages a fleet breed of horses, and the nobility and gentry have many foreign and other stallions of great value in possession, with which they cultivate the breed and very judiciously improve it. Like the English they delight in racing, and have a celebrated course at Leith, which is honoured with a royal plate given by his present Majesty. The nobility and gentry have likewise erected a riding-house in the city of Edinburgh at their own expense, and a fixed salary upon a person who has the direction of it. Scotland has been famous for breeding a peculiar sort of horses called Galloways. . . .

Here follows a somewhat apocryphal account of the origin and breeding of the said Galloways; in these days, however, the name seems only to survive as a vague description of animals of a certain size. If the Scotch as a nation ever 'delighted in racing,' they must in a great measure have outlived their passion, for the prizes at what may be termed purely Scotch meetings are now almost invariably carried off by the very worst drafts from English stables.

But if Scotland has deteriorated in the matter of horse-breeding, Ireland would appear to have come on in equal ratio, or her climate must have considerably improved since the year 1792 when our old authority wrote thus :

> The nobility and persons of fortune (in Ireland) have stallions of great reputation belonging to them, but prefer breeding for the turf to other purposes ; for which, perhaps, their own country is not so well adapted, from the moisture of the atmosphere occasioned by excessive rain and other causes, which hinder it from imparting that elastic force and clearness of wind so necessary for the exertion and continuation of extraordinary speed, and which are solely the gifts of a dry soil and an air more refined and pure.
>
> This country, nevertheless, is capable of producing fine and noble horses, if aided by care and other requisites which its inhabitants are very able to bestow.

Now the foregoing paragraphs are in almost exact contradiction to our modern ideas about Irish-bred horses. We do *not* consider them deficient in 'elastic force or clearness of wind,' &c., and we do *not* regard the inhabitants as a rule 'very able (or willing) to bestow care and other requisites' on their equine produce.

Horsemanship may possibly be the one item in which every Englishman does not regard himself as necessarily superior to his ancestors ; he may at any rate think that, if not *pejor avis*, he is only the worthy descendant of an immemorial line of Centaurs. Such humble individual it may comfort or astonish to hear that our friend of the 'Sporting Magazine' deems that the Duke of Newcastle's treatise was the first ray of light shed on the art of riding in England, and that it was only in the reign of George III. that the science began to be really understood or appreciated. Poor Whyte Melville ! and you described Humphrey Bosville as a horseman equal to yourself.

As a slight clue to the means and facilities for horse-breeding at the time of which we have been writing we append a list of stallions advertised to cover in 1794, with their prices :

STALLIONS ADVERTISED TO COVER IN 1794.

	Gs.	Groom s.	Groom d.		Gs.	Groom s.	Groom d.
Alexander	15	10	6	Buzaglio	2	2	6
Aurelius	5	5	0	King Fergus	20	10	6
Balloon	3	5	0	Apollo	3	5	0
Clay Hall	5	10	6	Le Boo	1	2	6
Diomed	10	10	6	Noble	5	5	0
Dubskelper	2	5	0	Phenomenon	25	—	
Dragon	20	21	0	Saltram	10	21	0
Fidget	5	10	6	Satellite	10	10	6
Mufti	3	10	6	Cormorant	5	5	0
Dungannon	15	21	0	Spectre	3	5	0
Volunteer	10	10	6	Tommy	2	3	6
Anvil	10	10	6	Traveller	5	5	0
Vertumnus	5	5	0	Trumpeter	15	—	
Young Pharamond	3	5	0	Woodpecker	12	21	0
Gunpowder	5	5	0	Precipitate	12	21	0
Erasmus	3	5	0	Driver	5	10	6
Escape	10	10	6	Young Mercury	2	5	0
Drone	5	5	0	Curricle	2	5	0
Flying Gib	2	5	0	Young Marske	20	21	0
Fortune	2	5	0	Black Prince	5	5	0
Javelin	15	21	0				

One famous stallion, Hermit, stands at 250 guineas at the time of writing.

This was a time of general poverty, and the few following lines, from the 'Sporting Magazine' of November 1793, will show what the tone as to horse-racing then was :—

Our predictions upon the declining state of the turf become every way truly verified; whether from the present sterility of adventure, a palpable pecuniary scarcity, or the transpiration of sporting integrity that has involved so many in irretrievable wretchedness, it is not at present the purpose to investigate.

But, to some of those causes we presume it may be justly attributed that we observe that there is now announced for sale at Cannon's, near Edgware, forty-six brood mares, sixteen foals, eight yearlings, and a two-year-old. At Impington, near Cambridge, seventeen brood mares, ten foals, and three yearlings. Mr. Croke also, who has removed from Bristol to Egham, from there announces for sale blood horses, mares, colts and fillies of all descriptions; from the aggregate of which information may be fairly inferred a most unpromising prospect of turf achievements—at

least for some years, until the present dreary gloom of camps, campaigns, and national disquietude has given place to a renovation of former splendour and commercial prosperity.

A century has elapsed since the writing of the above-quoted extracts, and many of the ideas therein contained may seem strange to modern lovers of horses—notably the theory to which we have already alluded that Ireland, owing to its damp climate, cannot produce as good horses as England.

Until fifteen years ago (if not up to the present moment) the very best class of horses used for hunting hailed from the Emerald Isle, and would still do so, but for three intervening causes:

First and foremost, the poverty of the land, which it is not our province to discuss; secondly, the enormous export of our best brood mares from every part of Great Britain and Ireland; and, thirdly, the superabundance of thoroughbred stallions.

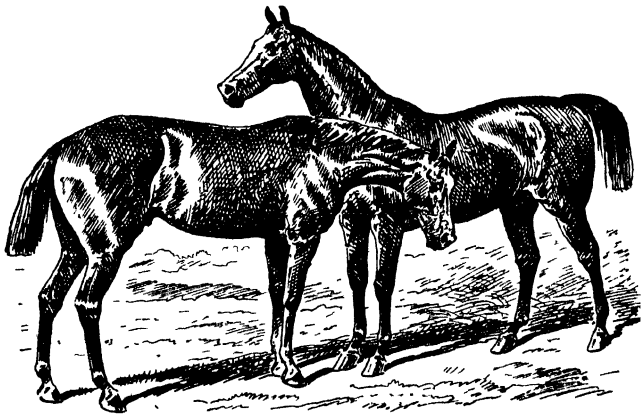
Added to these causes, a very considerable quantity of soft bad blood has been imported into the country since the Crimean war in the shape of draught animals, the mares of which sort have been largely crossed with thoroughbred sires, with the result of completely annihilating that strong, active, and courageous half-breed of horses which, whether employed for the saddle or for harness, was for general purposes second to none that has ever been produced.

The 'Cock-tail,' as this breed was commonly called, was even employed in racing; and at the beginning of the century it would have been considered as great a crime to name a thoroughbred horse for a cock-tail contest, in which the competitors were required to possess an impure pedigree, as to pull a horse in a race.

Not only in Ireland, but in England also, and perhaps more especially in Yorkshire, gentlemen were most proud of their half-breeds; and when clean-bred mares were mated with the entire horses of this blood the results as to shape and quality were excellent.

Forty years ago the great breeding counties of England, such as Shropshire, Yorkshire, the Eastern Counties, and Wales, possessed many of these cock-tail stallions, who travelled the country and propagated the class of horse now so nearly extinct—viz. the well-bred fifteen-stone hunter, an animal which is now for the most part *travestied* by the produce of a bad thoroughbred stallion and a cart or foreign mare.

To this the faint heart, short pasterns, drooping croup, and short thick neck bear witness. There are a few rare exceptions, no doubt, and occasionally the pure-bred horse who,



Weakness and strength.

either from lack of speed or other reason, has been early gelded, may grow into the requisite article for carrying a heavy weight over a country.

But the secret of weight carrying, without tiring, lies in large arms, and second thighs, supporting a strong back and a strong neck—for it is there a horse first tires, whether racing or hunting. The combination is very rare amongst horses not at the top of the tree as racers. This class naturally remains in racing circles, and does not indulge the 'lower orders' with its favours.

To return to Ireland. Thence during the past few years

most of our best steeple-chasers have hailed—not of the old half-bred sort, but clean-bred horses, whose schooling is far better understood in that country than in England; and in addition to these a few flat-racers have come over to us, and held their own with, if not defeated, our chosen champions; Barcaldine by Solon out of Ballyroe, and Bendigo by Ben Battle out of Hasty Girl, are amongst the latest and perhaps the best specimens which have crossed the water.

Of Barcaldine indeed it may be said that through Tristan, whom he easily defeated, he has beaten all the best horses in Great Britain and France—no mean feat for one hailing from a country which is stigmatised by a writer at the end of the last century as incapable of breeding horses!

Furthermore, a quotation from a work by Mr. Osborne, published in 1881, and entitled 'The Horse-breeder's Hand-book' (a valuable addition to the breeder's library), will show the reader that the Sister Isle has had its fair share in propagating our best blood. Mr. Osborne says:

For the fine horses that now dominate the British turf we are principally indebted to Touchstone, Birdcatcher, and Harkaway. Passing aside the doings of the former at the stud, so well known to every breeder in the United Kingdom, I may here relate some particulars not generally known respecting Echidna, and how Birdcatcher came to be mated with her—a union the result of which was The Baron, who begat Stockwell, the most successful sire of all time. For The Baron, as well as his dam, the British stud is indebted to the excellent judgment of Mr. Watts, of Jockey Hall, Curragh, a Devonshire gentleman who, early in the century, settled in Dublin, where he practised the veterinary art with great success, and soon enjoyed a degree of popularity never previously awarded to any member of his profession. Though born in the sunny south, Mr. Watts might have hailed from Yorkshire, so great was his love for the thoroughbred; and being in the enjoyment of the friendship of many of the leading patrons of the turf, he soon commenced breeding racing stock—at first in conjunction with Mr. Robert Gore, and subsequently on his own account, when so great was his success that the 'all scarlet' soon became one of the most popular colours at the Curragh. Mr. Watts imported

many sires from England, the most notable of them being the horse to whom I have already alluded—Young Blacklock. When making a tour of the breeding establishments in England, he was more impressed with the appearance of Blacklock than of any other horse he had seen, and the recollection of the grand appearance of the 'Bishop Burton celebrity,' barring his fiddle head, subsequently induced him to buy Young Blacklock, who was first called Navarino. Mr. Watts' object in buying this horse was the suitability of his blood to mate with The Kitten and Spermaceti, two Waxy mares he had purchased from Lord Sligo, both of whom were very light of bone, a fault he hoped to correct in their progeny by putting them to Y. Blacklock, who was a dark bay horse of great power and extraordinary bone. And the result showed the excellence of Mr. Watts' judgment, as The Kitten produced Whitefoot, Blackfoot, and Magpie, three first-class horses, while Spermaceti bred Apollo, a horse of very good form. The success of these horses showed how appropriate was the cross of 'Blacklock on Waxy,' and was a great triumph for Mr. Watts, who, however, a year or two subsequently won greater honours by breeding The Baron, who came from the crossing of 'Waxy on Blacklock.' How his breeding The Baron came about is a strange eventful story. Captain Gamble, a Westmeath gentleman, while serving with his regiment in Yorkshire, picked up Miss Pratt by Blacklock out of Gadabout by Orville, with whom he won some regimental races. This mare was low in stature, being under 15 hands in height, but very thick, with good bone and great length, in fact a picture to look at, being all quality, which she doubtless derived from Orville, the sire of her dam. Captain Gamble on retiring from the army brought her to his seat at Westmeath and bred from her some indifferent horses, and her name would never have been enrolled among the *grandes dames* of the 'Stud Book' had her owner not been rather suddenly called over to the majority in 1837. This happened about the Curragh April Meeting, from which the pleasant countenance of Mr. Watts was missed, and many were the surmises respecting the cause of so strange an incident. But Mr. Watts was engaged quite as much to his liking, for he had gone to attend the auction of Captain Gamble's effects with the object of buying Miss Pratt, which he succeeded in doing for 120 gs. On her arrival at the Curragh she was put to Economist, the sire of Harkaway, a very large mottled bay horse, possessing far more power than quality, with the result of breeding Echidna,

the dam of The Baron. I happened to be at Jockey Hall on the afternoon that this event took place, and was present with Mr. Watts. The birth was not an easy one, the foal being large and leggy, with a great fiddle head, the chief characteristic of the Blacklock family. The foal was in fact a monster in more respects than one, but Mr. Watts was not disconcerted at her appearance, but rather the contrary, as it afforded another convincing proof 'how like begets like.' Mr. Watts there and then vowed he'd never put a saddle on her back, but keep the big-headed one, whom he named Echidna, to breed from. This promise he sacredly kept, and when three years old, still sticking to the Waxy blood, he put her to Birdcatcher, with the result of breeding The Baron.

Happily Echidna did not transmit her frightful frontispiece to her first-born son, but nevertheless his head was not handsome, being of the 'Roman' type, a characteristic he bestowed upon many of his progeny; but The Baron, who was a dark chestnut with a small star in his forehead, was in every other respect the *beau idéal* of the English thoroughbred. The Baron's doughty deeds, both on the turf and at the stud, are too well known to require notice here, but I may mention that Mr. Watts continued to mate his dam to the descendants of Waxy and Blacklock with the same good fortune that attended him from the first, as Echidna bred Ellen to Y. Blacklock, The Countess to Birdcatcher, Marchioness D'Eu to Magpie, &c.—a fact that ought to convince stud-masters that selection, not chance, should guide them in the mating of their mares. Mr. Watts more than once pointed out to me that the reason of the Blacklock blood 'nicking' so well with that of Waxy was that the latter was got by the famous Pot8os, while there are two close crosses of that Eaton celebrity to be found in the dam of Blacklock.

No less instructive to stud-masters are the strange chances that led to Harkaway being raised on Irish soil—a horse whom it is now my intention to show was not only the most *in-bred*, but the *grandest* and *best* ever foaled. Descended on his sire's side from Eclipse through Pot8os, Waxy, Whisker, and Economist, Harkaway could also on his dam's side claim alliance with Herod, who in 1777 begat Tom Tug, the sire of Commodore, whose son Rugantino (own brother to Irish Escape) was the sire of Nabocklish, who begat Fanny Dawson, the dam of Harkaway. Thus this great horse sprang from the union of the Eclipse and Herod blood, which was

regarded to be the 'orthodox cross' in that time. To Ireland the British Turf is indebted for the preservation of the Tom Tug line of the famous Herod. He was in the year above named, bred by Mr. Shafto, who sold him to the Duke of Grafton, in whose colours, and under the name of Rover, he was only once successful; but on being sold to Mr. Clarke he won no fewer than nine prizes, thus winning ten races out of the twenty-five for which he ran. He was then sold into Ireland, where, under the name of Tom Tug, he became a famous sire, getting besides Commodore, several other King's Plate winners at the Curragh. Commodore, who was perhaps Tom Tug's best son, was bred by Mr. Edwards, a Yorkshireman, who had settled some two or three years previously at the Curragh, and with him he won, in 1796, the Lumm Stakes, then a prize of considerable value, and in the two following years six King's Plates. In 1799, after winning a heat of the King's Plate at Downpatrick, he broke down, and was in the following year put to the stud, where he acquired great fame as the sire of Irish Escape, Buffer, Rugantino, &c. The latter, who was bred by Mr. Whalley, was a hollow-backed horse, and only an indifferent performer. He was successful four times, winning when three years old the King's Plate over the four-mile course, but when he subsequently attempted to give away his year to Slug for the King's Plate for five-year-old horses, three-mile heats, he was defeated, although he won the first heat. He ran twice afterwards, being second to Jumper and fourth to Mr. Hampton's Nooney by Swindler, the best mare of her day at the Curragh. At the stud, Rugantino was rather a failure, Nabocklish being the only one of his progeny whose name has been handed down to the present time. Nabocklish was bred by Mr. Kirwan of Castle Hackett, and ran for the first time at the Curragh June Meeting, 1815, when he was second for the King's Plate for four-year-olds, won by Mr. Knevett's Whitewall by Camillus. This horse had been twice successful during the previous year in England, and was an excellent importation; for although, owing to an accident, he never ran afterwards, he proved to be an excellent sire. The subsequent turf career of Nabocklish was rather distinguished, for he won four King's Plates and ran second for three others. He was then purchased by Lord Cremorne, and stood at his seat in the County Monaghan.

Miss Tooley was imported into Ireland in 1811. She was bred by Lord Derby in 1808, and was by Teddy the Grinder out of Lady Jane (sister to the famous Hermione, winner of the Oaks in

1794 and twenty other races) by Sir Peter, &c. Relative to her purchase a good story is told. Mr. Jason Hassard, a large landowner in the County Fermanagh, freighted a vessel at Newry, in which he shipped a cargo of bullocks for the Liverpool market. For these he very soon found purchasers, and then proceeding to Knowsley with the proceeds bought Miss Tooley, who, besides her owner, the captain, and crew, was the only freight of the 'Lively Nancy' on her return voyage to Ireland. The landing of this light cargo in lieu of the heavy one with which Mr. Hassard set out provided an amusing story for the good folk of Newry, and one that soon spread throughout the north of Ireland. Miss Tooley, prior to her running in public, was bought by Mr. Dawson, a relative of Lord Cremorne, and she ran on four occasions. Her first race was for the King's Plate at Londonderry in 1812, which she won easily; and the same year she won the King's Plate at Downpatrick. In 1813 Miss Tooley started for the Mares' Plate at the Curragh, for which she ran second to Lord Rossmore's Giantess, beating four others. She was then purchased by Lord Cremorne, who won the Mares' Plate at the Curragh with her in 1815, after which she was relegated to the stud; and, when mated with Nabocklish, the produce was Fanny Dawson, the dam of Harkaway. This famous horse was a rich chestnut with a small blaze in his face, and his off hind leg white. He stood 16 h. 2 in. in height, with splendid shoulders, and tremendously deep brisket. His legs and arms, considering his immense size, were rather slight, though muscular; but he had a splendid back, with immense propelling power, and was a grand galloper, although he went very wide behind. He was equally good at all distances, and from his docile temper was easily ridden. His pedigree is the most extraordinary inbred to be found in the 'Stud Book,' and he doubtless owed his excellence to the immense quantity of the blood of The Godolphin to be found in his veins, as on the side of his sire, Economist, he inherited twenty-three crosses of that famous Eastern sire's blood, while on the side of his dam, Fanny Dawson, he had no fewer than twenty-seven crosses of the same blood—need more be said to advocate in-breeding?

CHAPTER II

THE PROGRESS OF THE SPORT.

A long journey by road.

THE influence brought to bear upon racing, and the changes wrought thereon by time, fashion, and occasionally by the indomitable energy of some master mind, have been so manifold, that little more than an outline of the progress of the sport can be attempted in these pages.

When racing first became a popular amusement throughout Great Britain, the means of locomotion were so limited compared with those of the present day, that competition was more local than general, and it was necessary for an owner to possess a very superior horse before incurring the expense and risk of a long journey by road to compete with a distant champion.

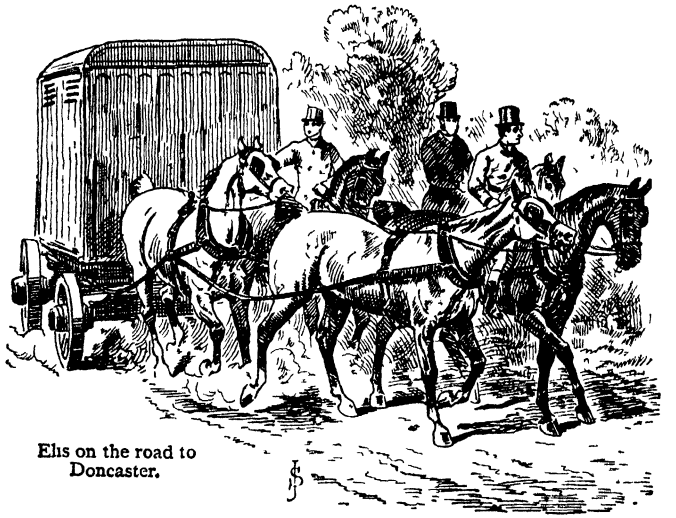
Horses had followers who, partly from lack of information, partly from some remnant of feudal sentiment, pinned their faith to the man and horse who represented their own district or country. Gangs of Tykes would always follow a Yorkshire horse to Newmarket; and this *esprit de corps* doubtless still exists, and still manifests itself whenever two rivals from the North and South, foemen worthy of each other, meet in the lists at Epsom or Doncaster; though this spirit has not been sharply stirred since Apology won the St. Leger. A more favourable climate, and the fact of Newmarket with its hundreds of horses being situated in the South, supply the chief causes which have militated against the success of the Northern division, though the annual sales at Doncaster and till very recently at York prove that breeding is carried on with as much energy as ever.

It was not till about 1840 that horses were conveyed by rail, and up to a certain date Derby winners, if trained in the south, had to encounter the various perils of a walk to Doncaster when about to take part in the Leger. Witness the case of Plenipotentiary, who was first favourite for that race, and whose private training quarters were in the neighbourhood of Saffron Walden. Touchstone won and Plenipo' was nowhere. Much unpleasant feeling was created, and Mr. Batson, than whom no more honourable man existed, was the butt of every scribbler of the day. He never deigned to answer the allegations made against him, but it is stated on good authority that when Plenipo' left Horseheath, he was as fit as hands could make him, and it was not till long after that the secret of this sudden deterioration oozed out. While passing through Saffron Walden he was frightened by a van or cart, and bounding on to a stone-slabbed footpath some feet higher than the road, he slipped and fell back. As he rose apparently uninjured, his attendant, fearing reproof, said no word of the mishap for some months, by which time Mr. Batson had been roundly accused of being guilty of foul play. We may add that

we are indebted to the oldest tenant on Mr. Batson's estate for this story.[1]

In these days the very birds of the air would carry the news of such an accident, and the owner would assuredly read of it in his newspaper the following morning.

Elis is the first recorded instance of a racehorse being vanned. This was in 1836, when he won the St. Leger. Lord



Elis on the road to Doncaster.

George Bentinck being dissatisfied with the odds—five to one—offered against Elis, announced his intention of not sending the horse to Doncaster unless the odds of ten thousand to one thousand were forthcoming. At the last moment, and when it was considered impossible for the horse to reach the scene of action in time, the bet was laid. Lord George, ready for any emergency, had borrowed from Lord Chesterfield a large van

[1] It is stated, on what appears to be good authority, that, besides having met with the accident described, Plenipotentiary was 'got at'—*i.e.* poisoned—in Sir W. Cook's stable, near Doncaster, the day before the St. Leger. The horse was stabled there for safety.—ED.

which had been constructed for the purpose of carrying show cattle. The wheels were not more than eighteen inches high, and in this lumbering van, drawn by four post-horses, Elis was safely conveyed from Danebury to Doncaster, to the consternation of the ring, and the no small advantage of his owner, Lord Lichfield, whose horses were managed by Lord George.[1]

A more commodious conveyance was afterwards built, in which Crucifix and Sal-volatile were vanned in July 1837 from Danebury to Newmarket, where the former, after winning the July, ran a dead-heat for the Chesterfield Stakes. W. Day and W. Goater were the attendant lads. Now-a-days many owners possess private horse-vans on railways.

Precise chronology in turf matters is not always possible, but speaking broadly, the year 1860 saw the dawn of a new era. The primary cause of this change was the expansion of the railroad and telegraph system, giving, as it did, increased facilities to the Press for enlightening the public as to the doings of studs and stables all over the kingdom, and that treatise on 'racing' would indeed be a meagre one which failed to show in some degree the influence for good or evil exercised on its destinies by the Press. About the above-mentioned date, sporting correspondents, covering themselves with the plea of 'public utility,' began to penetrate everywhere, and partly by toadying those who liked to see their names in print, partly by holding satire *in terrorem* over weaker natures, for some time assumed a position most annoying to owners of racehorses. Part of this phase of 'espionage' has now passed away, and many of those employed on such business have received a rough *congé* from most of the respectable stables, though there are still some owners, luckily few and far between, who are pleased with the fulsome praise bestowed on them by this order of reporters. The touting system is now more generally practised on racecourses, where stable-boys and jockeys are

[1] As Lord Winchilsea once pithily observed, 'It is difficult to say what Lord George Bentinck and relays of post-horses could *not* have done.'

bribed in every way for information respecting the horses they have ridden in trials, or which are under the charge of their employers. No trick is too low for these touts, and their footing being established, it is not easy to see how they can be eliminated from the racing community by any edict of the authorities, more especially while the heedlessness of owners continues to foster the evil. Furthermore, companies of bookmakers have started sporting journals, attached to the staff of which are local touts, *i.e.* men who reside in the proximity of every training stable in England, and whose business it is to report on the daily work done by the horses in training, though these reports are often so highly imaginative as to appear hardly worth paying for.

The plea of justification for the system is, of course, that the enormous number of people who take an interest in the betting business of the turf 'require the information'—that 'racehorses, like statesmen, are public property,' &c. &c.; but when these reports are often so completely and utterly misleading, when we see a horse which has not been out of the stable for weeks quoted as having galloped over distances varying from six furlongs to two miles, and that, all this notwithstanding, the inner circle of the betting-ring are informed as to the true state of the case as well as, if not better than, the actual owner, how can it be argued that the journals which publish these reports are worked as much for 'public utility' as for a special gang of speculators who ignore the false statements, provided they themselves are properly informed?

Complaints have been rife for some years past of the false prices quoted in these journals, and there can be little doubt that in many instances the prices *are* false. Ask any leading and independent bookmaker the meaning of these long quotations weeks before a big race, the answer will almost invariably be, 'There has been hardly a bet made on the race.' But though no bets may have been made by any person acquainted with racing, these quotations do undoubtedly serve to tempt the ignorant to invest money on horses they believe to be backed,

but which are often not even intended to start, and are well-known by the advertising bookmakers not to be even probable competitors.

Some newspapers there are whose editors, fearing to come within actual reach of Jockey Club law, sail as near the wind as possible, *e.g.* they state that on such and such a morning three or four horses had a rattling gallop *stripped*, and name them in the order in which they finished in the illegally watched trial—a *consigne* thoroughly understood by the initiated; but surely it is an oversight on the part of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to allow their rules, which forbid the publication of trials, to be thus clumsily overridden.

Delicate and difficult indeed is the task of attacking this side of the Press system; for the Press can do, and does, much good to the turf, and would do much more were all the writers above the suspicion of being inspired by betting men, or by motives of personal interest. All honour to those who write faithful criticisms on the running of horses, or the conduct of owners, and who are swayed neither by the result of speculations on the former, nor by the amount of 'information' they have received from the latter. A turf writer should be first capable of observing, and then of writing what he observes, instead of recording the whims and fancies of others, by which means some of our modern soothsayers, who profess to have at heart the welfare of the turf, have brought upon it unmerited odium, and on themselves well-deserved ridicule. These two results may seem hardly compatible, yet that they are so it is not very difficult to prove. By those behind the scenes, the 'flying words' of the ignorant or malicious scribe are, as a rule, treated with silent contempt. Seldom is an answer attempted; for such answer would either not be published, or by an editorial sneer, or by clever manipulation of words in a leading article, the unlearned would be satisfied that the refutation was unsatisfactory, and the original strictures quite justifiable; while those of the outside public who do not speculate, but who read racing lore from love of horses, or from a friendly interest in some owner

of racehorses, arrives sadly at the conclusion that the turf is little better than a huge swindling machine. And yet by racing, and by private enterprise in racing only, can our breed of horses be maintained; for since the reign of Queen Anne no Act has been passed which in any way promotes this object, and a few Queen's plates are the only assistance vouchsafed by Government.

The absolute *right* to claim information from trainers, put forward by some sporting writers, is shown clearly enough in the following extracts from a newspaper published in January 1884:

The classes of trainers with whom the Jockey Club have no sympathy have never within my experience been of any service to sporting writers either by word or deed, and I could give abundant proof of this if I cared to enter further into the subject. By this remark I do not intend to insinuate that turf writers care one iota for any information that can be afforded by a trainer as to the merits or demerits of racehorses under their care; for in many cases the experienced scribe may know more than even the trainer himself—particularly as to the intentions of owners—but there are scores of little matters about which a good man in the calling may open his mouth without at all interfering with the interests of his employer. I am quite willing to believe that much which is reprehensible in trainers, and perhaps in some jockeys, belongs to the evil circumstances of the day, and the position in which these most prominent men in connection with the turf find themselves placed; but it is their right and duty to govern themselves, and not to be ruled by others, when the question involved is to act honourably with the public. It is all very well to say that, 'It is every man's business to take care of himself,' but he cannot do this at the expense of honour if he wishes to long survive on the turf. A trainer who surrounds his horses and most of his dealings with mystery is an abomination to straightforward and honourable racing men, as mystery is but another name for falsehood, and its very breath infects the independence and sterling value of truth.

Now the above was aimed at a trainer who, although he had attained an unpleasant notoriety, had one great merit as a paid servant; viz. he knew how to hold his tongue; yet here,

veiled in a mist of words about honourable dealing with the public, is a direct attack upon a confidential servant for keeping his master's counsel. And mark the interpretation of the word 'honourable'; evidently, crooked answers to impertinent questions are deemed highly 'dishonourable.' What term, then, shall we apply to the questioner who is so admirably candid in his baffled curiosity, and who never stops to consider that he who pays the piper has a right to call the tune, and that an owner has the strictest right to enforce silence on his servants?

Another specimen from the pen of the same writer still more fully illustrates his code of turf ethics. Proceeding with his review of racing for 1883, he says:

> During my career of twenty-four years as a writer, I have never known so many reversals of form and glaring inconsistencies in which trainers and jockeys, if not owners, must have been concerned as during the past season. Deep calculations and brain-racking with regard to the past form, the make, shapes, and soundness of this or that horse, are all thrown away if the animal on which the hopes of turf writers are centred becomes impounded within the ring, or is mercilessly scratched on the eve of a race. In the former case the writer suffers most unfairly, and indeed in these go-ahead times the sporting tipster has much more to contend against than his readers generally suppose.

And again, towards the conclusion of the article, he says:

> I have said enough in reference to the 'manipulation' of horses, and the betting of some trainers, to nauseate the reader if he be an honourable man; but the astounding reversals of form shown by several horses during the past season call for strong condemnation at the hands of every sporting writer, for the reason that it upsets his calculations in reference to the selection of winners for the benefit of the public!

It may be urged that it is not fair to quote such paragraphs without the full context, but *no* context can justify such moral obliquity as is implied in the foregoing words. Honesty is honesty, and wrong is wrong *per se*. No man is under any circumstances justified in pulling a horse, or causing him to be

pulled, or in scratching him for the sake of getting money out of him; but these things are wrong because they are *ipso facto* dishonest, and *not* because the 'reputation of turf writers suffers most unfairly;' for if that argument be admitted, it follows that, were an owner to say to the prophet of a morning paper, 'In strict confidence, my horse is not intended for the Cesarewitch, but will win the Cambridgeshire,' and if the prophet, prophesying with much of that mystery he so earnestly condemns in trainers, should 'caution his readers' not to be disheartened by the running of Obscurus in the long race, but to take long shots about him for the shorter one, there could be no ground for complaint, but much for the triumphant crowing of 'Chanticleer,' or whatever the writer may sign himself, in the event of the prophecy being confirmed by results. And yet persons might be found to declare that the 'reputation of the writer' would have suffered less had he been less well informed.

Let no evil be spoken of the dead; but the obituary notice by one sporting writer on another recently deceased may well raise doubts as to whether our turf mentors can, by the very nature of things, be as single-minded in their devotion to the guidance of the speculating public as their lavish professions might lead us to believe. The dead man is described as 'fortunate in his plucky speculations on the turf, besides enjoying a lucrative commission business.' Is it possible for a 'plucky speculator' so to divest his mind of all regard for his own private interests that when he takes pen in hand he can refrain from writing, unconsciously though it may be, up to his own book—in other words, from being a 'bull' or a 'bear' on the turf exchange?

The worst side of turf journalism has been here enlarged upon, because it has so seldom been the subject of published comment. The good—and much good there is—lies patent to the world. No praise can be too great for the laborious accuracy of racing reports, or for the care bestowed on the calculation of weights, through the labyrinth of 'penalties and allowances;' while for lightness of touch, quaint metaphor, keen

appreciation of the ridiculous, and trenchant, yet withal not ill-natured, satire, some of our turf writers may fairly lay claim to a niche in the Pantheon of English Humorists.

Of all the changes wrought upon the turf by modern requirements, few have been more remarkable or more potent in their influence than those which have resulted from the introduction of gate-money meetings ; and since the first institution of racing, no such signal revolution is recorded as the system now so extensively pursued of enclosing racecourses. Evil

Too much on the turn.

and good are therein blended, as in all human affairs ; but it may be asserted with some confidence that the evil has been in a great measure attributable to the lack of energy of the Jockey Club during the reign of Admiral Rous, or of the Jockey Club ministers, in not at once establishing that control over such meetings as necessity has since compelled them to exercise.

One of the chief, and perhaps the least remediable, faults of

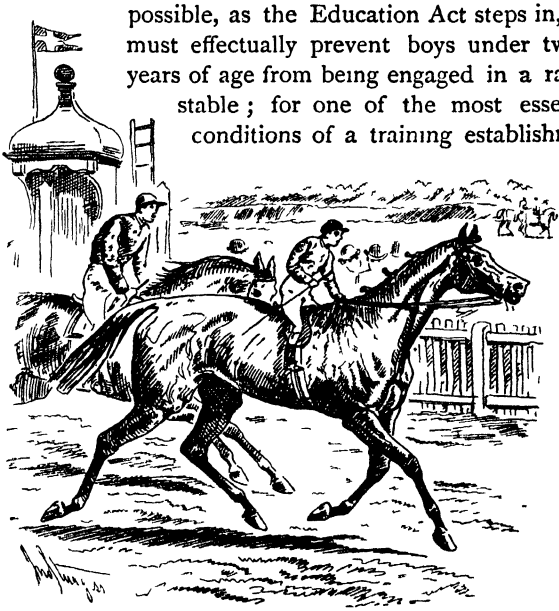
some of these courses is their limited circumference. As an instance of this, the popular Sandown Park at once suggests itself. True it is that under the modern licensing system a course could never have been established there at all, and those pleasant meetings would have been denied to us, owing to the impossibility of obtaining a sufficiently extended area; on the other hand, we could not have regretted the unknown, and it might well have happened that the originators would have found some larger space whereon to display that liberal and able management which has made Sandown the type of comfort and convenience.

With the exception of a straight five furlongs, the courses here are too much on the turn fairly to test a horse's powers, though there is full opportunity for skilled jockeys to display their superiority in judgment of pace, provided always they are not too much interfered with at the turns aforesaid. However, within the last four years the Jockey Club has taken up the subject, and none but really spacious courses are now allowed to be enclosed, or, being enclosed, would be licensed.

From time to time members of Parliament have attempted to interfere with racing, and Bills for that purpose have been brought before both Houses. Thus, in 1860, Lord Redesdale introduced a measure in the House of Lords for the purpose of fixing the lowest weight to be carried by horses in any race at 7 stone, but on the Jockey Club consenting to meet his views half way, the Bill was withdrawn, and the minimum weight established by Jockey Club rule at 5 st. 7 lbs.. Loud were the lamentations of many of the old school of racing men at this innovation, as they averred, with some plausibility, that to make a good jockey, a lad should be put on a horse as soon as he could bestride one, and should have a chance given him in races at his natural weight as soon as he had learnt to ride; and to this arbitrary impost they still attribute the present scarcity of 'good boys,' a conclusion from the outset more or less narrow-minded, as it is probable that other and more subtle influences have caused the inefficiency of our light-weights,

while it is still open to argument whether the decay in the art of riding is quite as real as it is alleged to be, and whether, *quâ* riding, jockeys are not now very much what they have been for the last fifty years, with some half-dozen artists at the head of the profession, and perhaps a score of second-class performers, followed *longo intervallo* by a host of cut-and-thrust stable-boys stuffed into boots and breeches.

Be this as it may, the 'Infant Phenomenon' is no longer possible, as the Education Act steps in, and must effectually prevent boys under twelve years of age from being engaged in a racing stable; for one of the most essential conditions of a training establishment



The infant phenomenon.

is, that the lads should be kept at home as much as possible. If they had to attend school, they would inevitably be marked down in their goings to and fro, and persecuted for information by all the touts of the neighbourhood, and dismayed pedagogues would learn with amazement that in 'Ruff' a fourth 'R' had been added to the historic trio which form the basis of our educational curriculum.

We have said that there may be other causes for the paucity of jockeys of superior worth. It is sufficient to point out one which is patent to all persons who thoroughly understand the matter, the great increase of Welter handicaps. The racing authorities, whilst attributing to the interference of Parliament the whole mischief, have gone far to meet its ignorant views by closing the various schools for forming young jockeys. Nowadays the races which were originally instituted for refractory horses only, have become the commonest of all races, and this is to be attributed to the influence of the gambling jockeys and owners who at one time were ever applying for such races, and have now established them to such an extent that it may be said that they and selling races constitute the principal part of the programme of meetings, whether at Newmarket or elsewhere. We are glad to see that some of the older turf legislators are now turning their attention to this fact.

In 1879 Mr. Anderson succeeded in passing the Metropolitan Racecourse Bill, the object of which was to prohibit racing within a radius of fifteen miles from London, Kingsbury, Bromley, and West Drayton being the chief culprits at whom this bolt was hurled, and they met with but little sympathy in their well-deserved fate. Nevertheless, it is a somewhat ridiculous fact that in this instance the time of Parliament was devoted to animated and angry discussion on a Bill which at best can only be regarded as a posthumous Act; the Jockey Club having already, with a view to the abolition of these very meetings, passed certain laws, fixing the minimum of added money to be given to a day's racing, so that before Mr. Anderson's Bill came into operation, the above-mentioned meetings, with others of like character all over the country, had actually been smothered out of existence.

Temperance societies, ever ready to have a finger in every pie, are now constantly urging individual members of both Houses of Parliament to place racing, or the licensing of racecourses, under the control of some local authority, though whether that local authority is to be wielded by magistrates in quarter

sessions, corporations, boards of guardians, or vestries, has not yet been clearly manifested to the expectant community.

To ordinary minds, however, it seems that the only beneficial method by which Parliament could exercise a control over racing would be that of bestowing some form of incorporation on the Jockey Club, and having thus asserted its supremacy, the Legislature might well leave the general management and direction of turf matters in the hands of that body, which for a hundred and thirty years has held an undisputed authority, which now rules over many thousands of the inhabitants of the kingdom, and whose laws and regulations, obeyed and respected here, receive the sincere flattery of imitation from other countries.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

TRADITION—in this instance probably correct—assigns to the year 1750 the origin of the Jockey Club, though there is no absolutely trustworthy record by which the date of its foundation can be ascertained. It seems, however, tolerably certain that up to that year the general place of assembly for gentlemen during the Newmarket meetings was at the Red Lion Inn. Whether previously to that time racing affairs were ruled over by a committee, or were entirely under Royal control, is a matter of doubt, nor can we find any reason for the move from the Red Lion to the present site of the Jockey Club; but it may be surmised that the building of the Jockey Club room was contemporary with, or immediately subsequent to, the formation of that body.

This room was built in 1752 on ground leased by William Erratt, horse-dealer of Newmarket, to the Duke of Ancaster and the Marquis of Hastings, in trust for fifty years.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, December 6, 1767, it was resolved that persons desiring to be admitted to the coffee-room were to be proposed by a member of the club and balloted for. The Dining Club was held at the Red Lion (the site of which is supposed to have been on the present Station Road) till 1771, when the lease of the coffee-room was surrendered by the surviving trustees, and the ground lease, together with that of the ground on which the present 'New Rooms' were afterwards built, was transferred for a term of sixty years to R. Vernon, Esq., a member of the Jockey Club.

An agreement, dated Whitehall, May 8, 1771, was entered into between Mr. R. Vernon on the one side, and the stewards and such members of the Jockey Club as might choose to subscribe on the other, to the effect that the said R. Vernon should build suitable rooms for the purposes of the said subscribers, and that these should pay a rent equal to eight per cent. on the outlay, for a term of fourteen years certain. This rent was fixed at 248*l.* per annum, which was paid to R. Vernon and his heirs until 1831. At first the funds of the New Rooms were kept separate from the Heath accounts, and any money borrowed from the one, for the purposes of the other, was repaid. In 1815, 500*l.* was charged to the Rooms towards defraying the expenses of the prosecution of D. Dawson, the horse-poisoner. In 1826, 600*l.* was transferred from the Rooms' account to the fund for redeeming money borrowed to buy Heath ground.

In 1821, at a meeting of the stewards and members of the Rooms, it was resolved that *all* members of the Jockey Club should ballot for candidates for the New Rooms. The accounts continued for some time longer to be kept separate, but the funds were used for general purposes as required. When Mr. Vernon's lease expired in 1831, the Jockey Club bought from the Erratt family, for the sum of 4,500*l.*, the freehold of lots comprising the Coffee-Room, New Rooms, and appurtenances, and a house, then occupied by Mr. Bottom, which stood in the now vacant space forming the yard on the west side of the Coffee-Room passage. This estate was conveyed to Lord Lowther, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Verulam, in trust, to deal with the same as stewards of the Jockey Club for the time being, or as the major part of them, should direct; or in case there should be no stewards, then, as the majority of the members present at a meeting—convened after a manner prescribed in the conveyance—should direct; and in case the trusts upon which the estate was conveyed should have determined, or be no longer capable of taking effect, then in trust for all and singular the several and respective members for the

time being, who should be entitled to the capital of the aforesaid society, according to their several shares. The money for this purchase was borrowed from the Duke of Portland at four per cent.

As regards the *action* of the Jockey Club, the first resolution on record is dated March 24, 1758. It relates to the 'weighing in' of jockeys. The proceedings of the Jockey Club, and their mode of enacting laws up to 1771, are described in 'Tuting and Falconer's Sporting Calendar' for that year.

Stewards were first regularly appointed and their powers defined in 1770, but there is a casual mention in the 'Racing Calendar' of stewards as far back as 1762. What their functions were, or how they were appointed, does not appear.

The Heath lands, now owned by the Jockey Club, have been acquired piecemeal at various dates, and a short account of these purchases may be acceptable to readers interested in such research.

Starting from the Cambridge Road, at the commencement of the Beacon Course, the Jockey Club bought from Mr. Allix the whole of the land composing the Round Course on the Cambridge side of the Ditch, with the exception of the first few hundred yards of Beacon Course, which by the Swaffham and Bulbeck Enclosure Act of 1798, and by that of Swaffham Prior paddock in 1805, were reserved for the purposes of racing. The Jockey Club afterwards sold the farm forming the centre of the course, but stipulated with Mr. Salisbury Dunn, the purchaser, that the running-track should be only farmed as sheep walk.

In 1808 were added the two plots of ground running parallel with, and east of, the Ditch, crossing the Cambridge Road, and bounded on the east side by a line bisecting the Rowley Mile near the Bushes. The northern part of this ground was purchased from Mr. Salisbury Dunn, the southern from Mr. C. Pemberton, and the whole was vested in trust for the Jockey Club.

In 1819 the purchase of 'The Flat' was completed by the

acquisition of Crown Lands reaching to the site of the present Birdcage, at the Rowley Mile Stands, an exchange with Pembroke College having previously secured the small plot which separated the purchases of 1808 from those of 1819. The remainder of the Beacon Course was devoted to racing by the Exning Enclosure Act of 1807.

Besides these lands, through which run the four miles of the Beacon Course, subdivided into various courses of all distances and gradients, the Jockey Club has leased several plots of exercise ground lying to the east of Newmarket; these include the Bury Hill, the Warren Hill, the Lime-kilns—where a straight gallop of two miles has lately been finished, by means of acquiring the Waterhall farm—and finally the new winter ground, on which the finest tan gallop in the world has been made since the year 1882.

Exercise ground to the east of Newmarket.

In 1882 the Exning Estate, conterminous to 'The Flat' in nearly its whole length, came into the market. The Jockey Club was forced to buy, lest building speculators should erect houses overlooking the Heath, and this last outlay has doubtless

been a heavy drain on the Club resources, involving as it did a mortgage of the whole property, though under able management it may turn out a profitable investment, as the far side of the estate adjoining the rapidly increasing town of Newmarket, and the village of Exning, will be in demand for building purposes, while all the land can if necessary be laid down by degrees, and thus be made available for gallops.

CHAPTER IV.

RACING OFFICIALS.

RULE IV. of Racing, sec. 1, enacts, that the full programme of every meeting must be advertised in the 'Racing Calendar;' then, in sec. 2, goes on to say that the advertisement must state the names of two or more persons as stewards, and of the judge, starter, clerk of the course, handicapper, stakeholder, and clerk of the scales, and furthermore it says that the clerk of the course or corresponding official shall be the sole person responsible to the stewards for the general arrangements of the meeting.

Then Rule VIII. sets forth that the stewards shall appoint an adequate staff of officials for every meeting, and that the following officials shall require 'a licence to be granted by the stewards of the Jockey Club annually before they can act' (the 'they' here refers to the officials, not to the stewards of the Jockey Club, but the Rules of Racing are occasionally independent of the rules of grammar), viz.: judge, starter, clerk of the course, handicapper, clerk of the scales, and stakeholder, and one of each shall be named for each meeting advertised in the 'Calendar.' Power is of course given to the stewards to employ an unlicensed deputy on emergency, but in such case they are bound to report to the stewards of the Jockey Club.

These then are the officials who amongst them have to carry out the whole business of a race-meeting, and of these by far the larger burden of responsibility falls upon the shoulders of the clerk of the course. He is himself appointed by the company or committee, or whoever may be the guarantors

of the necessary funds in the way of added money (we are not now speaking of Newmarket, Ascot, or Goodwood, where the staff is as it were *ex officio* that of the Jockey Club), and he does practically appoint the stewards—*i.e.* he requests a certain number of gentlemen of local influence, or of position and experience on the turf, to accept the office, and if at the time of the meeting none of them appear upon the scene, and have not chosen their substitutes, he has to find deputy stewards from the turfites present, and to affix their names in some conspicuous place, that men may know with whom they have to deal. One of his principal labours is the soliciting of entries—'canvassing' it is called—a work which has to be carried on for weeks, or it may be months before the meeting, and for which purpose it is necessary that he should be known to all (racing) men, and, if possible, personally popular. One of the most successful men ever known in this line was the late Mr. John Frail, of Shrewsbury, who may fairly be styled, in more ways than one, the father of clerks of courses. Entries he would have, and entries he got somehow. He is said to have invented the system of entrance fees, which have now been universally adopted, and which are a large source of revenue to every racing executive.

CLERK OF THE COURSE.

The clerk of the course is expected to look to every detail of the business:—the arrangement of the weighing-room, press-room, jockeys' room, the posting of the gatekeepers, the ordering of the course—all more or less devolves upon him, and during the progress of the meeting he is supposed to be, and is, ubiquitous; he it is who knows the men who may have a free pass into stand or paddock, he it is who suggests the summary ejection of evil-doers. He has to provide good temper for himself and for his patrons, he has to explain away the burdens laid upon other men's horses, yet no one will touch *his* load with a little finger. If everything goes right, he is passed

unheeded ; if anything goes wrong, he is roundly abused. Of a truth his is no sinecure—no bed of roses—yet withal not an unprofitable berth. He is paid by salary, by percentage on profits, or on entries, or by a mixture of all three.

Mr. Bell, Mr. Ford, the Messrs. Frail and I'Anson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lawley, the Messrs. Sheldon and Topham, Mr. Ridge, Mr. Dorling, and Mr. Verrall are among the best known of the clerks of the course who yet survive, and apparently thrive under their onerous duties.

THE STARTER.

It is not easy to decide which of the two—judge or starter—holds the most responsible position. On the absolute incorruptibility of each large fortunes daily depend, yet must they be possessed of other high qualities besides honesty. The starter should be a cool resolute man, with nerve equal to the strain of moral responsibility and of actual physical danger ; for when he drops his flag he is, or should be, in front of a field of horses, all of them wild with excitement, some of them steered by very puny riders ; and he stands a fair chance of being knocked down by a runner-out or swerver in the first mad rush of the jump off. He must be quick to see and to seize his opportunity. He must be firm even to severity, yet strictly just to the jockeys, who are sharp enough to note any sign of faltering resolution ; and when he orders them to 'turn round and walk back,' he must see that *everyone* obeys the word, and also when they wheel again to come up to him that all heads are the right way. If the jockeys once lose their confidence in, or their fear of, the starter, chaos quickly ensues. He should also be a young and active man, as he may be obliged to take much exercise in the course of a day's racing. The late Mr. McGeorge, perhaps the best starter the world has ever seen, used when in the full vigour of his health to walk to the starting-post for every race at Ascot, returning to the weighing-room as soon as he had dispatched his horses, if time permitted. Lord Marcus Beresford, the present Jockey

Club starter, bids fair fully to rival the fame of his predecessor. His was a singular instance of a public appointment which met with universal approbation. He is the first gentleman who has professionally wielded the flag in England. He is paid by fixed salary for his duties at head-quarters, but this of course forms but a small portion of the emolument which accrues to the Jockey Club starter. What is good enough for the strict

A fair chance of being knocked down.

orthodoxy of Newmarket, is good enough for most other places, and engagements follow as a matter of course. The other starters who now obtain the most employment about the country are: Mr. H. Custance and Mr. J. H. McGeorge, deputy starters to the Jockey Club; Mr. R. I'Anson and Major Dixon.

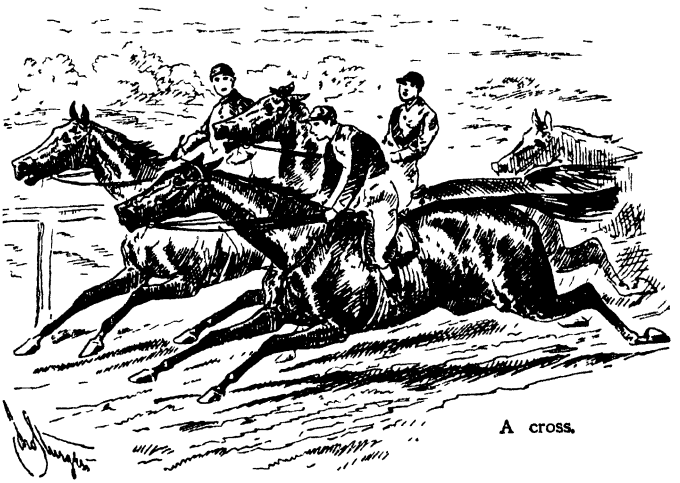
THE JUDGE.

Nor must the judge be less cool and decided than his colleague at the other end. It is true that, seated in his

coign of vantage, the judge runs no personal risk, for there is no authenticated instance of a horse bolting into the box ; yet not the less does the man there enthroned need to have all his wits about him. From the moment the flag falls his glasses are fixed upon the coming cohort : as they approach nearer he is able to pick out those that are still in it, and their relative positions on the course ; then when the supreme moment comes, with his eye on the opposite post it is a matter of comparative ease to a practised hand to decide in what order the first three heads shoot past—if only people would hold their tongues. But think, in a near race, especially if an important one, what a babel of clamour rises round the box, and how easily a nervous man, one not *sûr de son fait*, might be bounced into putting up the wrong number. No. 6 ! No. 6 ! No. 6 ! shout the partisans of the horse thus numbered, trying to convince themselves, and the judge ere it be too late, that a good second has really got his head in first. Vain hope ! just is Mr. Clark and tenacious of his opinions, and no *civium ardor* can affect his judgment. Turning to his signal-man he says, *very* clearly, 'No. 5 ;' up goes No. 5 ; then after a short pause for the public fully to realise what has won, 'No. 6, No. 7,' the numbers of second and third are hoisted ; the judge descends and solemnly wends his way to the scales, there to watch the jockeys weighed, to take down the numbers, and note in his private book the colours, for the ensuing race.

Owing to the exceptional advantages he enjoys for seeing everything that goes on towards the finish of a race, he is almost always the first and most important witness called when there is an objection or complaint on the score of a cross, jostle, or any form of foul riding, and his evidence is usually taken as conclusive. Where the weighing-room is very close to the box, it is not impossible for the judge to double his part with that of clerk of the scales, but it is by no means a desirable arrangement. He has to send a signed report of each race to the Registry Office. When all is said and done, there is now but one judge and his name is Clark, though in his deputy,

Mr. Robinson, he has a very able prophet; we would here express our deep regret that Mr. R. Johnson, the Radamanthus of the Northern Circuit, has been compelled by failing eyesight to relinquish the profession. Other men may sit in the box and name the winning number, but for the bulk of the racing



A cross.

public Mr. Clark reigns supreme as the Racing Lord Chief Justice of England. Long may he continue to do so.

He also is paid, by fixed salary from the Jockey Club, for his services at Newmarket.

THE CLERK OF THE SCALES.

Of almost equal importance to the success of every well-conducted meeting is the clerk of the scales. Before the commencement of each day's operations he usually throws his handkerchief into one side or other of the swinging receptacle of weight, and if the carefully adjusted balance yields to such trifling pressure, he may feel sure that he will be able to weigh

his flesh-and-blood customers to the fraction of an ounce. It was, indeed, this absolute certainty as to the accuracy of the weigh-out, which led to the detection of the attempted fraud when Catch-em-alive won the Cambridgeshire. Needless to say that the clerk of the scales must be a man of unblemished integrity, and of strict business habits, for the slightest mistake, wilful or unintentional on his part, would lead to the most serious complications. He is responsible too in great measure for the punctuality of the start, and by strict adherence to the regulation which enjoins that the numbers of the runners shall be exhibited on the telegraph board one quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the race, 'Newmarket time' has now become the rule, instead of as formerly the exception, throughout the country. On the clerk of the scales, too, devolves the duty of seeing that notice of colours unpublished on the card, or of any alteration of colours, or of any declaration of over-weight, be posted on the board as soon as practicable after the hoisting of the numbers; in the latter case the declaration must be made twenty minutes before the start. The clerk must be in his place the moment a race is over, as every jockey is expected to weigh in immediately after the race, and from official lips must issue the *fiat* 'all right,' which has so often filled the cup of joy or of despair to overflowing.

Though under the 'Rules' the extra 2 lbs. in the scale as a precaution against the carrying of undeclared over-weight is only necessary on weighing in, this test is as a matter of custom equally applied on weighing out.

The clerk of the scales should to the utmost of his ability keep his weighing-room clear of intruders. By law, 'the owner, trainer and jockey, or other person having the care of a horse engaged in a race,' are alone entitled to admission. Stewards are often culpably remiss in the exercise of their authority in this direction; for it can hardly be expected that the clerk, busy as he is, can keep his eye on every one who comes through the doorway, and the policeman on guard is of more use as a 'chucker-out' than as a Cerberus.

In this 'department of weights,' Mr. Manning of Newmarket is *facile princeps*: he is of course a Jockey Club official, though like the judge and starter he acts at many other meetings. Of this be sure, wherever you find him, you will find a weighing-room as business-like and orderly as a bank parlour.

THE HANDICAPPER.

Except for overnight handicaps, the work of the Handicapper is finished before that of the above-mentioned officials begins; nevertheless it is of a most arduous nature, and his is perhaps the most thankless office of all; for who yet was ever known to avow himself thoroughly content with the way his horse has been treated in this respect? If he is top weight with a stone in hand, there he *is* top weight, and that of itself is sufficient cause for grumbling; if he has 5 st. 7 lbs. and 21 lbs. in hand, 'the top weight could always give him another stone,' 'no boy can ride him,' 'a flattering handicap,' &c. &c. To all this the handicapper must listen with a sympathetic countenance, and a partially deaf ear—we say *partially*, because in the nature of things he must often make mistakes, and from the outpourings of the torrent of obloquy he may perchance catch a cupful of common sense. Sometimes, too, from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Who does not remember the touching incident of the defeated owner at Croydon, who cried aloud in his despair, 'Pulled him six times, and now when we slip him at last to get beaten; it's too bad, *too* bad!!' after which he suffered himself to be led gently to the refreshment bar. All such incidents should the handicapper mark, not too ostentatiously, and inwardly digest; and for this purpose he must be a constant attendant on racecourses, and during the progress of each race note towards the finish, not so much the doings of the first three horses—for of these the newspapers will give him sufficiently accurate information—but what the other runners are about (what could have been close up, what never took any part at all, &c. &c.); and he must draw his own conclusions, and having formed his opinion

act on it. If he is on friendly terms with judge and starter, so much the better for him; both are capable of giving very useful hints.

There are various systems of handicapping. Some men keep books—*i.e.* they daily write down the names of the first three horses that have contended in every race of which a description is published, with the weights at which they ran, and the distance between each at the finish, and on the opposite side of the page, re-handicap them at such variation of impost as might presumably bring them to a dead heat. Some keep only 'ladders,' *i.e.* long lists of horses handicapped over various courses, from five furlongs upwards, and re-cast the weights constantly. Others, like Mr. Weatherby (who has unfortunately now resigned the post of Jockey Club handicapper, being out-wearied by the worry of the position), go through the book anew for each fresh compilation, aided only by such notes as they have made from personal observation, and this is perhaps the safest method to adopt.

The handicapper must indeed be sober and vigilant, for much of his work has to be done at night; he should be a man of infinite tact and temper, and to a certain extent he should possess a gift, which at first sight seems hardly necessary for so prosaic an occupation, viz. imagination. The Keeper of the Match Book has ere now been heard to say that so-and-so was a good handicapper, *but had no imagination*—that is, if called upon to handicap a horse for a distance over which he had never run in public, the man could not make a brilliant or even a fairly good *guess*—for it can be nothing else—at the form likely to be displayed.

Never, if you can help it, admit that you have made a mistake, is a sound piece of advice in this as in other professions. No man asserted his infallibility more loudly than did Admiral Rous,[1] and no man was more thoroughly believed in, though he was tripped up now and then.

[1] The Admiral was one of the rare instances of a man whose deafness did not seem materially to affect his enjoyment of society—for he certainly was very

Lord Calthorpe said to him one day, *apropos* of one of his recently published handicaps, 'Now, Admiral, do you think that *my* horse has got any chance for this race?' 'None whatever,' unhesitatingly replied the Admiral. 'Then pray, do you call that handicapping; I thought that every horse was at any rate *supposed* to be given an equal chance?' An unanswerable question which remained unanswered.

Yet does the apportioner of weights not infrequently score off his tormentors. Over and over again have instances been known where official or quasi-official complaints have been lodged as to the unfair handicapping of a horse, who a few hours afterwards has won the very event his impossible weight wherein has been the subject of such bitter invective.

In such moments of triumph the conqueror does well to bear himself modestly, and as if this vindication of injured innocence was a matter of every-day occurrence. Perhaps it is!

The most terrible possibility in the lot of any handicapper is the having to listen to a remonstrance or rebuke from any betting lady on one of his handicaps, more especially if she

deaf, though no doubt he heard many things which were not intended to reach his ears; indeed, his friends used to say that he never missed hearing an offer of a good match at Newmarket. Match-making was his delight—his affectation of bewilderment over the form of two horses whose merits he knew as well as he did the Rowley Mile, his start of sudden inspiration, his solemn and deliberate announcement of the weights, his pompous mandate, 'Hands in pockets, gentlemen!' followed by 'Show!' and his glee when the half-crowns of two acceptors rewarded his skill, were treats to see and to hear. Perhaps one reason why he was never bored in company, even when he could not hear the conversation, was that he had the resource of constant mental handicapping. When his life was drawing very near its close—in fact, a few days before he was confined to his room—he said to one of his intimate friends, 'It's a very odd thing. I lose my way now going from the Turf Club'—then in Grafton Street—'to my house in Berkeley Square; but,' he added with a gleam of satisfaction, '*I can still handicap!*' No faster friends than he and Mr. George Payne ever lived, and the latter looked a broken-down man ever after the Admiral's death. It was great sport to watch the two at billiards, and to listen to their comments on each other's play; and the tidings that 'the Admiral and G. P. were playing together' would any night send the Turf Clubmen flocking upstairs.

advances her reasons. After this infliction he is usually, by his own desire, at once consigned to his county lunatic asylum.

The Jockey Club handicapper is paid, like other servants of the Club, by fixed salary, and is pretty generally employed all over the kingdom. Of the rest, Mr. Ford, Mr. R. Johnson, Messrs. Frail, Messrs. Topham, Mr. Lawley, Mr. Dorling, and Mr. Verrall seem to have the most work.

THE STAKEHOLDER.

The Stakeholder incurs some considerable pecuniary liability; but beyond this the duties of his office are not of a very harassing nature.

THE STEWARDS.

We have left the Stewards, as the amateur or unpaid element in racing officialism, to the last; though, if they know their duty and do it, they are very important factors in the conduct of a meeting. To them are referred all objections or matters of dispute which arise out of the running or business of each day, and formerly there was no appeal from their decisions (except by their own consent) to the Stewards of the Jockey Club; but, on the motion of Mr. J. Lowther during the Houghton week of 1883, Rule 38 was modified in this respect, and appeal is now in any case allowed to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, 'so far as relates to points involving an interpretation of these rules, but not as to questions of fact.' From the decision of the last-named authorities there can be of course no appeal under any circumstances. The powers of the stewards commence *with* the meeting and continue *after* it, for all purposes relating to disputes, disqualification, &c., which shall arise in connection with such meeting; but if they fail to give a decision within seven days after a case has been referred to them, it must be reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who then summarily deal with it, and if they consider there has been any negligence, order payment of costs out of the funds of the meeting—a wise regulation, which has the effect of preventing

cases being 'hung up,' thereby causing a partial or complete failure of justice. Stewards have power of postponement of a meeting, or of any races from day to day, until the intervention of a Sunday; this rule is enacted out of deference to our great British arbiter—the Clerk of the Weather.

The penal jurisdiction of the stewards is limited to the duration of the meeting over which they have control—in other words, they can suspend any person from acting or riding at such meeting, and they can also at their own sweet will expel *anybody* from the stands and enclosures, and they can inflict a fine not exceeding 50*l.*, unless they happen to be also Stewards of the Jockey Club, when the fine may amount to 100*l.* Any further punishment which may be considered necessary must be reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and as this is only done in extreme cases, the recommendation seldom fails to have the desired effect.

There is yet another responsibility, and that a very serious one, which *may* devolve on the stewards of any meeting; for Rule 8 says that 'any complaints against the above-named officials' (i.e. Judge, Starter, Clerk of the Course, Handicapper, Clerk of the Scales, and Stakeholder) '*shall* be made in writing to the stewards of the meeting only, who, if they think fit, shall forward the same to the Stewards of the Jockey Club.' Fortunately, or unfortunately, for the peace of mind of those most nearly concerned, this rule is not often acted upon. Fortunately in the first place for the stewards. Even to racing men thoroughly versed in turf details a constant flow of documentary protest against real or imaginary (chiefly the latter) grievances, would prove such an intolerable nuisance, such a complete hindrance to their own business or pleasure, that, like Mr. Gladstone, they would think twice, nay thrice, before accepting an office so fraught with annoyance; but it has already been mentioned that oft-times at country meetings the stewards appointed at first hand, those whose names appear on the card, are conspicuous by their absence, and deputies have to be sought out who may act *tant bien que mal* in the place of

the absentees. Conceive, then, the puzzled dismay of some local magnate, who has for the first time in his life had greatness on a racecourse thrust upon him, at being presented by an irate 'little man' owner or trainer with a written manifesto, not unaccompanied by ornate verbal exposition, of the ruinous wrong he has suffered by the handicapper's too exalted estimate of the powers of some thrice-pulled crock. Think, too, of the disgust of the Stewards of the Jockey Club if, in his anxiety to escape from immediate pressure, the bewildered provincial sent up such a case for their serious consideration.[1]

Unfortunately, however, for the much-abused *employés*, the written protest is, as we have said, rarely resorted to; hot, hasty, and too often unjust denunciation is showered upon them, and then as time presses, and business must be attended to, the denouncer forgets all about it and expects them to forget too.

If this rule were insisted on, and *all* complaints formulated in writing, what a wondrous collection of scribble, on leaves of betting-books and backs of race-cards, would be in the hands of the stewards at the end of each meeting! The fragmentary MS. of the late Teufelsdröckh, with which the author of 'Sartor Resartus' had to deal, would be a joke to it.

As guerdon for their services, the stewards have free access to all stands and enclosures at the meeting over which they preside, but the privilege does not seem to have the effect of insuring a greater regularity of attendance.

A most desirable change in this respect might be brought about, if gentlemen would resolutely decline to allow their names to be published as stewards, except for meetings at which they have a reasonable prospect of being present.

[1] Since these lines were written the Stewards of the Jockey Club have issued a notice, that a complaint against any official made otherwise than in writing to the stewards of the meeting will subject the complainant to a fine, which will also be inflicted in the event of the complaint being adjudged as frivolous. A very interesting and voluminous correspondence is anticipated.

CHAPTER V.

NEWMARKET

Tan gallop at Newmarket.

IN the matter of expenditure, the Jockey Club seem always to have lived 'from hand to mouth'; ir other words, it has annually devoted the whole or within a fraction of the whole, of its income to racing in the shape of added money, the maintenance and rent o gallops and racecourses, and the salaries of its large staff o officials.

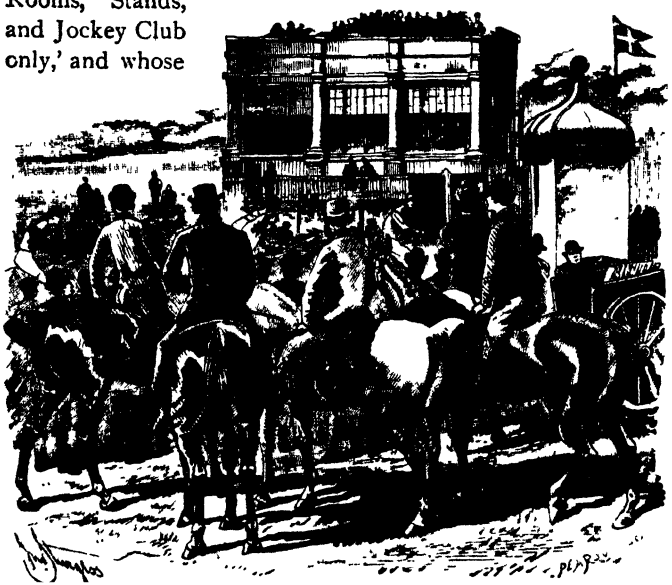
When, therefore, gate-money meetings came into fashior throughout the land, there was no alternative but to marcl with the times, to build stands, to make enclosures, tc substitute the white rails of modern civilisation for the old fashioned ropes and stakes of our forefathers, and otherwise alter the whole character and aspect of the Newmarket meet

ings. Accordingly, in 1875, the Grand Stand, with its appanage of refreshment rooms, telegraph offices, bars, stables, hack-sheds and rings, was constructed under the auspices of Sir John Astley. Scant indeed up to this date had been the provision for the comforts of even the privileged few. Three forlorn-looking edifices there were, two of them wholly or in part appropriated for the weighing and jockeys' dressing-rooms, the third a private stand, and the accommodation thus afforded was open only to members of the rooms or Jockey Club. Horses were saddled anywhere, but where was not always an easy matter for the owner or jockey to discover. Martin Starling and a posse of rustics armed with staves kept the course, and the Cambridgeshire Hill was guarded in the evening from profane hoof-marks by the simple expedient of fastening across it, secured to two or three strong stakes, a sewin, or rope garnished with bunches of feathers, over which the homeward galloping plunger was at liberty to break his neck if by his own carelessness or the waywardness of his hack he failed to steer clear of the almost invisible obstacle. A fatal accident of this nature did indeed once occur, and the tragic fate of Mr. Blackwood in the dim twilight of an autumn afternoon was the final cause of the abolition of the roped runs-in.

The *locale* of the betting-ring was more than once changed, and each time, as it seemed, to a bleaker and more wind-swept spot. In those times the backers, almost to a man, did their day's racing on horseback, the ring men who could ride following the example, but bookmakers for the most part clustered in and about flys, which even then appeared to be in the last stage of decrepitude, but which are still apparently in commission on the Heath. A few broughams there were, tenanted then as now chiefly by the press reporters (for the art of writing despatches on the saddle-bow is still, we believe, confined to a very select circle of war correspondents), and perchance a dozen landaus or barouches conveyed to the scene of action the ladies whose speculative energy tempted them to brave the vicissitudes of Newmarket weather ; while, as is their

wont even unto this day, the flying squadrons of University Light Horse skirmished in exceedingly loose order all over the place, regardless of the admonitions of Starling, or of aught else save their own wild will.

Let Sir Laudator Acti, standing dry-shod, in patent leather boots, on the gravel of the reserved dust-bin in front of the stand, at whose portals hangs the notice 'For members of the Rooms, Stands, and Jockey Club only,' and whose



Racing on horseback.

waiders keep vigilant watch against the intrusion of outsiders—let him shut his eyes for a moment and try if he can recall a scene of the past, nigh upon twenty years ago—say in the year of grace 1865—the zenith of the Hastings era.

In imagination we can command the weather, so it shall be a bright still morning in October. Sir Laudator sees himself once more a gilded youth, clad in light cub-hunting costume,

riding slowly towards the ring on the neatest of hacks, warranted by Mr. Sheward to 'stand still, and let you write as long as you fancy it.' The crisp west wind hardly stirs a lock of the thin silky mane, which ruthless fashion has not yet decreed shall be hogged, yet there is a *feel* in the air which reminds Sir Laudator that in a few weeks the hack must rejoin his comrades at Melton—a goodly string already, wanting only a few additions —but such additions as those shall be IF the good thing comes off!—an 'if' which will be decisively settled in the course of the next half-hour.

For it is an open secret that there is a flyer from Danebury in the T.Y.C. handicap; that the Marquis means having a flutter, that the Duke is unusually sanguine, and that the legion of stable-followers[1] is 'going for the gloves.' A quarter of an hour to the time fixed for what is reckoned the event of the day—the actual stake a paltry hundred, the impending venture a king's ransom. Even now the numbers are going up, as the official with bracketed telescope reads them off from the board by the weighing-room at the end of 'The Flat.'

Eighteen runners—and a shout of 'The field a hundred!' 'No one names the winner for a pony!' rends the air. That the betting shall open at evens is a point which has long ago been settled by the members of that secret society whose means of intercommunication are as mysterious as those of the Eastern bazaars. The level money is quickly snapped up, and the cry of 'I'll take odds!' is beginning to be heard, ere the Marquis is

[1] The propensity of racing men's servants to identify themselves somewhat too closely with their masters' pursuits is sufficiently notorious. Admiral Rous, sharp as he was, was not exempt from this annoyance. He had at one time a retainer at Newmarket, who, under pretence of exercising the well-known hack during the Admiral's absence, used to ride about in the morning and tout in the most bare-faced manner. At last, during one of the meetings, Charles Blanton, riding by the side of the Dictator, said, 'Admiral, if that old horse of yours could talk, he might tell you every trial there's been on the Heath for the last three weeks.' This rather opened the Admiral's eyes, and a short time after he discovered his man perusing an unpublished handicap which had been left in the writing-desk. The sentence 'Never more be officer of mine' was of course at once pronounced, though perhaps not exactly in those words, and certainly not mitigated by the prefix 'I love thee.'

seen cantering up, surrounded by his aides-de-camp, to do his own and part of the stable commission, a trifle late maybe, for he has lingered for a few last words with trainer and jockey; but little recks he of price, when, as he now calculates, he has a stone in hand, though of this advantage he has relinquished 3 lbs. to secure the services of Fordham. He slackens speed as he passes through the thin line of carriages, from which come shrill plaintive cries of 'One moment, Lord H!' '*Dear* Lord H., do come here for one second!' 'We *do* so want to know something, Lord H!' But absorbed in the lighting of a cigarette, or in some jest of Peter the henchman, or at any rate conveniently deaf to the voice of the charmer, he rides straight into the horsemen's circle, where two obliging friends speedily make room for him, and he takes up his position on the heavy betting side.

'They're laying odds on yours, my lord,' says a bookmaker, who, with his partner at his elbow, has been waiting, as he expresses it, to get done with the favourite in one big bet. 'It's been backed for a heap of money. I suppose it's a real good thing,' he adds, looking up almost wistfully into the imperturbable young face. 'What odds?' replies the owner, blandly ignoring the query. 'Well, my lord, I'll take your six hundred to four twice; nay, I'll take *you* six monkeys to four once,' he continues, waxing bolder despite the warning nudges and gestures of his less enterprising confederate. 'Put it down,' is the brief response. 'And me three hundred to two, my lord;' 'and me, and me,' clamour a swarm of pencillers who come clustering up. 'Done with you, and you, and you'—the bets are booked as freely as they are proffered. 'And now, my lord, I'll take you thirty-five hundred to two thousand in a bet, if you've a mind for a bit extra,' says one who has just forced his way through the throng. 'Right you are, and so you shall!' replies the owner cheerily, expanding under the influence of the biggest bet he has made that day. Then the smaller fry with seventies to forties, and seven ponies to four, are duly enregistered, and time being nearly up, the Marquis wheels his

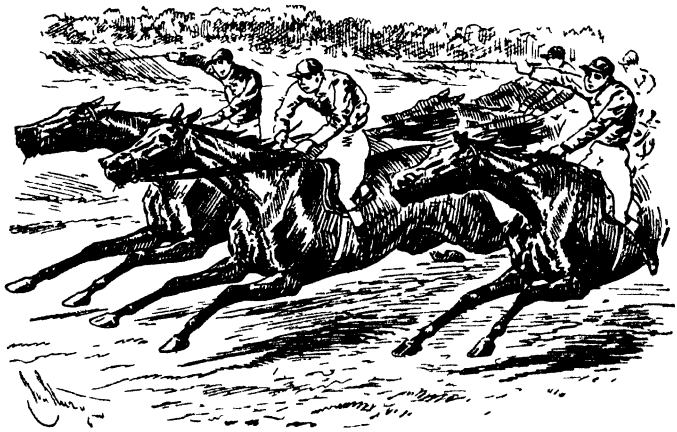
hack, his escort once more gathers round him, and away they dash, as they repass the carriages shouting to the fair occupants, 'Real jam, can't be beat!' a piece of information which, as they have only two minutes to profit by it, and no one to bet for them, will not materially benefit the recipients.

The Danebury division forms into line in close proximity to the throne of Judge Clark, and 'Peter' accommodates an amateur fielder, who has not been to the other side, with fifty to forty, at the same time assuring him, that it's a long way over the odds, and that the bet must be regarded as a mark of friendship and esteem, meriting meet recompense in due season.

Sir Laudator, who has more on than he quite cares to add up at present, and who is, truth to tell, a trifle nervous, rides away some five hundred yards nearer to the winning-post. Already there has been one false start, the horses are massed in complicated confusion, and the air is thick with flowers of stable rhetoric. Somehow the entanglement unravels itself, and a curved line, with wings thrown forward, spreads over the course, there is a sudden surge up of the centre, and for the fraction of a second a well-dressed front. He who hesitates is lost, and if the converse of the proposition be true, then assuredly is McGeorge one of the saved, for down goes the red flag, down also the white banner in advance, and with a screaming rattle of silk the eighteen sprinters are off.

To the earlier fluctuations of the struggle, Sir Laudator pays little heed, but when the first quarter of a mile has been traversed, one or two pessimists standing near him vouchsafe their customary growl, that 'the favourite's out of it even now.' As, however, the rushing phalanx approaches he sees for himself, aye, and proclaims aloud that 'the favourite *is* in it, right bang in it;' is indeed leading by about half a length, with a couple of light weights racing at his girths. Fordham throws a keen glance to right and left, then, perhaps actuated by a charitable desire to kindle once more a ray of hope in the breasts of the now silent bookmakers, or, which is more probable, thinking

that those two boys have got more left in them than he quite fancies, he sets his shoulders higher than ever, a convulsive movement agitates his elbows, while from exultant layers rises *crescendo* a yell of 'The field a hundred!' as quickly *diminuendo* into a mutter. 'It's all that d——d Fordham's kid. I'll lay three to one I name the winner!' For the hundredth time the old ruse has succeeded, the two stable lads, thinking they have the great horseman in difficulties, plunge simultaneously into the fantastic ecstasies of a flogging finish which settles their horses in the next dozen strides; with the semblance of a shake



'It's all Fordham's kid!'

Fordham shoots out, and canters home, the easiest of winners by two lengths. No need to look at the numbers. Off speeds the Danebury cohort in mad gallop, with Sir Laudator hard on their track, and arrives at the weighing-room in time to see Fordham, looking as if he had just gone into church, draw the required weight with professional exactness, and to hear the welcome 'All right' from Mr. Manning. A brief congratulation in the Birdcage to old John, who gives vent to a prolonged 'Gor your grace,' as the senior partner hints at the probable aggregate of the stable winnings, and then away to slake

parched throats, where Jarvis crowns the misty goblet with spurious alliance of Schweppe and Cognac. . . .

'You can't be drunk, seeing it is yet but the third hour of the day, so you must be dreaming. Rouse up, patriarch, and attend to business.'

Sir Laudator gives a start and awakens to the fact that he is some score of years older than he has been during the last few minutes; that his young friend Lord Olim Juvabit, who addressed the above admonition, is regarding him with astonishment; that the Middle Park Plate is next on the card, and the jockeys already weighing out for that event; and that Lord Olim has therein engaged a horse called Paul Pry of no mean pretensions, on whom he, Sir Laudator, contemplates 'putting down his maximum,' a sum modest when compared with the plunges of his earlier days, yet withal worthy of being dignified with the title of a 'dash.'

'Come on,' says Lord Olim, taking his companion's arm and leading him forth, 'we may as well have a look at Paul, hear what Mat has to say about him, and find out how much he means standing; and then look here, old fellow'—dropping his voice into the orthodox private information key—'as I rather fancy myself this journey, I shall give my job to Perkins to do at the back of the ring; we shall have time for a bit of lunch before the start, and as you will want something on for yourself, you can work the boys down the rails, and put two hundred on for me at the same time. We shan't get much of a price on account of Archer being up, still Romanus will be favourite, and they'll lay some sort of odds against mine. Of course if I win I shall be told that the American got all the money, and equally, of course, if I'm beaten, people will say that he got at everybody in the stable, myself included, and made a fortune by laying. We'll chance all that.'

He concludes his words of wisdom as they enter the Bird-cage, still so-called, though how different from the lightly-wired poultry run of two decades ago! The paddock is thronged with men, women, and horses, the bipeds unmistakably on

the tout, the latter for the most part lounging round in the *insouciant* follow-my-leader fashion characteristic of the trained thoroughbred. At the far side stands a range of stalls and boxes, and in one of these they find Paul Pry being saddled.

A mighty chestnut colt—16-2—big, long in his points and good all over, though perhaps open to the suspicion of being just a trifle loaded at the point of the shoulder. With ears slightly pricked, and his bright full eye fixed on the door, the opening and shutting of which appears to afford him the keenest interest, he stands like a statue during the ceremony of his toilette, save when now and then he rubs his nose affectionately against the sleeve of his special attendant who is holding the bridle.

'Looks well, my lord,' remarks the trainer—'well and confident, as I like to see them; hope we may like him as much later on in the afternoon!' he adds, bound in virtue of his profession to throw in a word of doubt or depreciation.

Two or three ladies, accompanied by as many men, now slip in, by special permission of the owner, and scan the chestnut with curious glances. The fair ones, as is the custom of their sex, mistake muscle for fat, and cherish a secret conviction that the horse has done no more work than an alderman; they are, however, discreetly silent on this point, while displaying a knowledge of his antecedents, and an intimacy with his trainer and the head lad, which greatly edifies and amuses Lord Olim.

Seeing there is no chance of a word in private where they are, Mat makes a sign to his employer and Sir Laudator, and the three step out into the paddock. After satisfying himself that there is no one actually within earshot, the trainer enters at once into business.

'Now, my lord, your horse is just as well as I can make him. You know how we tried him, and he has never missed an oat or a gallop since; indeed, he had one more gallop than I had bargained for. It was the day before yesterday; he had had his spin, and then broke clean away with that young ——

of a boy who never got a pull at him till he'd gone the length of the Flat—not that he's an ounce the worse for it, indeed, he can't be better. Your lordship will of course please yourself about backing him, but I'd be obliged if you would allow me to stand a hundred pounds with you.'

'Amen,' responds Lord Olim, to whose charge the sin of loquacity at least has never been laid. Mat looks up with a twinkle in his eye.

'I'm just hoping your lordship's colt 'll not come in where they place Amen in the Prayer-book,' he says gravely, and forthwith returns to Paul's box.

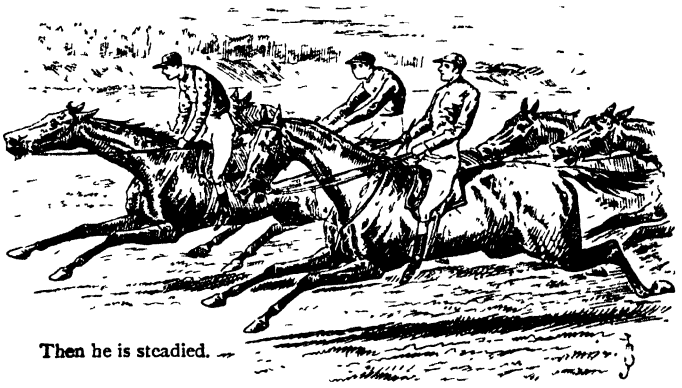
Eight numbers go up. All Newmarket-trained horses, with the exception of one outsider from the neighbourhood of Ilsley, whom rumour affirms to be a 'latter-day saint,' waiting for a nursery in the Houghton. Neither his appearance nor his jockey has created an impression in his favour. There are three penalised winners—Romanus, Osmunda (a colt with a filly's name, someone observes), and Ambrosia, the mounts respectively of C. Wood, Cannon, and Webb. Paul Pry, who is ridden by Archer, has been successful on one previous occasion, but escapes a penalty. Fordham rides Amulet, who has once or twice shown good form, but has never got his head first past the post; the other three are unknown to fame, though each has a select circle of professing followers. Not a large field for the principal two-year-old race of the year, but influenza has been rife in the stables, and the art of 'putting them together' has attained, or is supposed to have attained, such perfection, that many owners who formerly would have started on the off chance prefer keeping their horses at home, and backing whatever is (to them) incontestably foreshadowed as the winner by their private handicap books.

As the two friends recross the Birdcage they see Mr. Perkins awaiting them at the gate. The conference is of the shortest. 'A thou' on mine, please, Perkins,' says Lord Olim; the burly commissioner bows, and with the conscious air of a Newfoundland dog carrying a walking-stick, dives down

the subway, to emerge again into upper air on the tumultuous exchange of Tattersall's ring.

It wants but ten minutes to starting time, and Stott is calling out the jockeys, as Sir Laudator and his companion, both members of the Jockey Club, enter the luncheon-room sacred to that body, a lofty well-lighted apartment, with bright fire, bare walls, and table furnished forth as for a ball-room supper; on the sideboard hot dishes, and goodly array of bottles; Pace's satellites somewhat bustled by the throng of hungry and thirsty *convives* of both sexes.

'Well, Juvabit, how goes it? how is Paul Pry? and will he



Then he is steadied.

win?' inquires one whose persistent search after turf knowledge has been hitherto but inadequately rewarded.

'If it is well to want luncheon, and to have no time to eat it, then it goes well. Paul Pry is well, or at least has told me nothing to the contrary; he will win if he doesn't tumble down, or if nothing beats him,' answers the youthful owner helping himself to a cutlet, and demanding immediate champagne.

This reply, not being of a nature to encourage further interrogation, Lord Olim is left unmolested, the more readily inasmuch as the ladies--usually the chief inquisitors—have to

woman their own commissioners, and for the most part their own touts; and having issued their backing instructions, desire not to be perplexed by any new wind of doctrine. Moreover, his Lordship has the reputation of a man who likes to be paid.

Sir Laudator, who has frugally refreshed himself with a biscuit and a glass of sherry, as the Scotch say, 'in his hand,' slips out.

On arriving at the rails which separate the private stands' enclosure from the ring, he finds the market well set. Romanus is firmly established first favourite at evens; the public fancy him, and despite his seven-pound penalty the public will not be stalled off.

The watchword of the day is 'Charley Wood, good business,' and the mashers are plunging on him. Paul Pry is second in demand, his weight, his public and (reputed) private form, and the fact of his being Archer's mount, naturally placing him in that position. Three to one is offered against Ambrosia, hundreds to thirty, in some instances four to one, against Osmunda, five to one Amulet, and the others are at prices ranging from ten to twenty to one; quotations which the bookmakers unblushingly assert represent the worst betting-race that ever was known.

'A man can't get round nohow, and there's no money in the market for the favourite neither.'

Seven thousand is subsequently traced to the stable connections alone of Romanus. 'Seven to four, bar one; sever to four, bar one,' resounds on all sides, but Sir Laudator is well-known and industrious, and by much perseverance he gets on the bulk of his own and his friend's money at fifteen to eight, with here and there a stray bet of two to one to small sums.

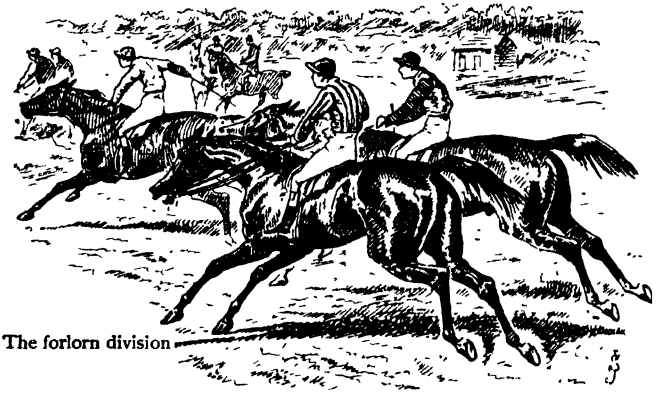
As he closes his book, and Lord Olim, cigar in mouth, appears on the scene, the flag falls to the first attempt.

Archer always gets off, and Paul Pry, for a big one, is singularly quick out of the slips, so for the first fifty yards he holds a decided lead next to the rails on the stand side, then

he is steadied, and one of the outsiders rushing to the front comes along a cracker.

Time being of much importance to most of the spectators, great satisfaction is expressed at the pace; Romanus, Osmunda, and Ambrosia are pulling double at Paul's quarters, and nearly level with them, but wide on the right, is Fordham on Amulet. The remaining two horses are in difficulties already.

They run thus till nearing the Bushes, when the leader, who is spun out, or who has 'had his feeler,' drops back to the



The forlorn division

forlorn division. With the exception of Osmunda, a length in their rear, the others are almost abreast.

Descending the Abingdon Mile hill, to the dumb consternation of his backers Romanus is seen to falter and lose his pace. Wood calls on him without mending matters, and six to four on the field goes begging. As they approach the bottom of the dip Paul Pry too begins to roll. There *is* something wrong with those shoulders after all. Archer gives him a savage shake. 'Five hundred to two against Paul,' shrieks Steel. Lord Olim, who has been waiting his opportunity, snaps at the bet just as Osmunda, going straight as an arrow, takes up the running.

When Paul Pry feels the hill he drops into his stride again and tackles the ascent like a lion. 'Archer has not moved his legs yet,' remarks Sir Laudator, who knows well every phase of that jockey's riding; but if Archer has not moved his legs, his arms are certainly at work, and Cannon is sitting so still, and looks so happy on Osmunda, who has now a clear lead of two lengths, that the vociferous declaration of 'Osmunda beats anything!' 'Osmunda wins for a hundred,' sounds like prophecy after knowledge. Fordham is riding in grim earnest, although his wide berth makes his chance look better than it really is. Ambrosia, though beaten, is struggling gamely on under Webb and the fatal 'seven extra.'

Why, then, if the race is over, as surely it must be, does Cannon suddenly, and within a few lengths of the post, catch up his whip, and sit down to a finish which for polished elegance, combined with determined strength, few horsemen have ever equalled?

The reason is apparent enough, for with a whirlwind rush in which legs, arms, whip, horse, and man seem strangely, madly mingled, comes Archer on Paul Pry, gaining, gaining, gaining on his adversary, till, if only it were not too late, if only the post were ten, five, two yards further up the hill, that desperate swoop must snatch the race out of the fire. Is it so certain that it *is* too late? Locked together the two horses flash past the judge, their jockeys simultaneously drop their hands, and half turning in the saddles stare hard into each other's eyes.

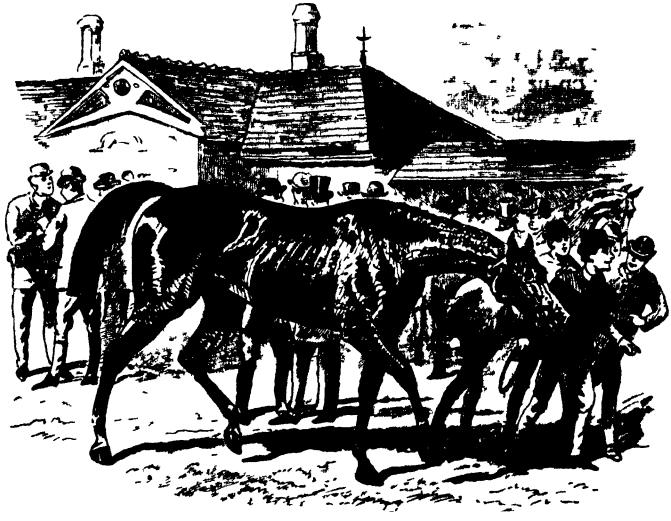
Amidst the babel of voices the opinion appears to prevail that Cannon held his own to the end, and just got home by a head, though many of the old hands, remembering the curious angle from which the Stand spectators see the end of the Rowley mile contests, quickly take odds that the head is the other way.

Then the numbers clatter up on the swinging shutter. The mystery is solved, and a roar of 'No. 3! Archer! Paul Pry! Archer!' rends the heavens.

Cheer follows on cheer, for stable and owner are alike

popular; besides, even when losing, it is well to shout for the winner. The air is thick with hats.

(*Par parenthèse.*) How do these hat-throwers ever recover their hurled-up headgear? If you or I, reader, were to drop a fourpenny-bit on the Heath during the most thrilling moments of a race, we should never behold that groat again; yet we cannot remember ever seeing a man, not utterly drunk, returning home hatless to Newmarket town.



An escort of jubilant stable boys.

The two friends exchange glances, then with not undignified haste they betake themselves to the weighing-room. On the way thither they encounter Mr. Commissioner Perkins, in a state of considerable elation, which is somewhat damped by his average of seven to four to all the money not being received with the gratitude or enthusiasm he had anticipated.

Archer is there almost as soon as they are. Slowly descends

the scale in which he takes his seat; but it yields not to an additional 2 lbs. of counterpoise. The 'All right' goes forth, and the triumph is complete.

Outside—Lord Olim, having shaken hands with Mat, and decorously received numerous congratulations, gazes thoughtfully after the chestnut Paul, who is being led away under a strong escort of jubilant stable-boys, then suddenly looking up at his ancient and intimate ally, says, 'What a blessing it is!' and pauses. Sir Laudator cynically completes the sentence: 'To be able to count your Two Thousand Chickens all the winter, eh, my boy?' 'No,' rejoins his lordship, 'to be able to turn one's undivided attention to the Cambridgeshire.'

CHAPTER VI.

RACING IN THE 'PROVINCES.'

THE advantage of the gate-money or enclosed meetings which have sprung up of late years is manifest in the security given to managers for guaranteeing large sums of added money, thus enabling owners of horses to race at less expense than on the open courses, where a large proportion of the stakes must necessarily come out of their own pockets.

The only other sources of revenue on which clerks of courses of the old-fashioned open meetings can depend are the sums obtained for admission to the stands, rings, &c., at a tariff which the masses are unable or unwilling to pay; the entrance money to the ground for carriages only; such rates in aid as can be screwed out of neighbouring residents, tradesmen, or county or borough members, and the half surplus of the price realised by winners of selling races; all these being what may be mathematically termed 'uncertain quantities,' depending on many and fluctuating circumstances, and rendering close calculation impossible; whereas to the wholly enclosed courses, situated as they must be within easy reach of a dense population, every soul desirous of admission must contribute either in the shape of annual subscription to the club—if club there be—or by the entrance fee of a shilling or half a crown for passing the wickets; the right of *entrée* to public stands or paddock necessitating an additional outlay.

The chief factor, therefore, for the consideration of promoters is, whether the love of racing has a sufficient hold on the inhabitants of a particular district to induce them to come in

crowds on to the ground itself, there being then a tolerable certainty that a given percentage will avail themselves of the further accommodation of stands, &c. ; and these calculations being made, as they now are, with nice accuracy, the committee or clerks of the course may order their 'broad sheet,' with its large promise of added money, not only without fear of failing to meet their liabilities, but with every confidence that a margin of much gain will be left over for all concerned in the venture.

As an instance of what can be done by this system of trading on racing may be cited a North-country company of which the original shareholders have turned their capital over six or seven times in the course of a few years, and wherein for 1,200*l.* worth of original shares, upwards of 8,000*l.* was recently offered and declined.

With enterprises of this nature, open meetings, like Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, Goodwood, and York can alone successfully compete, and of these the first named is *facile princeps*. Under the able administration of Col. Seymour, Capt. Bulkeley, and Mr. Oades, the Secretary, its funds acquired considerable proportions, and a large and annually increasing capital was held in trust by the Master of the Buckhounds, Capt. Bulkeley, and Mr. Garrard. It was here that the first recorded bonus of 1,000*l.* was added to a stake, to wit the Alexandra Plate, a race of three miles for four-year-olds and upwards, which was inaugurated by the success of the celebrated mare Fille de l'Air, the property of Count de Lagrange. Since that time the wealth and the liberality of the Royal Meeting have increased *pari passu*, till in these days so great is the value of the prizes, so great the prestige which attaches to the winning thereof, that all which is most excellent in horseflesh, most ambitious in ownership, is annually attracted to that favoured spot.

As long as the Derby is run for at Epsom, which, for aught we know, may be to the end of time, so long will Epsom continue to fascinate the public, and people will flock to the Downs, in the hope, or on the pretence, of seeing a race which not

one man in fifty ever really sees, not one in twenty cares about seeing. The Oaks is nearly as popular with holiday-makers as the Derby, and both in spring and summer there are many other stakes, notably the City and Suburban and Grand Prize, well worth winning, which will always draw good fields, the facilities for betting being unlimited.

Yet Epsom is the very home of discomfort. The managers may indeed have achieved the proverbially difficult feat of getting a quart into a pint pot, but at the same time they have succeeded in providing for their patrons the maximum of inconvenience with the minimum of enjoyment. The stands are arranged so as to render locomotion almost impossible. The bear-pit in front of the weighing-room is hardly large enough for the first and second horses in each race, let alone their attendants and the bystanders. It is suffocating in sunshine, and always dusty, except in wet weather, when it is little better than a well ; the private boxes are hot *and* draughty ; of the means of access thereto, let those who have experienced the horrors of that 'middle passage' on Derby day bear witness ; while the journey up the course from weighing-room to paddock—an expedition, be it remarked, which *must* be undertaken on foot by every jockey and trainer who has to ride in or saddle for a race—is simply a hideous struggle with an unsavoury crowd.

Yet even at Epsom there is, at least for the upper class of race-goers, a promise of better things to come.

The Private Stand—'Rous's Stand' it was called, what time that amiable despot arrogated to himself the sole right of according admission thereto—has long been found of far too limited accommodation to serve the needs of the actual members, not to speak of the numerous foreigners who, belonging to the European, American, or Australian Jockey Clubs, are admitted as a matter of course, or of the still greater number of popular and eligible racing men who are anxious to have access to the one place, inconveniently crowded though it may be, where it is practicable to bet and possible to see a race.

Therefore have the Grand Stand Company, not unmindful of the profits which arise from Club Stands, undertaken to build one which shall include space for the Royal boxes, for the Jockey Club and for a general body of some seven hundred members, with refreshment-rooms, weighing-room, Messrs. Weatherby's office, press-room, jockeys' dressing-rooms, &c.—partly on the site of the present Private Stand, but enlarging its borders very considerably in the direction of the judge's chair, on to the space in front of what has hitherto been known as Barnard's stand. An annual payment of five guineas for old members, with the addition of an entrance fee of a similar amount for the new, will give the right of *entrée* to all parts of the stand, to all the rings, and to the paddock during the whole of each meeting, and 1886 sees the inauguration, or rather the re-introduction, for we believe it is not altogether a novelty, of an autumn meeting.

Election to the new Epsom Club rests, as heretofore for the Private Stand, with the stewards of Epsom, *i.e.* the Stewards of the Jockey Club for the time being, *plus* Lord Rosebery.

What the Derby is to Epsom, such is the St. Leger to Doncaster; but here there is less crowding, on the stands at least, one or two of which have been erected by private subscription amongst the county families. The general management of affairs is in the hands of a Race Committee, which acquits itself of the task much to its own, and fairly to its customers' satisfaction. In addition to the Leger, the Champagne Stakes for two-years, the Park Hill for three-year-old fillies, the Doncaster Cup for all ages, and the great Yorkshire and Portland Plate Handicaps are recognised as the principal features of the meeting.

Goodwood, popular resort as it is of all classes of racegoers, differs from other turf gatherings in this respect, that it is to all intents a private meeting. The course, the stands, the whole *mise en scène*, belong in their entirety to the House of Richmond, and it rests with the reigning representative of that

House alone to say how long he will permit the races to be run in his park, or on what terms he may choose to admit the public.

The present Duke of Richmond and his son, Lord March (the senior steward of the Jockey Club in the year 1884), are as keen on the sport as ever were their forefathers; they fully understand and appreciate the requirements of the age, and their instructions are most efficiently carried out by the agent, Captain Valentine. Under this *régime* at any rate 'Ichabod' shall never be substituted for the cognomen of 'Glorious,' so dear to turf historians.

Goodwood also holds a sharply-defined position in the annals of the (Weatherby) year. It is the *mezzo termine* of racing, an equatorial line between the tropics of the summer and autumn campaigns. The Richmond, Findon, Lavant, Ham, Prince of Wales', Rous Memorial, and Molecomb Stakes for two-year-olds, the time-honoured Goodwood Cup, the Sussex Stakes for three-year-olds only, the three great handicaps of Stewards' Cup, Chesterfield Cup, and Goodwood Stakes, may be mentioned as amongst the chief items of interest in a momentous week; the last-named long afforded a striking example of British prejudice in favour of speculation on some particular races; for whereas the Ascot Stakes, run over a similar distance of ground, rarely yields a quotation until a day or two before the event comes off, the market on Goodwood Stakes, even in modern days of post betting, opens almost as soon as the weights appear.

York, or its Knavesmire—of excellent repute with turfites—is the oasis in the desert of plating between Goodwood and Doncaster, and, like Doncaster, is one of the chosen battlefields where the champion runners of North and South meet to settle their differences. The Great Yorkshire is notorious for the discomfiture of favourites and its influence on the Leger betting. The Gimcrack is an ancient, and the Prince of Wales's is a rich, two-year-old stake. The Great Ebor is regarded as in some sort a clue to the Cesarewitch mystery; but the new York Cup, which

formerly held high rank amongst weight-for-age contests, has been recently modernised into a handicap, in which quality is usually conspicuous by its absence.

This quintet therefore—Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, Goodwood, and York—which have been outlined rather than described, may be taken as the only open meetings ; open, that is, in the sense of free admission to their respective courses, which continue to hold their own against the wealth and seductions of gate-money gatherings; yet do these five mighty *réunions* find it necessary from time to time to alter their programmes, and keep step in the quick march of the day, lest they too should be fain to take their place in the rear of the 'Companies.'

Where the trainer is happy, there will the horses be gathered together.

Of Newmarket, ample notice has already been taken in these pages ; and Newmarket can no longer claim to be altogether an open meeting. Free pass there still is for pedestrians and horsemen to the Heath, but heavy toll is levied on carriages on both sides of the ditch.

It would be tedious here to enumerate all the old-fashioned county meetings which have suffered from, or succumbed to, the new limited liability undertakings, or to the rule for which they must ultimately be held responsible—that a sum of not less than 300 sovs. shall be added to each day's racing; yet it may be well to devote a few words to one provincial racecourse, which has survived all vicissitudes, to be still regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of enjoyment by those who love racing and who abhor a crowd.

The 'Calendar months' include no fixture more keenly anticipated and relished than those three summer days on the downs at Danebury. Stockbridge, to which the Bibury Club meeting was removed in 1831,[1] when local support failed at its birthplace on the Cotswolds, has seldom, if ever, attempted to provide the rich prizes which fire the ambition or the avarice

[1] On the motion of Lord Worcester (afterwards 7th Duke of Beaufort).

of owners. The Hurstbourne,[1] established in 1870, at the suggestion of Lord Portsmouth, is now by far the most valuable of its stakes, the Stockbridge Cup—a piece of plate value 300 sovs.—coming next in order of importance, and the whole affair has always been in great measure dependent upon the patrons of the home stable and their friends.

In the days when the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Anglesey, and Lord Hastings kept the Danebury boxes full, some big matches, or private sweepstakes resulting in matches, were occasionally made, notably those between Leonie and Athena, Mameluke and Innerdale, in 1867, Tenedos and Wellington in 1868; while the races, big and little, usually filled well, and, it is needless to add, were the medium of the heaviest of betting.

The tale has doubtless lost nothing in the telling, and sums are wont to be magnified by tradition, but the thousands landed at seven to four *on* Historian (who lost several lengths start) in a Handicap Plate, half a mile, in the year 1865 did, we believe, really amount to what was complacently spoken of by those Titans of speculation as 'a very nice little stake.'

It was, however, as far back as 1860 that the largest field there recorded turned out for the Amport Stakes of a mile and a half. Twenty-one runners, comprising a goodly number of previous (or subsequent) winners, would nowadays be esteemed no unworthy array to face the starter for the Cesarewitch.

The failing health of John Day, most generous, genial, and hospitable of trainers, and the death or retirement of many of his chief supporters, soon dimmed the lustre of the once

[1] There was a Hurstbourne Plate in 1855, of 50 sovs. (given personally by Lord Portsmouth), added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for two- and three-year-olds. Won by Duke of Beaufort's b.c. Furioso, 2 years, 6 st. 13 lbs. (Wells), after a dead-heat with Mr. Powell's b.f. Plausible, 3 years, 8 st. 4 lbs. (Yates).—T.Y.C. This race seems to have dropped out the next year. It was revived afterwards in the form of the Hurstbourne Cup, two miles and a half, value 200 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 15 sovs., 5 forfeit, for three-year-olds and upwards, and was run for the last time in 1869, Sir F. Johnstone's Brigantine, 3 years, 7 st. 7 lbs., beating Mr. Graham's Formosa, 4 years, 8 st. 12 lbs., and Mr. Brayley's Cock of the Walk, 4 years, 8 st. 10 lbs.—ED.

powerful stable, and latterly a squadron of cavalry might have been stalled where but a few years ago there was scarcely spare standing-room for a hack.

So, merged in the fortunes of Danebury, waned the renown of the Stockbridge meeting, till, with the exception of the two events above referred to—the Hurstbourne Stakes and Stockbridge Cup—or when now and again a two-year-old of good report came forth for the Mottesfont, Troy, or Champagne, the races sank to the merest plating level; but, let the racing be good or bad, what man is there who, having once experienced the indefinable charm of Stockbridge, does not long to go there again? For there you can *see* races as you can nowhere else. Stands there are, one for the use of the general public, and one (built by private subscription from a fund started in 1866 by Sir John, then Colonel, Astley) the property of the Bibury Club; but stroll on to the course, and take up your place where you will, either within or without the enclosures, there is so much space, and such is the conformation of the ground, that, from the fall of the flag you shall behold, not, as is usually the case, your neighbour's hat, or the fringe of a lady's parasol, but every change and incident of the contest, to the final struggle out of the treacherous dip to the winning-post. Here, too, by those whom it interests, may be watched every stage of the amateur's progress; for our most famous gentlemen-riders have graduated on a course which the professionals declare taxes their judgment and skill more than any other in England.

Since the death of John Day in 1883, the establishment and training grounds of Danebury have passed into the hands of his son-in-law, Tom Cannon; a man 'many-counselled' and of much sagacity, under whose management Stockbridge seems likely to renew its youth, and continue to flourish exceedingly, a living proof that 'Palings do not a meeting make, nor iron rails a course.'

CHAPTER VII.

RACING SERVANTS: OLD STYLE AND NEW.

MANY racing men there are still living, and actively engaged in their favourite pursuit, who can remember the old school of trainers and jockeys: the former simply training grooms, the latter for the most part lads who had lived with them, and in their service obtained proficiency if not fame. Few of either class betted to any extent, or owned horses at all. They were employed at fixed salaries by the gentlemen who patronised the turf. Almost the first great public trainer on a large scale was John Scott, who, beginning with a select *coterie*, ended with a somewhat heterogeneous assortment of employers.

But the change from the private to the public trainer was in the course of events inevitable. As wealth largely increased and became more widely diffused; as the sharp distinctions of class became gradually obliterated, the turf year by year attracted more votaries: some for the love of sport, others from hope of gain, and many because it was the fashion, and furnished an introduction to society which might otherwise have been unattainable. A large proportion of the new-comers were of course ignorant even of the rudiments of racing lore, and were fain to place themselves under the wing, and in the stables, of those well acquainted with its intricacies.

And so, fast disappearing from amongst us, is the old-fashioned groom who dwelt in remote corners of the downs and wolds; who tended in his barn-like boxes the fifteen or twenty horses belonging to his master and that individual's intimate friends; who bought his forage exclusively from the

neighbouring farmers, and who was looked up to in his market-town as *vir sapientia*, if not *pietate*, *gravis*. Almost unknown to him were the 'lights of London,' and he even regarded Newmarket with some suspicion and dislike, on account of its cosmopolitan tendencies—'flash notions' *he* would have called them.

Rising early, and early taking rest, save in the matter of polygamy he lived in true patriarchal fashion; faring well, and ruling his lads, and often his entire household, with a rod of remarkably strong and pliant ash. Devoted to the animals under his care, their preparations were of singular severity, and external appearances never belied his assertion that a horse 'was wound up and thoroughly clean inside.' A good judge of the raw material, and his own 'vet.,' his pharmacopœia and practice were alike of the heroic order.

Often a devout and regular church-goer, his conversation was garnished with expletives of home manufacture which suggested rather than reached the profane. His literary acquirements and tastes were few and simple. He could read and write, and knew enough of arithmetic to be able, with assistance, to keep his accounts. N.B.—His charge for training was about 35*s*. a week per horse. His library consisted of some few volumes of sermons and theology, which he did not, and of a Bible and 'White's Farriery,' which he did, peruse. A local newspaper, the 'Racing Calendar,' and 'Bell's Life' (as soon as it came into existence) sufficed for the remainder of his mental sustenance.

For art he cared but little—his walls nevertheless being usually adorned with portraits of himself and wife, chiefly remarkable for a glossiness of hair, brilliancy of complexion, and general want of resemblance, which reflected infinite credit on the imagination of the local artist; engravings, or sketches in chalk, of county and borough members, if they were racing men; perhaps a coaching picture or two, and, dearer to him than all, several of those wonderful caricatures in oil of celebrated Cup horses, which, judging from the stiffness of their

action as portrayed on canvas, could hardly have compassed in the whole of a racing season those terrible four-mile courses whereon history avers they were wont to perform in *heats* during a summer's afternoon.

A rigid disciplinarian, too, was he in all matters of stable observances and etiquette, and he would as soon have thought of starting a horse for a race with his mane unplaited as he would of pretermitting his own evening beaker of hot and strong. But the old order passeth away, and the long-coated functionary, with his breeches and gaiters, and his system of everlasting sweats, has been replaced by a very different being, by a revolutionised management. The wolds and the downs resound as of yore under the hoof of the thoroughbred, for Newmarket has not yet swept *all* the turf sheep (white and black) into her mighty fold; and the old dwellings, nestling in the shelter of coombes and dells, are, in outward appearance at least, but little altered; yet the thatched stabling (the threshing machine having extinguished the thatcher's craft) has given way to ranges of slate-roofed edifices with all the modern improvements of ventilation, iron mangers and troughs, tiled floors, and drainage, or no drainage, of the latest sanitary and scientific pattern.

The trainer himself, even in the farthest provinces, is more changed than his surroundings, though at Newmarket can be observed to greatest advantage the latter-end-of-nineteenth-century master of the horse. The 'boss,' as his lads call him, pursues his avocation in circumstances wholly dissimilar to those under which his predecessors of the past generation flourished. To begin with, he cannot train on the Heath at all without license duly applied for and obtained from the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and the where and when of his gallops, trials, and exercise are regulated by the official appointed for that special purpose.

But let us suppose our trainer fairly established with—as may well be the case—from fifty to a hundred horses under his care, the property of some ten different owners, seldom

identical in interest, often suspicious, and distrustful of each other. No sinecure his, truly; yet do his lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places.

His stables, seen perhaps to greatest advantage when the gas is turned on, and all made ready for the evening parade of visitors, are at all times a model of neatness and comfort, and the most fastidious of the equine occupants must have been pampered to hypochondria if they can find aught to complain

Horse clothing. old style and new.

of in board and lodging. The best Scotch oats, beans hard and lustrous, and the primest of old hay, at anything you please per ton, are stored in granary, bin, and loft.

It was said of the late Joseph Dawson 'that he would give his horses gold if he thought they would eat it, and that it would do them good,' and the example of his lavish but wise liberality in feeding stuffs has been followed in most of our great training establishments.

And the axiom 'Plenty to eat' is no longer supplemented by the stern corollary of 'No time to eat it.' The racehorse of to-day takes his ease at his 'in,' but not unfrequently at his 'out' also, for the tiring every-day gallops once so much in

vogue have been, even in long-distance preparations, in great measure superseded by half-speed canters, short, sharp spins, and walking and trotting exercise of many hours' duration; while the striding gallops 'over the course' are, except in the case of very gross animals, more often performed in a single sheet than under the heavy sweating clothes of a bygone system.

The new and the old were seen strangely blended when Foxhall won the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Unlimited was the praise bestowed by press and public on William Day for the care and skill which had wrought such marvels, and for a time the honours of the double event seemed to rest solely with him; but after a while conviction seized upon men's minds that the muscle and *condition* laid on at Bedford Lodge had played no unimportant part in enabling the horse to stand the ordeal of 'our Bill's' winding up, and that if William of Woodyeates was for the nonce first-class man—*proxime accessit* should be written against the name of Richard Sherrard.

The residence of our successful trainer is as complete, even as luxurious, in its equipment as are his stables; his hospitality is fully equal to the demands made on it by the mutual entertainment society of Newmarket, and his tastes, in whatever direction they may tend, are as freely indulged.

The portraits of winners which adorn *his* walls are by the fashionable horse-painter of the day; and the riders, usually depicted in majestic solitude on the middle of the Heath, as having distanced all competitors, are, in the matter of seat and bearing, drawn to the life.

His library boasts a well-assorted collection of the bookbinder's art. The musical acquirements of wife or daughters necessitate the possession of at least a 'semi-grand,' and his drawing-room tables are loaded with clocks, cups, and other articles of *vertu*, whose inscriptions record the triumphs of the trainer, and recognition thereof by his employers.

In a word—the whole business is carried on in a style fully commensurate with that advanced state of civilisation of which we are all so proud. As somebody has to pay the piper—

for the piper means being paid—the keep of a racehorse is now charged at fifty shillings per week, whatever may be the inherent capabilities of the animal, and as this enhanced price is not of itself sufficient to keep the furnaces at full blast, fuel must be obtained from other quarters.

Betting, of course, suggests itself as the first expedient, and some of the trainers of the young school plank it down 'when the time comes' with a confident prodigality, and a cynical disregard of previous form, by no means beneficial to their fair fame. Few things, indeed, can be more gratifying to an owner, when he has won a few hundreds at a nearly equivalent risk, than to read in next morning's 'Sportsman' the gleeful announcement that his astute servant had invested a thousand at a remunerative rate of odds.

Another method of providing for the budget—latterly much in favour with trainers—is the system of purchasing yearlings at public sales for the purpose of re-selling them, not only at a profit, but with an added stipulation that the said young ones shall remain where they are. This may seem, and, to a certain extent is, a perfectly fair way of turning to account a talent for the perception of immature merit in horseflesh ; but the drawback is that to make the game really pay the buyer must sell as speedily as possible, and if the existing patrons of the stable are unable or unwilling to purchase, fresh customers must be found. Now there are many individuals—of all classes, but having one common characteristic, viz. that they are to the last degree undesirable as partners in any sort of honest undertaking—who are for ever on the look-out for an opportunity to obtain a footing in any stable which they consider in luck, or which may chance to contain a favourite for a big race. To such men the value of the yearlings in question is often of small moment ; they pay for and obtain a footing, of which they are not slow to avail themselves according to their lights ; and should there not be, as there too seldom is, a master employer of means, influence, and determination to say 'If *he* comes in, *I* go out,' a nest of rascality may be the result.

Thus it will be seen that the public trainer—and most trainers are now more or less public—has no easy task to perform. It is to be hoped that he wishes to preserve his respectability; certainly he wishes to keep together and increase his *clientèle*, and to make his fortune. He should indeed be wise in his generation. In all that appertains to his craft he must of course be an expert, studying and knowing the constitutions, tempers, defects, and capabilities of his horses as if they were his own children.

He must be sober and vigilant, implicitly trusting no man but himself, yet appearing to repose the frankest confidence in his grooms, while he exercises the keenest supervision over them. He must, if possible, keep his employers in good humour, which means keeping them on the right side with Messrs. Weatherby, the little man's selling plater requiring as careful a preparation as, and a good deal more placing than, the great man's crack two-year-old. He must be as discreet as the family lawyer, and as candid as Job's comforters; and lastly, since whatever else he may or may not do he will most assuredly bet, he must contrive so to regulate his investments that he may neither excite alarm by his losses nor jealousy by his winnings.

Considering his bringing up, his temptations, and his opportunities, it is wonderful with what skill he usually contrives *se tirer d'affaire*. One great advantage he certainly enjoys, he is seldom the victim of misplaced confidence.

'There's no an honest man in the world,' said the Scotch merchant; 'a ken it by mysel'.'

But if from 'the ringing grooves of change' has issued a new and improved system of training, and a new (if not improved) style of trainer, what shall be said of the revolution which has been wrought in the character and conduct of the jockeys, that body corporate of men and boys to whose skill, judgment, and honesty is ultimately entrusted the issue of *all* turf contests, and who are, therefore, the arbiters of each racing man's destiny?

Can it be denied or ignored that at this present time there are left among us but some three or four jockeys of the old school—men who have never during their long career staked on their greatest achievements a tithe of the sum which our dissolute modern urchins wager on a selling-race, being therein aided and abetted by certain low fellows, not always of the baser sort; and that this evil has increased to an extent which has rendered necessary the steps which at last have been taken to check it?

In 1879, Mr. Craven, who was then a steward of the Jockey Club, brought forward a motion forbidding jockeys to ride at Newmarket or elsewhere unless they had previously, by application at the Registry Office, obtained a licence from the stewards, and making suspension for the jockey and a fine of 25*l.* for the trainer the consequence of knowingly infringing this rule; and Mr. Craven furthermore proposed that, 'should it be satisfactorily proved to the Stewards of the Jockey Club that any licensed jockey is the owner or part owner of race-horses, or that he is in the habit of betting, they shall use their discretion as to withdrawing such jockey's licence.'

'Any person proved to have betted for or with any jockey on races may be warned off Newmarket Heath.'

The first part of this rule—applying to the issue of licences—was carried, but the penal clauses as to betting, &c., were rejected, mainly in consequence of certain jockeys threatening, in the event of their being passed, to retire from the profession.

The effect of this leniency was instantaneous. A class of gambling jockeys at once bought horses, and so played the game that it became impossible for an owner to be sure that the rider he had engaged for a race had not himself a direct interest in one or more of the other competitors. Thus fresh legislation was unavoidable, and in 1882 Mr. Craven, returning to the attack, moved and carried by a majority of 11 the following resolution—'That the stewards be requested to exercise in future, at their discretion, their power of withholding licences

from all jockeys who are owners or part owners of racehorses, or who notoriously bet on horse-races'—Mr. J. Lowther at the same time intimating that the stewards would use their discretionary power in favour of some few old jockeys who combined the occupation of training and riding with the ownership of horses.

In the same year the stewards carried a motion enforcing the registration of 'all partnerships, and the name of every person having any interest in a horse.'

The jockeys, however, had a real and genuine grievance under which they had long suffered, apparently without hope of redress, and which they alleged actually forced them into betting as a means of obtaining their livelihood—viz. the withholding, or non-payment by owners, of the fees for winning and losing mounts, wages in fact no doubt recoverable at law, but from an appeal to which remedy, custom, or a fear of losing custom, caused the riders to shrink. Therefore, in 1880 the Jockey Club, at the instigation of Mr. Craven and Mr. Alexander, passed a rule enforcing the payment to the stakeholder or clerk of the course of all fees to which the jockeys were entitled, so rendering impossible either loss or delay in payment of legitimate earnings.

Thus all ground of complaint, all plea for the necessity of betting on the part of jockeys, seems to have been removed, while the new powers, together with the power previously invested in the stewards of granting or withholding jockeys' licences at Newmarket, would appear at first sight amply sufficient to attain the desired end.

But has the end been attained? Has this enormous evil of jockeys owning horses and betting immoderately been suppressed? Nay, has it even been scotched? Is it not, on the contrary, openly asserted that there exists at this moment a regular 'backing club,' consisting of jockeys, trainers, touts, and betting men, who compare notes, and decide on the morning of the races what to 'go for' in each event they consider worthy of their attention?

The *modus operandi* is described [1] as follows: When these astute individuals meet together, the trainers, so to speak, take the chair and guide the proceedings. The jockeys furnish information as to all the trials they have ridden in, with observations on the running of horses in public races wherein they have taken part; the touts report the work done by the horses which are considered to have a chance, and then the betting-men telegraph all over England to invest the subscribed capital; for, be it remembered, they are too wary to bet much openly on the course, or the money would soon be traced. Later on, when the jockeys are weighed, and going to the post, the interchange of a few talismanic words causes most of the riders to stand on the favoured one, and thus every temptation to rascality is proffered.

Nor does the matter end here, for there is yet another organised body on the turf, namely, the Ring. It is said that there is a man now earning his living by following up the backing fraternity, his business being to receive telegrams from all parts of the kingdom, one hour before every race, stating what horse is backed by the Syndicate, and his information is well worth paying for by the Ring, who, the moment the numbers go up, know what to make first favourite, ofttimes to the consternation of the owner, whose chances of getting on at reasonable terms may easily be calculated.

Here are wheels within wheels with a vengeance! It must have been more than a suspicion of these complications which caused Mr. Alexander, in the Houghton Meeting of 1883, to urge upon the stewards the full and immediate exercise of their discretionary powers.

Therefore, in the beginning of 1884, Lord Cadogan and his colleagues, Lord March and Lord Zetland, gave notice through the 'Calendar,' that henceforth betting or ownership by jockeys would be regarded as a misdemeanour, punishable by suspension of licence, and followed up this notice by certain action to

[1] The authors state what is currently reported without in any way vouching for the truth of the assertion.

which it is unnecessary here to make further allusion, but which we may hope, if the case be not hopeless, will bear fruit in due (racing) season.

To return to the question of the trainer and his establishment, we have thought it well to give plans and drawings of some training stables, and have selected, as being exceptionally well arranged, the buildings at Chetwynd House, Newmarket, in the occupation of Mr. R. Sherrard, erected in 1884 by Mr. Wm. C. Manning. An explanation of the drawings is subjoined :

The main block of stabling forms three sides of a square, the remaining side being occupied by the trainer's residence, from which a complete view of the yard can be obtained. There is a gateway from the garden which affords direct access to the stables.

At the end of the wing nearest the trainer's gate is a drying-room and mash-house, the former of which is fitted with rails working on pulleys which are provided for the damp horse clothing. The other fittings in this room comprise two coppers, a saddle-room stove situated in the middle of room with smoke pipe leading to flue, and boys' washing basins; adjoining is a saddle-room with fittings complete. Above these two rooms are boys' bedrooms.

Stables.—On the ground plan in this wing are nine loose boxes of the following dimensions, each 18 feet long, 11 feet 2 inches wide, and about 15 feet high. This wing is completed by a six-stall stable, in which corn shoot is fixed to deliver from granary above. The central side comprises fourteen loose boxes each measuring 18 feet long, 10 feet 10 inches wide, and 12 feet high. The boxes are divided by the entrance block. The remaining wing differs only from the other in having a boys' sitting-room corresponding with the drying-room in opposite wing. There are internal communicating doors throughout the whole length of building which, when closed, can only be opened by a master key.

Loose box fittings.—The boxes are fitted with slate mangers to full width of the box, with knee-boarding from the oak chintree to floor. The walls are lined internally with boarding 6 feet high; all the internal woodwork is protected by hoop iron. The floors are paved with brick on edge, laid in herring-bone pattern on cement concrete. The surface of the floor is a perfectly horizontal

plane; thereby the horse may stand in a natural position, avoiding any unnatural strain upon any portion of his frame.

Ventilation.—Each box is ventilated by (1) a hit-and-miss brass ventilator fixed in the outside door just above bottom rail, (2) a fanlight over the door opening inwards hung on the transom, (3) a ventilator in back wall over the horse's head with sloping boarded casing to prevent downward draught, (4) finally, any vitiated air is carried off by a trunk ventilator running above the ridge of roof, the bottom of which is fixed in centre of ceiling. The stall stables are similarly ventilated.

Lighting.—Each box is lighted by a single-jointed gas bracket fixed about seven feet above the floor, which, when not used, is enclosed in an iron case. The partition walls are formed of coke breeze and cement concrete seven inches thick.

Water service.—Water is obtained from the company's service, and can be drawn from taps placed in the most convenient positions. The upper plan consists of boys' bedrooms at the two ends of wings and lofts over the full length of the centre. There is a granary with boarded floor at each end over the two six-stall stables. There are three large water-tanks on this floor for use in case of fire.

The racehorses enter principal yard through main entrance in centre block from back yard, which contains manure pit, pigstyes, and other necessary adjuncts to an establishment of this class, which would detract from the ornamental character of the stable yard.

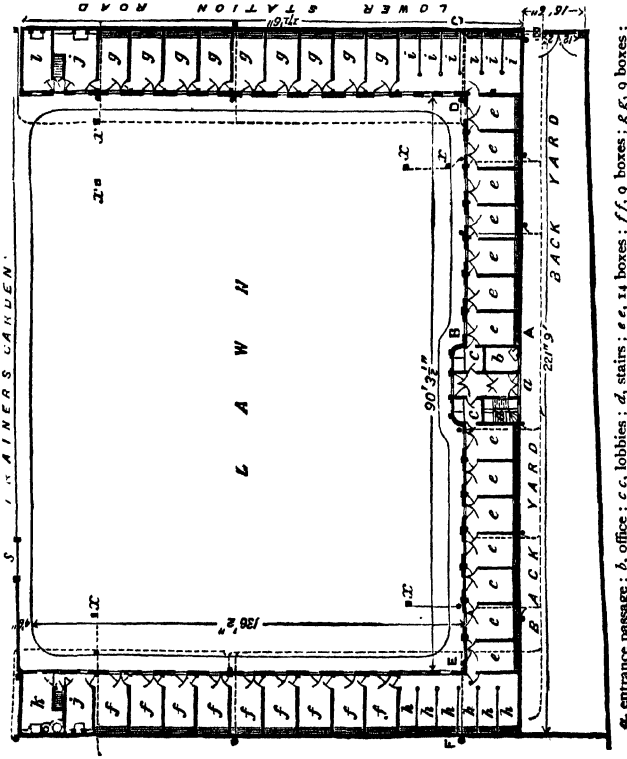
On one side of entrance archway is a clerk's office overlooking back yard. A stone staircase on other side leads to loft and head man's bedroom. This archway is closed with folding doors surmounted by ornamental glazed ironwork, and the head man's bedroom is situated immediately over to ensure security of premises from intrusion at night. Below are hay and straw shoots from the lofts.

The carting is conducted along back yard, the outside doors of lofts and granaries overlooking same being fitted with jibs to raise forage, &c., from waggons in the yard below.

Fireproof floors.—These floors are of concrete and iron fireproof construction. A flight of steps leads from the floor of loft to clock-room in roof over centre block, in which is fixed an illuminated clock manufactured by Messrs. Gillett & Co., of Croydon. A paved foot-path runs round interior of square next stables;

within this is a roadway enclosing the lawn, which is ornamented with flower-beds, shrubs, and trees.

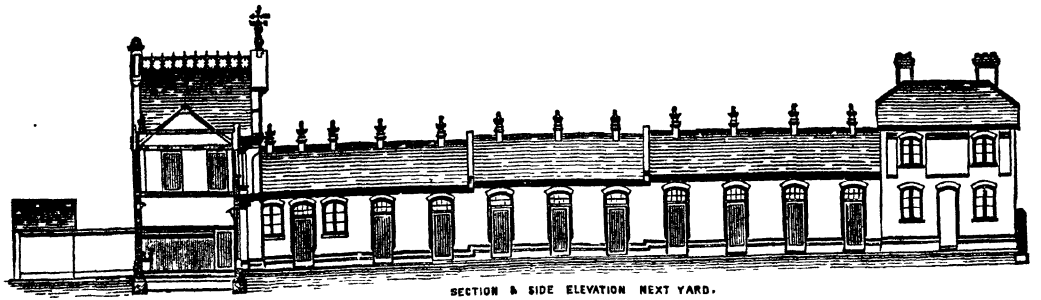
Main entrance to yard.—The main entrance is treated in a conventional renaissance style, and forms the principal ornamental feature externally, the carved and moulded portions being gauged

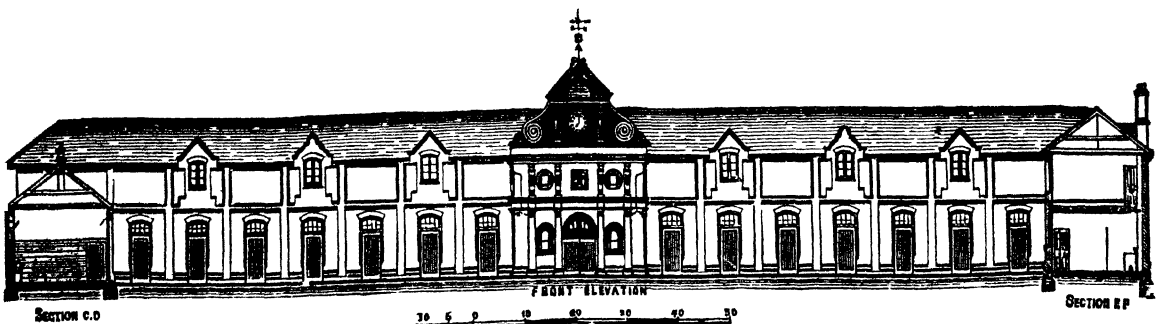

LOWER STATION ROAD
BACK YARD
LAWN
BACK YARD
90'3½"
136'2"
a, entrance passage; b, office; c c, lobbies; d, stairs; e e, 14 boxes; f f, 9 boxes; g g, 9 boxes; h h, 6 stalls; i i, 6 stalls; j j, saddle-rooms; k, drying-room and mash-house; l, boys' sitting-room; x x, gulleys; drains, dotted lines.

Ground plan of New Stables, Chetwynd House, Newmarket.

work. The external walls of remainder of building are faced with best red Woolpit bricks pointed with mortar of a neutral tint.

The works were carried out by Messrs. E. Lawrance & Sons, of Wharf Road, City Road, London.





Elevations of New Stables, Chetwynd House, Newmarket.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREEDING.

AFTER perusing the extracts from the 'Sporting Magazine,' made at an earlier part of this volume, the reader will have a fair idea of the origin of our breed of horses. It seems clear that chance has had a large share in the matter; but no doubt the two facts which are most salient are these:

First and foremost, that the quality and beauty of our horses are entirely attributable to the Eastern blood which we have imported; and secondly, that our climate yields to none in its 'inherent capabilities' for breeding, as proved by the increased size of the produce of Eastern horses when propagated in this country, and by the necessity, which all foreigners experience, of continually replenishing their studs from these islands. The indigenous animal of Great Britain must have been somewhat similar to what we now call a Welsh or New Forest pony, and the increase of size may be traced in the first instance to the importation of the Flemish, Spanish, and German cross, size being the object originally aimed at by the various Acts passed in different reigns. So far as *imported* Eastern horses are concerned, they have never within record been able to compete with those reared amongst us; but this much may be confidently stated, that, whatever indigenous blood may have been originally crossed with Barbs and Arabians by our ancestors, it has not only entirely died out, but at this present time of writing there is no horse whose pedigree can be traced back with a semblance of accuracy to anything but Eastern blood.

Thus we are brought face to face with the theory expounded

by Mr. Blount, which has caused so much controversy of late years. Mr. Blount, who has largely imported from the best of the desert blood, claims to acclimatise this breed, and make it take advantage of our soil, in order to reproduce itself from generation to generation, till it attains that increased size which is necessary for racing purposes.

He proposes, when the produce of his mares arrives at the English standard, to mate with the best of our thoroughbred

Children of the Desert.

stock ; and so imbued are many members of the Jockey Club with this idea, that a 200*l.* prize will now be run for at Newmarket, either annually or once in two years, by Eastern horses reared in, or imported into, this country. The first race of this description took place in July 1884, with the sole result of proving that Admiral Tryon's horse Asil, by an Abeyan Sherak horse, and bred in this country, was able to defeat the best racehorse brought over from India, viz. Dictator, aged (who

had carried all before him in his own country), at weight for age over a two-mile course.

Our jockeys looked as if they were riding their Newmarket ponies, and were mostly more tired than their steeds, who could never go beyond one pace all the way, but could have carried that pace on for ever. The trainers who brought these horses (eight running out of fifteen entries) all agreed that a common English selling-plater could give them two stone and beat them; on the other hand, their soundness, and the little heed they took of the hard ground, were remarkable.

The estimate arrived at by the trainers, as to the comparative merit of these Children of the Desert and the sorriest of our English platers, was signally verified in the following year, when, on the Wednesday of the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket, 1885, Iambic, in a match over the last three miles of the Beacon Course, gave the Arab champion Asil no less than 4 st. 7 lbs., and such a beating into the bargain as has seldom been seen; thus we seem almost driven to the conclusion that the prospects of improving the true Arab resolve themselves into this: that half a century of care and acclimatisation *may* possibly result in the production of a second Iambic of Oriental extraction!

Meanwhile, the European prototype, Iambic, has, we believe, been presented by his owner, the Duke of Portland, to Lord Algernon Lennox, who now rides as hack this horse, utterly worthless for racing purposes when opposed to English racehorses, but 4 st. 7 lbs. better than the best available Arab, and that be it observed over a three-mile course, which would have been absurdly out of Iambic's distance, if he had ever had a distance.

Mr. Blount had had the advantage of breeding from the best Eastern blood for some time, and the size of his foals and yearlings speaks in favour of his principle; but he was unfortunate in being prevented through illness from producing his best specimens of a more mature age, or he might have proved his theory, that the increase of size which results from the

English nurture and climate will bring the Eastern horses within reach of our older established breed.

Be this as it may, Major Stapylton, another authority on this 'Eastern question,' considers that the Poles have one hundred years start of us at increasing the size of these horses, and that there are in Poland some horses of the purest blood which have attained the height of sixteen hands and more. That these should compete with the Anglo-Eastern breed is not to be thought of; but, the size being obtained, it would be interesting to see if an importation of Polish Eastern mares and stallions into this country would improve more rapidly as to speed than those which have been brought over, straight from the East, with the object of attaining both size *and* speed.

It is much to be hoped that Major Stapylton will give his theory a chance, for though our climate and soil develop the frame, they are apt to cause unsoundness and pulmonary disease, and it is possible that in course of time our stock may degenerate, and an infusion of sounder blood may become absolutely necessary. Prince Brinitzky is the greatest of Polish breeders. At a very early date after the breed of which we are now so proud was fairly established, we no doubt had a horse in Eclipse which was quite the equal of anything that has run in the memory of living man. Much has been written about him, and we must of course accept as a fact that from five years of age upwards he performed extraordinary feats in beating the horses of his own era; yet the *time* in which he is alleged to have covered certain distances must always remain a matter of uncertainty, for it is hardly credible that the watchmakers of the last century had arrived at the perfection which is now shown in our stop-watches. Still there is this strong argument in favour of Eclipse having run the Beacon Course (4 miles 1 furlong 143 yards) under the eight minutes—viz. that in modern days the Liverpool Steeplechase course, which is half a mile and 77 yards longer, and which presents some thirty-five obstacles to be negotiated, has been covered in ten minutes

by horses which could not with a fair chance of success have competed at any weights with the best racehorses of their day over such a course as the Beacon.

There has of late years been much outcry respecting the deterioration of our breed, principally owing to the fact that valuable racehorses are now seldom tested over long courses. But the modern system can claim in its favour that it does not drain away the stamina of horses and mares before they are put to the stud; for as to mares it has been clearly proved that some of the best, and those especially who have ranked amongst 'Cup horses,' have been valueless at the stud, whereas some of our most eminent matrons were never raced at all, having in all probability been found wanting when tried.

Equally, too, have failed some of the stallions most celebrated on the racecourse, though many who gave little promise during the first few seasons in the paddock have done well in after life, when rest restored the constitutions impaired by too frequent exertions whilst in training.

Eclipse will at once be cited in contradiction to this theory; but it must be remembered that he had nothing taken out of him until he had arrived at maturity, and that he only commenced racing after five years of age.

Our three great sires of the Eastern strain, whether Arabian or Barbs, had no pretension to size.

The Godolphin Arabian, whose portrait has been handed down to us, was a very common-looking horse, and it is not surprising to hear that before coming to this country he had been drawing a cart in Paris. To this day many of the small Tarbes entire horses, which are used in gigs and general common work on the high roads of France, much resemble the pictures of that illustrious sire.

The Godolphin Arabian was first used on his arrival in England by Mr. Coke as teaser to Hobgoblin; the latter having declined Roxana, she was put to the Arabian, and produced Lath as his first offspring. He afterwards belonged to Lord Godolphin, and covered for many years at Gog Magog

in Cambridgeshire, where he died in 1753, supposed to be 29 years of age.

The Byerly Turk was Captain Byerly's charger in Ireland about 1689, during King William's wars.

The Darley Arabian was brought over by a brother of Mr. Darley, who was an agent in merchandise abroad. Flying or Devonshire Childers and Bartlett Childers are both attributed to this horse—1715.

To no one does the maxim, *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, bring itself home more forcibly than to the students of the art of horse-breeding. Even in the preparation of this slender narrative of the origin of the British racehorse we have been led to peruse many works, to consider many theories, which have been written and upheld by various authorities on the subject, but nowhere have we come across the infallible clue which shall guide a breeder, though most writers can prove their own particular systems by some instances of successful crossing; be it remarked, however, that although they *can* adduce the instance in proof, it constantly happens that, though one good foal may result from a certain cross, his brothers or sisters may be very inferior animals; and still further to perplex and bewilder us, we find that certain mares have thrown nothing but racehorses, or the parents of racehorses, whatever stallion they may have visited. Of this no more remarkable illustration can be adduced than Pocahontas, whose progeny, together with the genealogy of our leading thoroughbreds, will be found presently tabulated. Glencoe, the sire of Pocahontas, was exported to America, and the credit of the best blood of that country is due to him.

We may here say a few words as to the method which in our opinion should be adopted in endeavouring to attain the nearest approach to perfection in breeding, and we must begin by pointing out an old and commonly practised act of negligence, which not only every veterinary surgeon, but every medical man and all students of animal constitution, would concur in decrying, viz. the want of proper attention to the

actual state of health of horse and mare at the time of mating.

It seems never to strike breeders that before allowing a mare to be served they should at least take the trouble to ascertain if the horse is in good health; for it cannot be taken for granted that, because when robust and in strong exercise a stallion has fathered an Eclipse or a St. Simon, he will be capable of begetting similar stock when ill and uncared for. Almost all animals will take plenty of exercise provided that they have sufficient liberty, and will thus generally keep themselves well.

In the case of mares this is easily arranged, but with stallions it is different; and how many stallions are neglected in this one most important item? After quiet exercise and rest from June to October, an entire horse should be put into *work, i.e.* be led, or ridden, or lunged for several hours daily, besides having a good-sized yard to trot about in. In January he should be big, but his flesh firm, and his coat glossy, and he will then enter on his term of service in a good state of health—the primary condition for begetting sound-constitutioned offspring.

Lord Lyon may be cited as a typical instance of the necessity of exercise. Though he was good enough to win the three great classic races of his year, he has been more or less a failure at the stud, his fine pedigree notwithstanding.

Notwithstanding also his parentage of Placida, and of Touchet, who, himself a good horse, has in his turn sired Necromancer—a miler within measurable distance, say 10 lbs. or 11 lbs. of top form—the expression 'more or less a failure at the stud,' as applied to Lord Lyon, will hardly have to be modified, even should Minting's career be as glorious as foretold by those best acquainted with his capabilities.

He was magnificently shaped; indeed, when we saw him in 1884, he was in most respects as perfect a model as one could wish to see, but below the knee he dwindled away to nothing; his ankles were small and bullety, his pasterns straight, and his feet half the size they should have been. Here was the point in which he failed; he was early put to the stud, and except

when his services were actually required, he spent the whole of his time in lying down; he could not exercise himself, and it would have been cruelty to attempt to force him. Newminster was latterly in the same plight, and to this was attributable the softness of much of his stock, though his Touchstone blood has told satisfactorily in his descendants. Indeed, as a rule, English breeders are more than careless in a variety of most essential matters. Some have theories which they endeavour to carry out,

Stallions at exercise.

but which relate solely to the blood. They study pedigrees either with the view of not breeding in and in, or—*per contra*—of obtaining a certain amount of inbreeding in the third generation. Others take a broader line, to wit, that Eclipse being the most flagrant specimen of inbreeding, that system must therefore be right—yet how few sufficiently study shape, make, and constitution? Men do not reflect that if a mare lacks propelling power she should be put to a horse with big hind quarters, and so on with shoulders, girth, and constitution; and we maintain

that in this direction lies the secret, if secret there be, of success in horse-breeding.

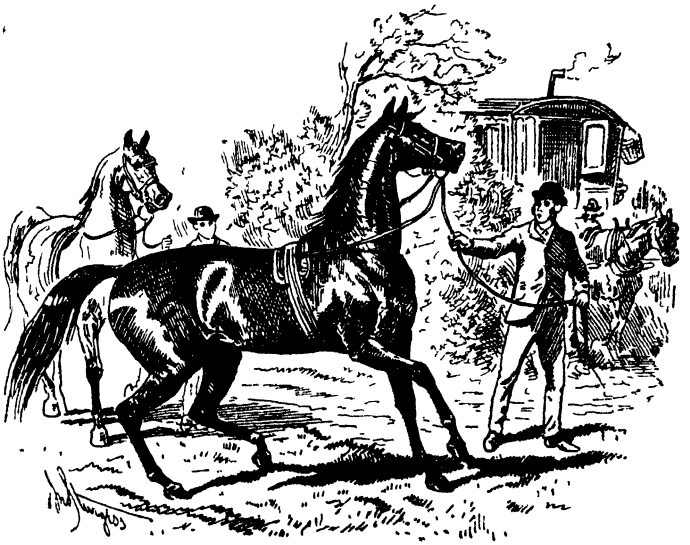
A bad constitution is the worst of defects, and should, if possible, be avoided; but it may happen that an excessively well-bred mare with extraordinary speed may win short-distance two-year-old engagements, and earn a great reputation, though from her delicacy it may prove impossible later on to train her for longer courses. In such a case the greatest care should be taken to mate her with a sound-constitutioned horse; and there would be far more chance of obtaining valuable produce by a cross with some healthy second-rate stallion than with one of the fashionable high-priced yet delicate sires.

The malady of our climate is defective wind; and roaring, or any noise which emanates from throat or nostrils, is commonly attributed to breeding. That pulmonary diseases are hereditary, whether in human or animal nature, there can be no doubt, but it is just as certain that in horses contraction of nerves either in the head or throat is as frequent a cause of what is termed roaring or whistling as is pulmonary disease. Delicate nerves may be hereditary, but not in so great a degree as affections of the lungs, and both diseases may be contracted by the soundest horses through violent chills, the result of neglect.

Certain formations of the head and neck are beyond doubt indicative of a tendency to these disorders, and we are equally sure that our climate is also calculated to engender them, so that the horse-owner can hardly be over-careful in the treatment of his young stock. Breeding from roarers or whistlers cannot possibly be a good plan, though there have been exceptions even to this rule; but as a choice between the two *causes* of 'noise,' there is less to fear in breeding from animals where the affection arises from tightening of the larynx than there is when the disease is pulmonary.

CHAPTER IX.

TREATMENT OF YEARLINGS.



Yearlings on the road.

THE exigencies of early racing compel us to rear our horses artificially—that is, to give the weaned foals and the yearlings corn to a considerable amount; but this system should be accompanied by plenty of exercise. The young things which are fed three times a day on oats with carrots, an occasional dose of linseed oil, with the addition in cold weather of

a few old beans or peas, require to have free access to their paddocks; they will run back to their hovels fast enough for shelter from wind or wet. If fed regularly they will eat up their corn before going out again, and thus not over-do themselves with common grass, while taking thorough exercise in the search for their favourite food, the white or Dutch clover, a herb which is indispensable in paddocks, and which can generally be brought up by a light sprinkling of bone-dust.

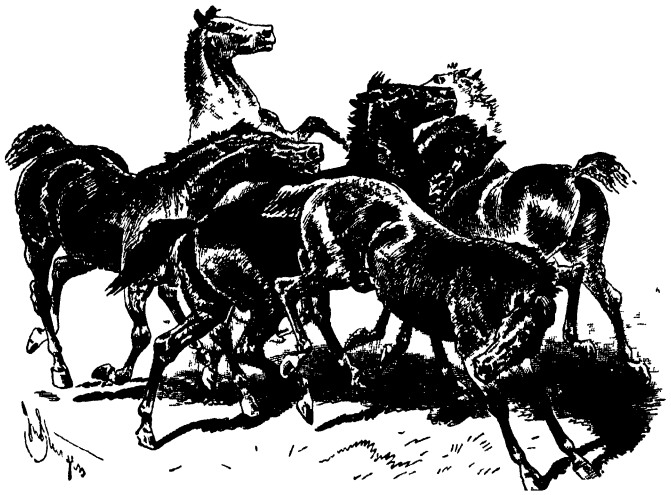
The same rule applies to yearlings, except that they should be shut up and fed four times a day instead of three, and early in spring the man in charge should even tie them up during feeding-time. so as gradually and carefully to accustom them to the various treatments to which they will be subjected in their future career. When the weather gets fine about May, cavessons and lunging reins come into requisition. The yearlings should be led about the high-roads in order to accustom them to the sights and sound of everyday life, and it is wonderful how soon the thoroughbreds arrive at a state of comparative indifference to external objects, though of course everything depends on the gentleness, temper, and skill with which they are handled. Perhaps the less lunging that is done at home the better. Hocks are often sprung, and back-sinews strained, by slipping.

Even delicacy of constitution, hereditary as it undoubtedly is, may often be counteracted or palliated by acclimatisation—that is, by giving plenty of liberty to the young ones. Breeders are naturally nervous about accidents, but the soundest and most lasting horses on the turf are those that have early been taught to take care of themselves.

It may indeed be an alarming sight to see from six to eight colt foals loose together in a twenty-acre paddock, for they fight like bulldogs, and many a nasty rap is inflicted; but as a rule the master in the meadow is the champion on the course, and though occasionally a serious mishap *may* occur, it is remarkable how soon, and how well, they learn to take their

own part. No breeder followed out this plan more systematically than the late Count Lagrange, and that great horse Gladiateur, though the recognised 'boss' of the Count's paddocks, carried his paddock scars throughout his turf career.

Much mischief has been done by those who breed largely for sale, by feeding up horses like so many prize bullocks, on mashed roots and other soft food, and many are the com-



'They fight like bulldogs.'

plaints we have all heard from trainers on this subject; thus the home-bred colt sent up by his owner to be broken and trained in July or August is usually by far the most likely one to meet his early engagements.

A yearling should be put into the trainer's hands in such condition as the young one can get himself into by natural exercise on good food, and then, should he during the winter months contract any of the ailments to which horseflesh is heir,

he will suffer in a very minor degree by comparison with horses which have been fatted up for the sale yard.

There is yet another sanitary arrangement, or sanitary possibility we will term it out of deference to those who sit in the seat of the scornful, to which we would draw our readers' attention.

In days of yore, when some hundred horses stood in one posting stable, ready to be called out at all hours, *goats* were frequently kept as *disinfectors*, and they have since been employed with success in several modern racing establishments, notwithstanding the number of artificial disinfectants which have been patented during the last half-century. When a horse goes out of his stall or box, the goat, if allowed so to do, will at once go into it, often jumping into the manger, pulling down any hay which may be left in the rack, and consuming such remnants of food as can be found.

The smell of the goat is an antiseptic, apparently by no means disagreeable to horses, and during the spring months, when our climate is so variable, a strong disinfectant is absolutely necessary; otherwise, as soon as one occupant catches influenza or any other epidemic, it will run through the whole stable. Where forty horses are kept, two or three goats should be about the place; it will be found that the horses like them, and that when illness does occur, the removal of the invalid may suffice to prevent contagion, or that at any rate the chance of its spreading is greatly diminished—to say nothing of the well-known principle that prevention is better than cure.

The advisability of keeping the Billy goats tethered in yard or paddock Master Billy himself will not be slow to inculcate if allowed to run loose like the kids or she-goats. We need not expatiate on the paramount necessity, now almost universally recognised, of pure water, and clean, well-ventilated stables.

Whilst on this topic we may mention drainage, for which so many theories have of late years been laid down and taken up. The system of superficial drainage commends itself as the least troublesome. But it has been frequently adopted without

discrimination as regards the level of the floor, and can really only be satisfactory when stables stand on high ground, so that not only all liquid but also all decomposed matter may get well swept away from the possibility of hanging about the neighbourhood of stables and creating nauseous smells which poison the air. When stables stand on level ground a system of drains must be adopted which carries away all offensive matter to a good distance, and by keeping these drains well flushed, and by the use of a certain quantity of liquid disinfectants, much contagious disease will be avoided which superficial drainage on a flat surface is certain sooner or later to engender.

Yearlings are placed in the hands of the trainer at various times during the summer and autumn, according to the fancy of the owner, or the means at his disposition for private education. They often arrive unbitted, and ignorant of all restraint, save that of the cavesson; and in such cases what may be called the first lesson consists in the adjusting of the breaking-bit, the greatest care being taken not to pinch the pupil's mouth, which old bits are extremely apt to do, and cause a nervousness which may never be thoroughly eradicated, and must always retard the course of tuition.

After being led about for a few days, an hour and a half a day, the roller and crupper may be put on, with side reins attached to the bit, and crossed over the withers, and thus caparisoned the yearling is lunged, circling right and left alternately to prevent his mouth becoming one-sided, and to prevent his putting more strain on one leg than on the other. Some of them come to hand much quicker than others; but taking the average, after two weeks of this practice they may be saddled, and driven with a pair of long reins, being pulled about, turned, made to back, mouthed, &c., for another fortnight; after which mounting can be attempted, a man first *leaning* gently, then more heavily, and afterwards with all his weight on the saddle, so as gradually to accustom them to the pressure. This is sometimes a long and tiresome process,

Joseph Cannon, who for his years has had as many young ones pass through his hands as most men, says that Lord Rosebery's Incense filly was the worst he ever had to deal with, and it was fully a month before he could get a boy on to her back; but in the interim sacks of various weight can be substituted for the boy. Once mounted, the yearlings are led walking and jogging till they ride nicely and quietly, and the instructor feels sure that they will 'go on' when loose.

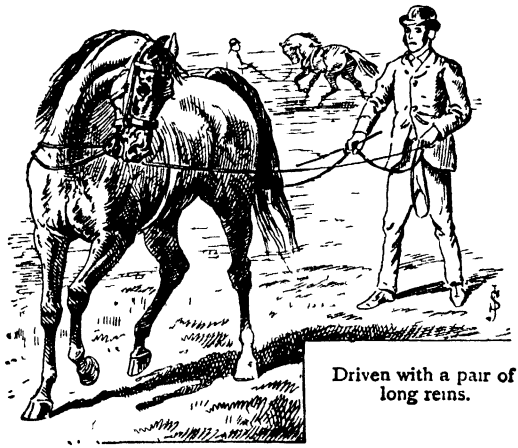
This once accomplished, the rest follows with comparative ease, and as soon as they can be trusted they are trotted about in batches, wheeling in figures of eight, which is the best exercise for mouthing; they are then allowed to break gradually and naturally from trot to canter, but on no account must they ever be hurried. Real work then begins with an old one in front, and is carried on with due regard to size and engagements.

J. Cannon (to whom we may here acknowledge our indebtedness for these few simple rules) likes to try his yearlings twice, provided they are eating and going on well; but there is, of course, no attempt at winding up for these early essays. His light-pressure diet consists of a feed, crushed oats and chaff—not long hay—at 7 A.M.; a snack at noon, and another feed when done up at 5 P.M. This is one course less than we fancy is given by most trainers. Shy feeders must be tempted with any *wholesome* food which they are found to relish.

Many yearlings come up calfish and sulky, and too often develop into bad-tempered ones. 'Strict, not harsh,' is the motto for the stable, a most difficult one to impress on the boys, who, full of mischief themselves, are apt to tease, and teach all manner of tricks to, their charges. Familiarity breeds contempt; then the nip or squeeze is resented with a blow from a stick, and what was intended as veritable *horse-play*, may thus be converted into an act of open hostility.

For the sake of Calendar convenience, all racehorses are supposed to have the same birthday, viz. January 1 of the year in which they are foaled; thus, a foal may be born as

early or as late as he or his dam may arrange between them, and if he chooses to anticipate matters by appearing at 11.30 P.M. on December 31, *he* strikes one as the clock strikes twelve on that night; in other words, he is to all intents and purposes born a yearling, which practically means that he is useless for racing purposes. This, however, is an extreme and exceptional case, and born as he usually is in the first four months of the year, he becomes a yearling on the following New Year's Day,



Driven with a pair of long reins.

a two-year-old on the one next succeeding, and it is at this age that for good or for ill his racing career may be said to begin, as, health permitting, he will surely be subjected to some sort of competitive examination.

It is not our purpose here to inquire whether the early maturity necessitated by the training of two-year-olds for their engagements in March and April is or is not prejudicial to the prolongation of their turf career—doctors differ on this as on most other points. Suffice it to say that, through the influence mainly of Sir Joseph Hawley, the experiment of prohibiting two-year-old racing in England before May 1 has been tried

and found wanting. Clerks of courses were dead against it, as cutting out the most attractive feature in their programmes, and breeders were hostile to a system which greatly depreciated the value of the 'early sort' of yearlings.

Admiral Rous, who was little likely to be influenced by the clamour of either of these interested factions, was at first in favour of the change; but he subsequently made public recantation in 'Baily's Magazine,' giving, if we remember rightly, as the reason of his 'Apologia,' the remarkable training of Count Lagrange's horses, whose two-year-olds could only have run early in England, as, by French Jockey Club law, they are not allowed to compete in France before August 1; so that it is evident that the Count, who bred on an immense scale, was opposed both in theory and practice to the restriction in his native country.

What we have now to deal with is the existing custom, and as two year-olds begin racing at Lincoln, *i.e.* in the week which includes March 25, an outline of how they are prepared for matriculation may be useful.

We are not provided with statistics on the subject, but yearlings which are intended to be entered for early engagements at Lincoln, Liverpool, Northampton, &c., *ought* to be in the trainer's hands by the end of July, for the very sufficient reason that in these hands alone are the young ones likely to receive the management, feeding, and breaking which conduce to early maturity; for if bought later on, say at the great yearling sales at Doncaster, nine out of ten are fatted up to such a pitch, for the double purpose of pleasing the eye and concealing defects, that when first taken in hand it is impossible to say which way they will go. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that it is quite possible to predict that they will go all to pieces in the early stages of tuition, and the edifice of fat which has tumbled down has to be constructed *de novo* with muscle, if by good hap the foundations, *i.e.* the feet and joints, have strength to support the process. Under any circumstances much valuable time is lost. And herein is made manifest the

great advantage possessed by yearlings who are bred privately to race, against those coming from a stud which breeds to sell: the private breeder can have no object but to send up his animals hard and well, so as to know the worst or the best as soon as possible; the public breeder must, above all things, conform to the wishes and tastes of his customers—*populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* People want smooth, fat, round yearlings—they shall be smooth, fat, and round as diet can make them; there is always a survival of the fittest; some of the best-constitutioned ones are sure to train on and race, and their reputation will from year to year keep up the prices of their over-fed brothers and sisters. On the other hand, the home-bred one is often half-trained before he goes into the trainer's hands at all; but not the less is the trainer glad to have him early, so as to get well on with his education before the fat ones begin to flow in from the later sale rings.

The yearling, therefore, which is destined to come out in the Brocklesby or some other early engagement, should, above all things, have the firm hard feel about his flesh which indicates judicious feeding and plenty of exercise; the soft flabby ones being always backward animals, and slow to come to hand. And, without quoting the usual stanzas from the Book of Job or from Whyte Melville, we may here briefly recapitulate what are the points requisite in the racer, old or young.

Imprimis—good, sound, well-formed feet and legs, a strong short back, with good loins, and powerful quarters, shoulders as oblique as possible, and an *honest* head and eye—no first-class racehorse ever yet had a bad eye: it should always be full and prominent. A broad flat forehead is usually considered desirable, yet the Messrs. Graham, the well-known proprietors of the Yardley stud, have been heard to declare that purchasers would do well to select yearlings with narrow foreheads, for unless a horse is more or less a fool he will never race after two years old!

Fortunatus nimium, be he purchaser or breeder, who has an animal combining the above-named qualities—the training of

such an one is to a practical man simple enough. The system of breaking and mouthing has been previously described, and the yearling, quietly ridden in the wake of a sober schoolmaster and thoroughly accustomed to the sight of the different objects with which he will be brought into frequent contact, will, if he has been placed in good time in the trainer's hands, become as fit and handy by Christmas as an old horse. He may then be tried for speed; but it is necessary, before this crucial test is applied, that the beginner should be thoroughly schooled and apt in the art of 'jumping off,' and how often these lessons have to be repeated depends entirely on the intelligence of the pupil, or rather on his natural capacity for learning *tricks*. Some yearlings seem to know almost intuitively what is required of them, and at the second or third time of asking, jump from 'the mark' like veteran 'sprinters'; others, again, may be 'sharpened up' twenty times without learning the business; fools they are born, and fools they will remain—not in the sense meant by the Messrs. Graham, because they are fools enough to like racing, but because, though they have the power, they have not the sense to apply it.

The regular trial, in which the merit or promise of merit in a yearling is ascertained or guessed at, usually takes place over three furlongs at weight for age with a selling plater; and when we consider what weight for age then is, and what selling platers generally are, it must be admitted that the ordeal need not be of a nature to dishearten the young one. Year after year we are told of miraculous trials in which a baby has beaten a good old horse at even, or at ridiculously small weights; but, though in rare cases there is some smattering of truth in these reports, they may for the most part be assigned to the region of unadulterated fiction, while it may be laid down as an axiom that *the impossible is never accomplished.*

An ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept, and the record of a few real trials will serve to show what may be expected of smart young ones, for the reproach of *ætas pejor avis* cannot, we confidently assert, be quoted against the British racehorse.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY TRIALS.

THE highest yearling trial which has ever come on good authority to our personal knowledge was that of General Peel's Peter, by Hermit out of Lady Masham. He was tried on Christmas Day, 1877, at 10 lbs. with Wanderer, an old horse, and beat him a head three furlongs. In the following March he had improved 17 lbs., as by that time he could *give* Wanderer 7 lbs. It was in that month that Wanderer ran Oxonian to a head at even weights in the Buccleuch Cup at Northampton, and the next day won the Delapré Handicap, carrying top weight—fair selling-plate form this; but just at this time Peter met with an accident, and could not be brought out till Goodwood, when from Wheel of Fortune he experienced his only two-year-old defeat. His subsequent career is too well known to need repetition.

T. Jennings, senior, a persistent trier of yearlings, who, weather permitting, always asks them some sort of question in December, says that the best baby he ever stripped was Ecossais, whom, through the medium of Luisette, a five-year-old filly, thoroughly trustworthy in public or private, he tried in December 1872 to be collaterally as good at 3 stone as Prince Charlie, then in the zenith of his career.

The equation is not easy to prove, but it must work out, if at all, somewhat after this fashion:

At Doncaster Prince Charlie, 8 st. 10 lbs., beat Chopette, 8 st. 7 lbs., in the Doncaster Stakes, and probably gave her a 7 lbs beating. At Newmarket Second October Luisette, 7 st.

4 lbs., beat Chopette, 8 st. 12 lbs., half a length for second place to Black Stocking in a free handicap; allow 2 lbs. for this beating, and the handicap would stand:

Name	Age	Weight
	yrs.	st. lbs.
Prince Charlie	3	8 10
Chopette	3	8 0
Luisette	5	6 8

so that to complete the argument Ecossais must have been as good as Luisette at 12 lbs. But without the actual details of the trial, which are not forthcoming, this must needs be all guesswork, and it is open to the ingenuity of students to solve the problem in some other manner, though an *ex post facto* argument from the running of Prince Charlie and Luisette in the Cheveley Stakes at the July Meeting, 1873, must be barred; for Ecossais had by that time practically walked over for the New Stakes at Ascot, and for the July Stakes; they laid six to four on for the one and six to one on for the other, and he won each time in a hack canter.

It is beyond dispute that, though Ecossais could not stay, he ripened into one of the fastest sprinters of his time, and was a member of the famous tri-equirate—Trappist and Lollypop were the other two—who, under the guidance of Archer, Custance, and J. Goater, used to go about the country taking each other's numbers down to the alternate joy and despair of their respective admirers. It was not entirely a dummy rubber; for Lowlander had speed enough to enable him every now and then to cut in with such first-class company, though seven furlongs or a mile was perhaps his best course; and it was just before a brush with this horse at Newmarket, wherein Ecossais showed himself really in form, that, in the middle of September 1876, Chamant, then two years old, was tried with him at 10 lbs., and beat him by six lengths! After this Jennings must have been able to look on with calm assurance at the races for the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates.

The roll of two-year-old trials may well begin with one which took place on Langton Wold on July 2, 1862, as it is curious to compare the relative merits of eminent matrons when in their frisky youth.

T.Y.C. All two years old.

Name	Weight	Jockey	Place
	st. lbs.		
Old Orange Girl .	8 10	Spencer	First
Laura	8 10	Clift	Second
Queen Bertha . .	8 10	Basham	Third
Fantail	8 10	W. Oran	Fourth

Won easily by a length: three lengths between second and third; Fantail beaten off.

Mr. Bowes, Mr. Padwick, Lord Falmouth, and Mr. Perry, who then raced in the name of his trainer Boyce, were here represented.

None of these young ones had a great two-year-old record: Old Orange Girl winning twice at that age, Laura and Queen Bertha once each, and Fantail not at all; it is the fame of the progeny of two of them which lends such historic interest to this trial. Queen Bertha became the most celebrated of the quartet, as winner of the Oaks, as second in the Leger, and as having, moreover, left such a mark in the Stud Book as few other mares can boast; she being the dam of Gertrude (who gave birth to Charibert) by Saunterer; of Paladin by FitzRoland; of Spinaway by Macaroni; of Wheel of Fortune by Adventurer; of Grand Master by Kingcraft, besides other minor celebrities, and it has been calculated, though we have not seen the statistics, and do not vouch for their accuracy, that Queen Bertha and her descendants have up to the present time won considerably over 100,000*l.* in stakes. If Old Orange Girl was faster in this first essay than her two celebrated contemporaries, it was the only time she ever proved herself in any way superior to either of them. The one

remarkable thing she accomplished on the turf was winning the Bentinck Memorial at Goodwood three years in succession, thereby securing the bonus which then attached to this threefold victory. At the stud the best animal she ever bred is probably Twine the Plaiden, whose name, if it is to live in history at all, will be remembered as Jacobite's dam, rather than for any intrinsic merit in its possessor.[1]

Laura's solitary success at three years was when, as the property of Lord Westmorland, she won the March Stakes at Goodwood, in those days a great 'getting home' race; Mr. Thellusson put in a claim for her, and she went to the stud in the following year, so that her fame rests solely upon the mighty deeds of her descendants. Of these Petrarch is of course the most illustrious, as the winner of the Two Thousand, Leger, and Ascot Cup, and in these latter days as the sire of The Bard; but Protomartyr, Lemnos, Fraulein, Laureate, and Rotherhill, who disputes with The Rover the paternity of St. Gatien, are all children of which any mother may be reasonably proud.

Fantail, who was so far beaten on that morning in July, was, next to Queen Bertha, the best performer of the lot in public, for at three years old she won such stakes as the Grand Duke Michael at Newmarket, the Nassau at Goodwood, the Park Hill at Doncaster, the Wothorpe Biennial at Stamford, and the Coffee Room again at Newmarket; while at four years she won the Tradesman's Plate at Derby; so that this trial furnishes a signal instance of two young ladies who subsequently took rapid remove into a higher class, while their schoolfellows, who were originally in front of them, stood still. Fantail, covered by Asteroid, was sold in 1868 to go to Austria, and we know not what there befell her.

Few more celebrated mares have trod the turf than Achievement in her day—alas! that it should be only 'in her

[1] Nevertheless, when sold in the Houghton week of 1885 with the rest of the late Mr. Bowes's stud, she realised 1,250*l.*, her c. foal by Isonomy 500*l.*, and Jacobite 2,250*l.*

day,' and that she should not have transmitted her merits even through a single descendant.

Colonel, now General, Pearson, her owner, liked to know the best or the worst of them at home. 'Let them learn what the prickers mean,' he would say, though he betted, if at all, on a small scale; and in March, 1866, he and Mr. Sutton [1] tried Achievement at 10 lbs. with a seven-year-old mare called Grisette, half a mile and a hundred yards, when the young one won in a canter by six lengths; and on the Tuesday in the Craven Meeting she met her first engagement, the Beacon Stakes, over the last half mile of the B.C.

'What a certainty! The best two-year-old I ever tried in my life,' said Mr. Sutton, as the mare, not half extended, swept past the post two lengths in front of Verulam; a remark made to himself in the excitement of the moment (for Mr. Sutton used to put it down heavily when he fancied them) but which was not lost on at least one bystander, who never failed to follow the mare throughout the whole of that wonderful year wherein she ran thirteen times, beating such horses as Hermit, Friponnier, Marksman, and all that was most gilded of the equine youth of the day, being beaten herself only twice, once when in the Clearwell Stakes she attempted to give 4 lbs. to Plaudit, and with 9 st. 3 lbs. on her succumbed by a head, and the second time when, in the Middle Park Plate, The Rake avenged for Mr. Pryor the defeats of Friponnier, Verulam, &c., the mare giving 5 lbs. and going down by two lengths. In fact, she and The Rake must have been as nearly as possible the same animal.

General Pearson was a strong man with strong views on most subjects, but his *theory* of breeding was so awful in its simplicity that it may well be here quoted. He was wont to say, 'By the winner of the Leger out of the winner of the Oaks—that's the proper pedigree for a racehorse!'

But we may be permitted to drop back a year or two in order to register the first rehearsals of Lord Lyon, Achievement's

[1] This was the only private trial Achievement ever had.

famous forerunner in that almost invincible East Ilsley stable, then, as now, presided over by James Dover.

On September 10, 1864, the Saturday before Doncaster, Lord Lyon, then a yearling, was tried thus—three furlongs over a severe course.

Name	Age	Weight	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.	
Jezabel	2	8 10	First
Lord Lyon . . .	1	8 3	Second

Won by a head.

That this was a tremendous performance for a yearling at that time of year Jezabel's public form will show. She had beaten a field of fourteen or fifteen in the Biennial at Bath, and, ridden by Thomas, she had come in first for the Coventry Stakes at Worcester, Lord Coventry's filly Prosperity, with Jemmy Adams up, being second.

It was on this occasion that Jezabel was the cause of as much mischief and ill-feeling as could have been expected from that ominous name; for, to quote the words of the 'Racing Calendar,' 'At the scale Adams objected to the winner on the ground of foul riding, and after hearing the case the Stewards gave the following decision: "We are of opinion that the rider of Jezabel cannoned against Prosperity, and prevented her from winning by squeezing her against the rails. Prosperity is therefore the winner of the Coventry Stakes.

"(Signed) H. Rous,
"Stamford and Warrington.
"(Acting for Lord Westmorland.)"'

No provincial stewards these, unversed in the law and custom of racing, but two of the most conspicuous men then on the turf, and a verdict from them might well have been accepted as showing the entirely conclusive nature of the evidence; yet for some reason or another the public were not satisfied. They took it into their heads that favouritism had been

shown, and when Lord Coventry's drag, loaded as usual with his racing friends, left the course the roughs assembled and hooted most vigorously. Lord Coventry, who up to that time had for some years been the chief patron of the meeting, was so disgusted with the brutality and injustice of this proceeding, that he in a great measure, if not entirely, discontinued his support, and Worcester steadily declined both in the character of attendance and sport, though it was some time before it attained the sort of 'thieves' kitchen' reputation which it has lately gained. May we be pardoned this digression for the purpose of proving that it was with no mean antagonist that the infant Lord Lyon performed his first feat of arms? He does not appear to have been stripped again till April 29, 1865, when the following trial took place.

Half a mile.

Name	Age	Weight	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.	
Rustic	2	8 0	First
Grisette	6	9 7	Second
Lord Lyon . . .	2	8 0	Third
Tinder	2	6 7	Fourth
Ironclad . . .	2	6 7	Fifth

Won by a neck, a length between second and third, the others beaten off.

That same night Lord Lyon went amiss; but there is every reason to suppose that the late Sir R. Sutton thought Rustic was actually the better of the two at this time, and also when he sold the latter to the Duke of Beaufort, though there was much chaff about his Grace having purchased the Ilsley second string.

Later in the year came the two trials, on the extraordinary merit of which we shall have occasion to dilate when dealing with the home performances of three-year-olds.

On August 3, at three-quarters of a mile, Lord Lyon gave a real taste of his quality, as follows:

Three-quarters of a mile.

Name	Age	Weight	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.	
Lord Lyon . . .	2	8 0	First
Gardevisure . .	3	9 4	Second
Grisette	6	8 6	Third

Won in a canter by seven lengths, two lengths between second and third.

And again, on August 17, this was something more than confirmed by the following trial:

Three-quarters of a mile.

Name	Age	Weight	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.	
Lord Lyon . . .	2	8 7	First
Gardevisure . . .	3	9 3	Second
Grisette	6	8 0	Third

Won in a canter by three lengths, half a length between second and third.

On each of these occasions Gardevisure went the fastest for half a mile, and the farther they went the farther Lord Lyon would have won.

The trial as a yearling of this same filly Gardevisure, General Pearson considers the best performance at that age he ever witnessed. She was tried three furlongs at level weights with Jezabel, also a yearling; there were four other horses in with them, and Gardevisure won in a common canter by seven lengths. So impressed was the General with this performance, that he turned to his confederate Mr. Sutton with the remark, 'Dick, this mare will win you 10,000*l.*' 'What's the use of 10,000*l.* to me?' was the reply. 'I owe 30,000*l.* in one sum.' However, the mare was better than the General's promise, and in the long run won a larger amount than he had predicted for Mr. Sutton, who, at the time he gave up owning horses, must have been a very considerable gainer by his turf transactions.

None of the Rothschild two-year-olds seem ever to have beaten the private record of North Lincoln, who was tried before the Criterion of 1858, at even weights with Mentmore, four years, and to give *no less than* 3 st. to Sichœus, another four-year-old, and the same weight to Bastion, two years; the latter was 'chucked in' so as to win the trial—nevertheless North Lincoln won cleverly by a length.

Immense was the excitement of the party over this spin, the object of which was to ascertain if they could turn the tables upon W. Day's Promised Land, who, in receipt of 5 lbs. at Goodwood in the Findon Stakes, had beaten North Lincoln very easily by two lengths, when the plungers of the day laid 6 and 7 to 4 unweariedly on the Baron's colt. Now in the forthcoming engagement 'at the top of the town,' the two horses had to meet at 3 lbs., or a difference of 2 lbs. only in favour of the Baron. There was difference enough in the form, for North Lincoln won easily by a length, and down went the plungers again, who this time, fortified by study of the book, did not hesitate to lay 11 to 8 on Promised Land.

Throughout his career Favonius invariably showed himself better than his two celebrated stable companions Hannah and Corisande; as a yearling he beat them both by three lengths; as a two-year-old, during the first Spring Meeting of 1870, he was tried to give the same fair ladies 10 lbs. a-piece, a feat which he accomplished by two lengths.

Taken to Ascot, to make his bow to the public in the New Stakes, he went amiss immediately on arrival. How great a certainty the race would have been for him Corisande lost no time in demonstrating, as she ran as his substitute and won easily.

He never ran as a two-year-old; of his capabilities at three years we shall hereafter treat.

Kisber, in the same stable, is an instance of a bad beginning making a good ending, for he was tried as a two-year-old during the July Meeting of 1875 with a wretched four-year-old plater called Beaconsfield, and succumbed by half a length. He does not appear to have been stripped again till the

autumn, when he was asked to give 21 lbs. to a two-year-old filly by Scottish Chief out of Gong, the property of Sir A. de Rothschild, and having done this easily by several lengths, he was started for the Middle Park Plate, and installed second favourite ; though the bookmakers astonished themselves and their customers by the unusually liberal offer of 10 to 1 bar one, Lollypop being a red-hot favourite at 2 to 1.

Petrarch, as all the world knows, won in a canter, and the Mineral colt was nowhere, to the disgust of the Hayhoeites ; for the Gong filly had, during the First October Meeting, shown a little bit of form by beating Mr. Mitchell Innes's Goddess in a small sweepstake over the last half-mile of the B.C., and this she confirmed by running third to Kaleidoscope and Enguerrande in the Prendergast.

Accordingly Kisber was again tried with her on the same terms, and repeated the dose as before, and in the Houghton Meeting he rewarded his adherents for their faith by winning the Dewhurst Plate, for which he started once more at the remunerative price of 10 to 1, beating besides ten others the redoubtable Springfield, in whose two-year-old career a fluky head defeat by Clanronald had been the sole previous reverse.

It may be opportune here to contrast the modern with the comparatively ancient system of trying young ones. In 1866 Mr. Sutton considered that a two-year-old filly had done an extraordinary thing in private, because she had galloped away from an old plater at 7 lbs. In 1879, Mr. R. Peck tried Bend Or fully a stone better than Douranee, who was then in the full swing of success and carrying all before her, and she won the Exeter Stakes the day before Bend Or scored his maiden victory in the Chesterfield Stakes in the Newmarket July week. He, as we all know, was never beaten as a two-year-old.

Again in May 1885, before Saraband won his first race at Kempton Park, Mr. Peck tried him better at *even weights* than such a useful handicap horse as Modred, five-year-old, while in the autumn of the same year, before the Middle Park Plate, Saraband beat very easily at 10 lbs. Montroyd, who, at any rate

in the estimation of handicappers, was right up at the top of the handicap tree; yet Saraband could only get third in the great race.

These two, Mr. Peck says, were the best two-year-olds *he* ever tried—no small saying if we remember that one of them had The Bard for a stable companion—to phrase it more exactly, they were companions in confederate stables—and surely there seems to be a marked tendency to increase the severity of competitive examinations during the past fifteen years.

Oceanie from T. Jennings's stable was another real flyer. Her first three engagements as a two-year-old were the Newmarket Spring Plate, the Epsom two-year-old Plate, and the New Stakes at Ascot. These she won in a common canter; and after Ascot, as she was entered with her stable companion Phénix in the July Cup, wherein they had Trappist and Hackthorpe to meet, a trial between Count de Lagrange's pair was deemed advisable. On June 29, three days before the commencement of the July meeting, they were galloped with Dora and Tafna as follows:—

Six furlongs.

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Oceanie . .	2	7 12	R. Morris	First
Phénix . . .	4	9 0	J. Goater	Second
Dora . . .	2	7 12	—	Third
Tafna . . .	2	5 12	—	Fourth

Won easily by six lengths, ten lengths between second and third, ten lengths third and fourth.

This easy victory, be it remembered, was achieved at 16 lbs., over a four-year-old no less redoubtable than Phénix, the winner of the Rous Memorial at Ascot, and the hero of that historical riot at Epsom, where the mob, infuriated at his defeat by Paul's Cray, proposed to lynch both Jennings and J. Goater. They caught a Tartar, though, in old Tom, who knocked over

two or three of the foremost ruffians, and made good his retreat to the weighing paddock, while Goater and Phénix were escorted thither by a body of friends and police. Then, after the rider had passed the scale, there uprose a pigmy jockey, a second David, ready for a fight with the many-headed Philistine, and said, 'Come on, Jem; trust yourself to me, and *I'll* see you safe off the course!'

There were only some two or three thousand of the greatest scum of the earth howling for blood.

Offer declined with thanks.

To return to the mimic warfare of the trial ground. The two two-year-olds of whom Oceanie thus easily disposed were by no means to be despised. They were not selling platers. Tafna had won the Lincoln Cup, and subsequently won the Grand Criterium at Dieppe, and Dora in the autumn was second for the Criterion, beaten a head by Prestonpans, and third in the Dewhurst Plate to Grace Cup and Ambassadress. So Jennings was left fully master of the position, for the ground on the July course was very deep that year, and Oceanie, being no easy mare for a boy to ride (she was a desperately hard puller), Phénix was substituted for her in the Cup, which he won easily by a length, and gave a further taste of his quality on the Thursday when he defeated Silvio by a head at 2 lbs. in the Bunbury Stakes.

It was then intended to reserve Oceanie for her autumn engagements; these, however, she was unable to fulfil, owing to an accident which occurred to her on the Heath, and which seems to have marred her future career, for she ran but once at three years under rather curious circumstances.

It was for the All-aged Stakes in the Newmarket Houghton, 1880. Douranee and Hackthorpe were the other runners. The French mare looked unfit and rough in her coat; she had, moreover, as much iron as her mouth would hold in the way of snaffle and gag, as it was supposed she would do something dreadful on her way to the post; so she started at four to one, while six to four was taken about each of the others. Goater

got her down to the Bretby Stakes post right enough, and when the flag fell, held a wide berth on the whip hand and let her do as she pleased, and what she pleased to do was to win anyhow. Her sole effort as a four-year-old, when she met Charibert at Ascot, was not crowned with success.

Let us go on to some two-year-old trials where the early promise may not have been so brilliant, but where subsequent performance more than redeemed it.

In March 1880 Althotas and Ænone were tried at weight for age with Sutler, and Sutler won rather easily, yet Althotas was only just beaten by Wandering Nun for the Brocklesby, and he won the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton; while Ænone was successful the first four times of asking, at Ipswich, Newmarket, and Sandown. Neither of this pair was quite first-class; for Sutler was by no means a speedy horse, and the young ones should have beaten him, his best course being probably a mile. However, they both trained on, and oddly enough both won the Spencer Plate, Ænone as a three, and Althotas as a four-year-old.

Belle Lurette again, tried with Sutler and a speedy mare called Grace, a five-year-old (a winner of many short-distance races) at weight for age, beat them both two or three lengths, and she won the Brocklesby easily enough; but Convert, who was second to her, and also second best (which is by no means the same thing), had, if we rightly remember, been tried with and just beaten a horrible four-year-old called Topsy, who is still, for aught we know, 'dreeing her weird' over hurdles at Chandler's Ford and suchlike places.

On the occasion when Mr. Craven actually carried off the Brocklesby, his trial was of a very different nature, for he asked Lucy Ashton to beat Rosie at 18 lbs. (Rosie being a six-year-old mare, who that season won several handicaps in good company), and Lucy answered the question. When tried just before Epsom Summer 1884 for the Acorn Stakes (in which she split both her pasterns), she just did Rosie at even weights. As the season advances there is no better trying

tackle than another young one whose form has been clearly proved in public. Thus Sir J. Willoughby's Queen Adelaide, when tried for the July Stakes 1883, gave 16 lbs. or 18 lbs. to another two-year-old, Lord Byron, who was good enough to win during the previous week the valuable Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge. In this case there were, as there should always be, one or two old ones in to *check* the trial.

Though tried much later in the year—in the month of August—St. Louis could give Grace 7 lbs. and a good beating, whereas Althotas was always a stone behind Grace, therefore Althotas must have been some 20 lbs. worse than St. Louis, who could moreover give a stone to the redoubtable Foxhall; and though somewhat travelling out of the record of two-year-old trials, we may here mention, in confirmation of his juvenile form that St. Louis could at three years give 10 lbs. to an old horse like Elf King, and 2 stone 7 lbs. to Don Fulano, a contemporary, who ran third for the Two Thousand. It was, in fact, in this trial that the fatal splint was developed which effectually prevented St. Louis from ever displaying this excellence in public; thus the inference is fair and clear, that had he been a thoroughly sound horse, and could have been got ready by Lincoln, nothing would have beaten him throughout the season. And it may be laid down as a general rule, that if a two-year-old in the month of March can get in front of a good selling plater at 10 lbs. or a stone, he will win most of his early engagements, and in all likelihood go on half-way through the year, or almost up to Ascot, at which time, if in, or about, the first class, the youngster will be expected to *give* a selling plater a stone. Petticoat, who won the Brocklesby easily, and the Lincoln Cup on the following day, could, when tried before that meeting, only just beat Pretty Dance, a common plater, at 10 lbs., and yet her party fancied her, and backed her accordingly.

The Bard again is a case in point. Report saith that he was tried at 10 lbs. with Kirk o' Field and beat her easily. Whether report is right or not, though it is not imposing a great

tax on our credulity, what is quite certain is that The Bard's owners had underrated the merits of the performance, whatever it may have been, and it was not till they had seen him canter home for the Brocklesby that they realised how good an animal they had. As a two-year-old he was never beaten, starting for and winning no fewer than sixteen races; it is, indeed, impossible to say whether he was ever thoroughly extended; for, though it was thought that Cissy stretched his neck at Sandown, Archer says that the race was never in doubt. We may conclude this subject by saying that the later and best two-year-old of an year, the winner of the Middle Park Plate for instance, is generally about 2 stone in front of the good early form.

Weight for age is the basis of trials with old horses. A three-year-old some 2 st. 7 lbs. 'worse than his year,' as it is technically termed, is as good a trial horse in the beginning of the year as need be required. At weight for age he would be called upon to give a two-year-old in March 2 st. 2 lbs. over five furlongs; then, calculating that the spring winning form is 2 stone worse than the autumn, and taking into consideration the difference of weight for age in October as against March, the two-year-old and three-year-old should be tried at 17 lbs., the handicap coming out thus:

	st.	lbs.
Best three-year-old of year . . .	10	0
Trial three-year-old	7	7
Best two-year-old form	8	4
Spring two-year-old form . . .	6	4

Bad policy as it is to dogmatise about anything connected with racing, it may be taken as a rule that fillies come to hand earlier than colts, and are perhaps the most trustworthy during their two-year-old career, as they are not so apt to turn jades and cowards. Storm Light indeed furnishes a striking modern exception; for, after winning the Maiden Plate at Ascot 1885 in a canter on the Tuesday, she positively refused to try a yard in the Windsor Castle Stakes on the Friday. Still we maintain that she *is* the exception; but at three years old, beware of

fillies; however highly tried in private, they are never worth backing for money till they have given indisputable proof in public that they retain their early form.

Of this we have a striking example in Queen Adelaide, whose youthful fame has been sadly tarnished by her subsequent refusal to race in public, and yet there is every reason to suppose that, in training parlance, 'she can do what she likes at home.'

As a typical illustration of a two-year-old trial and its subsequent confirmation before the Newmarket examiners, we subjoin a story from the pages of a number of 'The World' of some few years ago.

THE LOP-EARED COLT.

IN TWO GALLOPS.

GALLOP I.

A COLD, wet, raw morning in early autumn, and nowhere colder, wetter, or more raw than on the Hampshire Downs.

Just now, though, matters seem mending rapidly. The rain has ceased, the dense, heavy atmosphere is clearing, and I can see nearly the whole glacis-like range of Cloister Hill.

I am standing by a cross, rudely and deeply cut in the turf; maybe some shepherd's landmark, or perchance a gipsy's *patran*. The spell of the South Downs is upon me, and I watch with absorbed interest the mist wreaths curling up the combes, and gathering themselves together *en masse* on the highest crest of the hill, as though uncertain whether they shall disperse altogether from before the face of their enemy, the Sun-god, or whether they shall roll down upon me in a final charge, a last effort for the possession of the uplands.

Now the air becomes suddenly luminous, as it seems to me the air never does elsewhere; then the sun gleams fitfully forth, and the swift shadows begin to chase each other over the stubble far below me, across the valley, and up the juniper-studded side of the opposite hill.

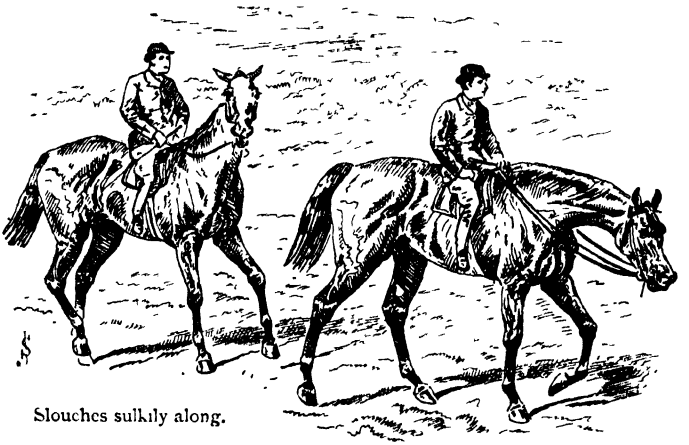
What a delicious warmth has succeeded to the death-like chill of a few moments ago, and with what a torrent of song are the larks proclaiming their conviction that it is very good to be alive! Then I fall to wondering why it is that nowadays one hardly ever hears a lark except on the Downs.

A muffled sound as of blows rapidly dealt on the thick dripping turf; a sound dull and distant at first, but becoming momentarily more distinct; the *quadrupedum sonitus* strikes my ear; and see! here they come, breasting the sharp incline —one, two, three, four: what a pace they are going! When they get within a hundred yards of my position, three right arms rise simultaneously high in air, and three out of four riders set-to desperately; the fourth sits motionless, and, for a few strides, keeps alongside his companions, and then a long-legged, ungainly, lop-eared colt gallops clean away from the rest of the party, manifestly increasing his lead as they pass me, and as the ascent becomes steeper. A furlong or two off I see them pull up, turn round and stand still for a few seconds; then they come sauntering back in their tracks, preceded by two men on foot conversing earnestly. As they approach I catch the words, 'The old one at even weights! I couldn't have believed it; and yet it's true, sir, true as I'm standing here!' Then after exchanging a cheery greeting with the poor invalid who comes so often for his stroll on their training grounds, they opine that the young ones have had a rousing gallop, express a confident hope that the day has now cleared up for good, and pass slowly on.

Now come the horses, and I scan them curiously as they defile past me. The leader of the small string, evidently the 'old one' referred to, slouches sulkily along; his head is hanging down, and on his streaming flanks have arisen one or two lumps from which the red drops are oozing. I can almost fancy I hear him saying to himself, 'After all the pretty pupils I have dressed over this year, to be cut to ribbons by this three-cornered beggar is enough to make me swear never to try

again.' He is followed by the three-cornered beggar. From him, too, the sweat is pouring, but never a spur mark shows on his side, and he looks round him with a half-bewildered, half-satisfied air, as who should say, 'What does it all mean? and why does the "old one" look so astonished? Does he think no horse can gallop but himself?'

The other youngsters lag behind, leg-weary and blown. They seem, now that my imagination is aroused, almost to realise their defeat and its consequences, to look forward with dread



Slouches sulkily along.

to their own too probable fate of slavery in the cab-rank, and with envy to the more brilliant future of their unprepossessing comrade.

Gradually they disappear down the hill-side, and for an hour or more I wander alone, drinking in the fresh pure air—for this is what the doctor orders—and feasting my eyes on what to me is the loveliest scenery in the world. Strange how my mind keeps reverting to that lop-eared colt. I fancy I should know him again anywhere, and as I step into the pony-carriage which awaits me under the chestnut-trees at the foot of the

Down, I laugh to find myself repeating the mystic words, 'The old one at even weights! I couldn't have believed it.'

GALLOP II.

A still, hot, delicious afternoon at Newmarket, so hot that there is a quivering haze in the air, which makes it what racing men call a bad day for glasses; glasses will, however, be much in request anon, for the horses are going to the post for one of the chief two-year-old events of the autumn.

The doctor still orders me full doses of fresh air, and the article to be obtained on the Heath is unexceptionable both in point of quantity and quality. So I bask in the sun, leaning against one of the Stand pillars, and watch with some amusement the white, sad face of a young friend who has been recently confiding to me the extent of his pecuniary embarrassments, and the remoteness of his chance of settling on Monday if this meeting 'comes off crabs,' as he assures me with unnecessary asseverations has been the case up to the present moment. I have been giving him good advice too, as to the necessity of immediate reform and retrenchment in his style of betting and general habits of living. He seemed to listen with some attention. Can it be that he sees the error of his ways? Not just at present, if I may judge from the anxious air with which he keeps gazing at the starting-post, where the white flag is not yet hoisted, as if he would like to have it over and know the worst at once.

But apart from the study of my fellow-creatures, I really feel that I have a personal interest in this race. A few minutes ago I was strolling about in the Birdcage, looking at the comely forms of some of the competitors, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a lean ugly head with lop-ears, protruding from one of the saddling-stalls. I looked again; yes, there was no mistaking that loose-made ungainly colt, with the quaint, wistful expression of countenance once seen never to be forgotten. Here was the 'three-cornered beggar' of the Hampshire Downs.

He did not seem to attract much notice, for except his own attendants, who were engaged in saddling him, no one appeared to trouble his head about him. At that moment there passed one of my friends, who is remarkable for two things—the immense extent of his acquaintance with trainers, head-lads, stable-boys, and the hangers-on generally of racing stables; and his persistent ill-success in backing horses. Pointing to the colt, I asked if he could tell me his name. One glance at the boy then busy with the girths, and another at his card, was enough. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'that's the Ugly Duckling by the Drake out of Leda, bred and trained down in your part of the world, old boy, and it don't seem to have done him much more good than it has you!' with which encouraging remark the punter strolled away to the ring and—his fate.

So it comes to pass that I feel unusually excited, and listen with more attention than is my wont to the shouts of the book-makers, who wax more and more energetic as the hands of the blue-faced clock draw close to the starting-time. 'Two to one on the field!' 'Six to one, bar one!' There is evidently a red-hot favourite.

'St. Just by Aristides out of the Abbess, one of the best Old Tom ever tried, and he's put some smart ones through the mill,' says a man at my elbow in answer to my question what it is they are taking such a short price about.

Then the cry is heard: 'Any odds agen some of these here outsiders! Twenty ponies, the Ugly Doockling; a hundred to five the Doockling!' But I notice these offers cease as a tall handsome man, whom I recognise as one of the two who were on the Downs that memorable morning, strolls slowly along the rails, making frequent entries in his betting-book as he goes. I seldom bet, chiefly because I hate losing; but now I feel sorely tempted to back what I mentally call 'my horse.'

Shall I have a bit on? I must and will. So I hasten to a well-known bookmaker and inquire, 'How much that Duckling?'

'A thousand to seventy twice to *you*, sir,' replies Mr. Bessemer, promptly, evidently no more hundreds to five to be had. The man of the Downs *a passé par là*; so I answer:

'A hundred to seven, *once*, if you please.'

'Thank you, sir,' replies the great man, touching his hat as deferentially as if I were his most constant and opulent, instead of his most casual and impecunious, customer.

This most important transaction being duly registered, I once more return to my post of observation, and notice that the white flag has just been hoisted. Mr. McGeorge does not keep us long in suspense. One trifling breakaway, the two or three offenders get back as fast as they can, and turning their horses' heads as they come into line again, down goes the flag to a first-rate start.

There is a pace, and no mistake, from the beginning; and I can see that the favourite with the blue jacket has got well off—ridden by one of the best and sharpest jockeys of the day, he was not likely to be left behind; and I see also that my Duckling, though bestridden by a 'chalk' neophyte (a stable-lad, I fancy), is either by luck, or good guidance, right amongst the leaders. For a second or two my view is intercepted by the heads of those around me; and when I next get a full sight of the horses, they are descending into the Abingdon Mile Bottom. Steady and still sits the rider of the favourite, a length in front of everything, and a murmur arises from the ranks of the backers: 'St. Just wins anyhow!' Of the rest the cherry jacket and white cap on my Duckling show as prominently as anything, when—'Ah, just what I expected; those stable-lads can't sit still!' and the boy gets up his whip and begins to treat the public to his finish. Well, my banker will be a poorer if not a wiser man, by seven pounds, and perhaps I shall know better than to back horses with stable-boys up. But what do I hear?

'I'll take three to one the Duckling—the Ugly Duckling—wins; I'll take very little odds!'

Up go my glasses again; there is no doubt about it, the

favourite's jockey is riding in grim earnest, and the outsider, regardless of a whipping and a spurring which would stop most horses, is coming up hand over hand, racing from sheer love of the game. Fifty yards from home they are level, and for the next few strides no one can say which has the best of it; then somehow the lean ugly head and lop-ears get in front and remain there; and Mr. Clark's verdict is, 'The Ugly Duckling by half a neck cleverly.'

All's well that ends well, and people are not found wanting who say the boy rode splendidly. May Heaven forgive them! The fielders are not quite so jubilant as I should have expected them to be; but I find on subsequent inquiry that very few of them have missed the winner. The man of the Downs does not seem to have missed *his* opportunity. My pallid friend comes up to me; he has rather more colour in his cheeks now, but is trembling a little as he thanks me for my good advice. What does he mean? he can hardly have had time to elaborate, still less to practise, any very extensive or trustworthy scheme of reform. Nevertheless I feel flattered, and muttering to myself something about a word in season, I march triumphantly to the Birdcage to have one more look at the Duckling.

Ay, there he is, blown certainly—how could he be otherwise after such unassisted exertion? Nor is he any longer ignorant of what the spur means, for his jockey has let him have it in the most impartial manner, and with sufficient length of limb would probably have stabbed him in the eye; but the horse's countenance still bears the same calm, satisfied, and now I think amused expression; indeed, as he is led away, I almost fancy I see him *wink* at his tall owner, who has been watching the re-clothing with an air of affectionate interest. To the man of the Downs comes one, apparently on terms of intimacy, who says—

'My dear fellow, how could you risk such a chance by putting up that misguided youth? D——d if he didn't get his whip up half a mile from home.'

'What could I do?' replies the other; 'the best jockeys

were all engaged; this little chap rides fairly enough at home, and I trusted the whole business to the Duckling; I was sure he could stay, that sort never turns it up, and he had made the old one lie down at even weights.'

I shall not be surprised if another season sees the Ugly Duckling turn into a bird of very fair plumage, and much power of wing.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

It is obvious that the training of horses of three years and upwards must often of necessity involve a large divergence from the system pursued in the preparation of two-year-olds, and afford even more scope to the trainer's art, owing to the greater variety of courses over which the elder animals are called upon to contend.

It is true that the 'sixpenny five-furlong races' are the staple commodity of all race meetings, and will continue so to be unless the Jockey Club is prepared enormously to curtail the number of meetings, and thereby to run the risk of such an outburst of popular indignation as can be evoked by a wholesale attack on large vested interests. But the fact remains, that two races per diem of a mile and upwards are a legal obligation in each day's racing, so that without taking into account the Two Thousand, Derby, Oaks, Leger, the Cups, and other so-called classic races, where considerable distance of ground has to be compassed, a number of minor events come off every week between March and November, for which a severer discipline than that enforced on the sprinter is requisite.

There never was and there never will be a rule of thumb whereby horses can be trained for any course long or short, though our forefathers appear to have imagined that a preparation as cruel as their system of heats, or as the distances over which those heats were run, was the *sine quâ non* of success. Luckily for their horses there were very few meetings in those days, which have passed away never to return; and

no writer on the subject of training would now venture to do more than sketch the merest outline of operations to be pursued in getting a horse ready for such an event as the Derby. The present writer has certainly no intention of dogmatising on this theme. Suffice it to say that, supposing at the end of his two-year-old season a horse is considered to be of sufficiently good class to have even the remotest of outside chances for the Derby, and supposing him also to be sound and in good health, he would in all probability never be stopped in his work at all, but would (weather of course permitting) continue steadily on throughout the winter at such exercise as would have the effect of keeping him clean in his inside, while on the soft ground his action would materially improve ; but that exercise would not exceed two or three canters daily at something less than half-speed. As the advancing season and the approach of the event necessitates work of a more serious character, the nature of that work must (and it cannot be too often repeated) depend entirely upon the quality of the material, i.e. the constitution of the horse which the trainer has to deal with. To the man who knows his business the words 'orthodox preparation' have no meaning whatever ; work there must undoubtedly be and plenty of it, but as to length and severity of gallops and their frequency, he can only be guided by what his knowledge as a stableman tells him the animal under his charge is or is not capable of doing.

A gross horse with strong constitution may, probably will, require long fast gallops two or three times a week, with several sharp canters daily on the alternate days ; but these horses are of the 'angel's visit' breed, and much rarer than trainers were wont, or as the general public still are accustomed, to believe.

One of the training traditions which lingered longest, viz. that a horse must more or less frequently gallop the distance over which he has to travel in the actual race, is, we believe, no longer a distinct article of faith with the training fraternity. We can at any rate call to mind one very striking example of the upsetting of this theory, the case of Corrie Roy, who before

she won the Cesarewitch did but one two-mile gallop throughout the whole of her preparation, which gallop so completely upset her that the experiment was never repeated, and she was thenceforth restricted to gallops across the Flat, a mile and a quarter, an indulgence which proved a sad stumbling-block and rock of offence to some of her stable connections, who would not back her for the long handicap, arguing with apparent plausibility that a mare trained only over a mile and a quarter could not be expected to win what is always a strong run race over two miles and a quarter. Here came out the knowledge of the stableman; had Sherrard persevered on the old lines, and continued the two-mile gallops for the sake of custom and tradition, he would have ruined his mare, and Chippendale would have won the Cesarewitch for the second time; in the end, as we know, the man of practice was right and the theorists wrong.

To give another instance from the same stable. Our John had been engaged solely in leading two-year-olds five-furlong work before he was sent to York to run in the Queen's Plate, in which Victor Emmanuel, then in his best form, only just beat him a head. Our John then passed into other hands, when he was regularly trained for long races, yet he never improved on that York performance, never, if we remember rightly, was so good a horse.

Hampton is another case in point. Though he won many long-distance races, he was, we have good reason for believing, never asked to do more than mile work during his preparation for these events, and even less than a mile was sometimes considered sufficient; yet when the pinch came he never failed to stay home.

The fact appears to be that staying is a natural gift, and not one that can be engrafted, or an art that can be acquired by a succession of long wearying gallops. Witness Martini, perhaps one of the best sprinters we have had in England; but after he was sold to go abroad his new masters determined on converting him into a stayer by the artificial method of gallop-

ing him over a scope of ground, with the brilliant though unlooked for result that he lost his speed, without learning to stay, though, had they been contented to let well alone, and to train Martini as he had hitherto been trained, his fine unimpaired speed might have pulled him through one or two long-distance races against slower antagonists.

In the word constitution we must be understood to include soundness of limb ; a gross horse, who in other respects requires strong work, may have 'dickey' legs and be incapable of taking it. If he is worth keeping in training, he must perforce be content with such an amount of exercise as his limbs will stand, and take his chance—a poor one it will be in a race of any importance unless by some wonderful luck his opponents are equally infirm. One second-class sound horse would be almost certain to settle a field of first-class cripples.

Supposing a three-year-old to have in all respects stood his preparation to the satisfaction of a competent trainer, the question that stands next for solution is how to try him. Most owners bet more or less, even if they only invest sufficient money to enable them to pay out of the pockets of the ring the huge reward usually bestowed on the jockey who rides the winner of a Derby. 'To race like Lord Falmouth' has almost passed into a proverb. It means not to bet at all, and in such cases there is no necessity for a trial, unless the owner is specially interested in the welfare of his speculative friends ; for to run a horse untried for a big race adds further excitement, and lessens by one strong gallop the risk of a break-down. Not all men, however, indeed very few, have the self-control of this proverbial peer, and, as aforesaid, the owner who does bet will probably endeavour to have a peep into the unknown and so to gauge the powers of his horse as to ascertain approximately to what extent it may be worth while to take the short odds the ringmen will offer the moment a stable commission appears in the market ; for short odds they will always be, the specious promises and vain hopes held out in the Boulogne and other wonderful and imaginary price-lists notwithstanding. Sir Joseph Hawley, a

consistent upholder of weight for age as an adequate test, adhered to it resolutely, we believe, as a rule in his Derby as well as in other trials. The present writer well remembers his astonishment at being told by Sir Joseph that a trial at 18 lbs. with Gopsall, a very indifferent four-year-old belonging to the late Lord Anglesey, would tell the truth about any Derby horse. We presume he intended the young one to win rather more than cleverly. Very likely Sir Joseph was right ; he had at any rate the strong argument of repeated success in his favour.

The actual record of some of his trials, now published as we believe for the first time, will be read with interest not only by those who were racing in the palmy days of the cherry and black, but also by those who think that instruction may be gleaned from a peep behind the scenes whether ancient or modern ; while it is more profitable to all to show how the Derby or other great racing problem has actually been solved beforehand, than to theorise or dogmatise as to the weights at which trials should be conducted.

Here, then, is the trial of The Palmer for the Derby of 1867, and in this horse Sir Joseph had such confidence that at a dinner party at Sir F. Johnstone's in the winter 1866–67 he betted Mr. Chaplin 40,000*l.* that The Palmer beat Hermit.

May 20, 1867.—*One mile and a half.*

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Palmer . . .	3	9 0	Wells	First
Padishah . .	3	8 0	—	Second
Arapeile . .	3	8 7	—	Third
Fakir . . .	3	9 0	—	Fourth

Won by three lengths ; same between second, third and fourth. In this case it appears that Sir Joseph had no old ones to try with, and was obliged to put the three-year-olds together as best he could ; and as none of them had run in public that year, we must suppose that he handicapped them on their two-year-old form. Arapeile was his Oaks mare, and he seems to

have thought that the winner of the Derby should be 7 lbs. better than the winner of the Oaks even in a year which included Achievement amongst the entries for the latter race. Sir Joseph maintained his confidence in The Palmer to the last moment, and he started second favourite and finished eighth in the enormous field of thirty runners. He was, however, a useful animal, and in the autumn of 1868 carried off the Liverpool Cup from sixteen opponents with the respectable weight of 8 st. 2 lbs. in the saddle.

Note that the trial above narrated took place on the Monday in the Epsom summer week!

How many owners or trainers would now-a-days venture to try within two days of the Derby? It is needless to say that in the spring of the following year The Palmer's capabilities as a trial horse were not overlooked, and accordingly on May 12, 1868, he was thus put through the mill with Rosicrucian and Blue Gown.

One mile and a quarter.

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Rosicrucian .	3	8 7	Wells	First
Blue Gown .	3	8 7	Carter	Second
Palmer . . .	4	9 10	Porter[1]	Third

Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.

Here we have a trial at exact weight for age between threes and fours at one mile, with a quarter of a mile thrown in as a luck-penny to the old one.

Sir Joseph always entertained the highest opinion of Rosicrucian, swearing (he could swear as emphatically as any man) that Rosy was the best horse in his stable, as indeed this trial would warrant him in believing; but unhappily the public proof of this superiority was never forthcoming, for the gallop of May 12 settled the black, who went all to pieces afterwards. He had been suffering from influenza for three months, with

[1] The trainer.

setons in his throat and chest, so that he was weak and unfit to train, whereas nothing ever interfered with Blue Gown; but we have the best authority for stating that, both horses fit and well, Rosicrucian was always 7 lbs. the better of the pair; he had better speed, and was far the better stayer.

Perhaps the indisposition was not as apparent as it was real; anyhow a second trial took place on May 21 in company, at weights and distance, and with result, as follows.

One mile and a half.

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Green Sleeve .	3	7 7	—	First
Blue Gown .	3	8 8	Carter	Second
Palmer . . .	4	9 1	Wells	Third
Rosicrucian .	3	8 8	Bunyard	Fourth

Won by a length; four lengths between second and third; two lengths third and fourth.

Green Sleeve had been first, with Rosicrucian second, in the Middle Park Plate of the previous year. Here we have Blue Gown, the subsequent winner of the Derby, attempting to give 15 lbs. to this form, and running it to a length, whilst he actually defeats the four-year-old Palmer by four lengths at 7 lbs., a very material reduction upon Sir Joseph's favourite weight for age; yet so firmly convinced was he of the pronounced superiority of Rosicrucian that, heavy bettor as he was, and in spite of Wells preferring to have the mount on Blue Gown, he won a comparatively small stake by this horse's success. 'Nothing,' he was wont to declare, with the usual emphasis.

In the next year, 1869, the prospects of Pero Gomez for the Derby, and of Morna for the Oaks, seemed undeniable, and with the trying tackle which the Kingsclere stable then possessed a mistake appeared to be out of the question; and yet it is probable that never was there a trial more thoroughly wide of the mark, and more completely misleading, than that which took place on May 20, 1869.

These are the details :—

One mile and a half.

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Lictor	4	7 1	Braithwaite	First
Morna . . .	3	7 8	Armstrong	Second
Blue Gown .	4	9 11	Wells	Third
Pero Gomez .	3	8 9	J. Adams	Fourth

Won by two lengths ; four lengths between second and third ; two lengths between third and fourth.

Here again is a flying in the face of the weight-for-age theory, for the three-year-old Morna is set to give 7 lbs. to the four-year-old Lictor, which, by the way, she fails to do by two lengths ; but we fancy that Lictor's staying powers (he won the Liverpool Cup in the autumn of that year carrying 7 st., with fourteen other runners) had not then been discovered. At any rate, he had, during that spring, only competed over short distances, and his one win had been achieved on the Bretby Stakes Course, where he gave 4 lbs. to the aged Historian.

On the other hand, Blue Gown is asked to give no less than 2 st. 3 lbs. to Morna, or 12 lbs. *more* than weight for age, but it must be remembered that the mares were supposed to be exceptionally bad that year, and that a Derby winner is not an ordinary trial horse ; yet Pero Gomez was asked to do a great thing with him, viz. to beat him at 16 lbs., or 3 lbs. *less* than weight for age. Sir Joseph evidently considered that his Derby colt would want to be fully a stone better than his Oaks filly, and as a matter of fact Pero Gomez *was* 10 lbs. better than Morna ; for, as we have said, the trial was all wrong, or wrong so far as the first two were concerned. Even unto this day Porter has not ceased to wonder what Wells and Adams could have been about on the two cracks, but supposes that they must have been watching each other, and have allowed the stable lads on Morna and Lictor to slip away from them. It was a curious coincidence, and a piece of exasperatingly bad

luck, that both colt and filly should have subsequently run second in their respective races, the Derby and Oaks, though the placing of Pretender first in the former race was one of the few sentences pronounced by Judge Clark which has not met with universal approval.

It has already been stated that Sir J. Hawley was in favour of trying three-year-olds as much as possible at weight for age with the old ones; but he once told General Pearson, who agreed with this theory, that 'if the young one won, you should put it down as 7 lbs. against him on his appearance in public,' and on the General asking why, Sir Joseph replied, 'I can't tell you why, but so it is.' We must suppose that he either meant that it took 7 lbs. to discount the sanguine propensity and vanity of ownership, or else that the old ones are 7 lbs. better out than at home.

Sir Joseph was a shrewd judge, but he had his moments of weakness (even Mr. Chamberlain, that 'sea-green incorruptible' of modern days, is reported to have said that it is by no means necessary to practise in private what you preach in public), and once when the Leybourne Baronet went down to Benham—the seat of Mr. Sutton—to try Merry Wife with Gardevisure for the Cambridgeshire of 1865, the pride of property led him astray. There were four in the trial altogether, the two mares probably running at the 11 lbs. the handicapper had placed between them, and at the finish half a length only separated them, but that half-length was against Gardevisure, who had lost three lengths at the start, and who had afterwards obtained possession of the lead, but failed quite to stay home. Colonel Pearson thereupon ventured to remark that she ought by rights to be credited at the end with the three lengths she had lost at the beginning, more especially as she had made up her ground in the first quarter of a mile, when the pace was a real ripper—which sounds rather like common sense. 'D—— your excuses,' replied Sir Joseph; 'where your mare is, mine will be;' but he was all wrong, for Gardevisure won and Merry Wife was nowhere. After this trial Gardevisure went

back in the betting from 14 to 40 to 1 ; undoubtedly she could not stay, but her terrific turn of speed pulled her through ; for she was going well within herself when they began to collar the stiffest part of the ascent, and she would have had it all her own way had it not been for Nu, who was popularly supposed to have been 'readied' for this event.

The most remarkable feature of the whole transaction is, that the Ilsley party, if such a thing had been possible, would have gladly substituted Lord Lyon, two years, for the mare, three years ; for as far back as August 17 of that year he had been tried with her three-quarters of a mile at 10 lbs. (8 st. 7 lbs. and 9 st. 3 lbs.), and he had beaten her in such a canter that they thought him her equal at even weights, and they knew he stayed better ; more especially did they scoff at the possibility of Gladiateur, then first favourite for the Cambridgeshire with 9 st. 12 lbs., giving *him* 3 st. 10 lbs. The effect of the race, had they needed any further witness, was to make them sure of winning the Derby of 1866.

A hint as to trying, and particularly as to trying on short courses, may be here usefully interpolated.

Always send some trustworthy person to the post to start the horses ; owners are far too apt to forget this necessity. They place themselves and the trainer at the winning-post, a friend or a head lad half-way 'to see how they are going there,' and they leave the jockeys to get off as best they can, and give such account of the start as they choose. This practice, though never safe, may not be so dangerous at Newmarket, where the services of thoroughly experienced riders are always available ; but in country quarters, with stable-boys up, it is simply fatal, and can only end in frequent discomfiture and loss of money.

Achievement, as we have mentioned elsewhere, was never tried again in private after her first question as a two-year-old, and Hippia had only had a good rough gallop with the four-year-old Tourmalin before the Oaks, wherein the Baron's filly

upset what was supposed to be the best thing ever known to plunge on.

And how they did plunge that day! Everyone who had laid against 'Chaplin's impostor,' as poor Hermit was stigmatised after he broke a blood-vessel, everyone who had intended to back him and then had been talked into backing something else (a very large class this), and everyone who, having backed him, had not been able to get out, and had won money involuntarily; all alike, winners and losers, to increase the gain or to recoup the loss, dashed it down in full confidence on Colonel Pearson's black and scarlet chevrons and on the 'boy in yellow,' as Custance was still sometimes called. What was the matter? The 'proverbial &c.,' or what? Even echo was at a loss for an answer, but the result was an unfortunate coolness between jockey and employer, and Chaloner had the mount in the Leger.

And the black Monday that followed that Oaks! If the Ring ever start an 'Annus Annuli,' we would suggest May 27, 1867, as an appropriate date for its commencement, or at any rate for an important festival in the 'Calendar.'

We are fortunately able to give one or two more episodes culled from the annals of the Rothschild stable with reference to the putting of the home question to three-year-olds over courses exceeding one mile but less than two miles.

In 1868—Blue Gown's year—the Baron had three good horses of this age, viz.: Suffolk, King Alfred, and Restitution, of whom the two first named were engaged in the Derby. These three he tried at even weights with Mr. E. C. Clayton's Lozenge, who the previous year had won the Cambridgeshire, carrying 7 st. 2 lbs.; the young ones all beat the old one, and moreover beat him so easily that Mr. Clayton thought his horse must be out of all form—a supposition which cost him dearly, for in a 100*l.* Plate over the Rowley Mile at the First Spring Meeting, Lozenge met Captain Machell's Knight of the Garter, giving 6 lbs., and Mr. Clayton backed the latter in preference to his own, who won after a good race by a head.

The feelings of the owner may be imagined when we mention that the betting was 3 to 1 *on* Knight of the Garter, and 8 to 1 *against* Lozenge!

To return to the trial. Suffolk beat King Alfred easily, but was kicked by a cart-horse while being saddled opposite Armstrong's stables, and was lame when he ran in the Derby, where King Alfred was second, beaten only half a length by Blue Gown; so it is fair to suppose that Suffolk sound and

'Get off as best they can.'

well would have won the race. Sir Joseph's star was in the ascendent just then.

Kisber, though the property of Mr. A. Baltazzi, was trained in Hayhoe's stable, and, good as a two-year-old, was a real smasher at three years. His Derby trial was a Yorkshire gallop, with the weights carefully ascertained—*i.e.* even weights with Hesper, three years, and an old horse called Huntsman, over a mile and a half on the July course—and Kisber won running away. His owner backed him for an enormous stake,

but before the Epsom Meeting serious pecuniary difficulties arose, and he might have lost both his money and his horse, had it not been for the generosity of a money-lender, who consented to forego an advantage which circumstances had placed in his power.

Let the backers of Kisber remember this before they speak evil of usurers.

So Mr. Baltazzi's horse won the Derby and Grand Prix in a canter, and Petrarch perchance had never been recorded winner of the Leger had not Kisber broken down in the pan of the heel some time before the race. The owner hedged his money for a time, but on Hayhoe giving the horse a couple of canters at the last moment, took heart of grace, and backed him for double the amount he originally had on!

It may be remembered that after the Derby there was some talk of an objection on the score of age, but as he was bought as a yearling at the Imperial Stud, there could be no real doubt on the subject.

He was always lame in the stable, and was generally walked about for two hours before commencing fast work.

Let us return to the Kingsclere stable, still guided by the master hand which has lost none of its cunning, to more modern times, to the present decade.

Here is a clever bit of handicapping of some most unpromising material, and a case where class honours followed what must be admitted to have been a very indifferent private examination—we refer to the trial of Shotover for the Two Thousand, which trial took place on April 18, 1882.

One mile.

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Incendiary .	5	9 0	Marlow	First
Locksley . .	3	7 0	Warner	Second
Shotover . .	3	9 0	Cannon	Third
Sirdar . . .	5	9 0	Taylor	Fourth

Won by a neck; head between second and third; fourth beaten off.

There was little enough here to guide the adjuster of burdens; weight for age was obviously out of the question. Incendiary had run once only in public that year, and had run very badly an indifferent fourth in the International Handicap at Newmarket Craven meeting, won by Barbe Bleue. Sirdar had run not at all, and Locksley, though he had been out twice, had merely succeeded in proving himself to be what he always was, an infamously bad horse, though his temper made him somewhat worse out than he was at home, and it must have been on his knowledge of their capacity in private that Porter had to depend in trying with this scurvy crew. He acquitted himself of the task with much skill, which, let us hope, led to much profit; for Shotover started third favourite at 10 to 1 for the Two Thousand, which she won, her market position being probably enhanced by Sirdar having run a fair race with Frontier for the Trial Stakes.

She was not tried again before the Derby, which for first and second places was a *replica* of the Two Thousand, Quicklime occupying the Despair position in each instance.

To come down to still more recent days, as recent indeed as it is well possible to publish the private trials of great horses without incurring the charge of 'breach of privilege,' we will set forth the manner in which St. Blaise answered the question asked him 'in the schools' prior to the Derby of 1883.

Was St. Blaise a great horse? We verily believe that the verdict of the general sporting public would be, 'Certainly not, he was one of the worst horses that ever won the Derby;' and in support of this view his general career may well be adduced. He never actually beat a good two-year-old, and he wound up the season by just scrambling home in front of a selling plater like Pebble, to whom he was giving the very modest allowance of 3 lbs.; after his success in the Derby he never got his head in front of anything.

Nevertheless those best qualified to judge stoutly aver that

he was a good horse in the spring of 1883, and from the way in which they tried him it is evident that they had the courage of their opinions, and that these opinions were justified by the result. The spin which took place on May 18, 1883, was as follows :—

One mile and a half.

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
St. Blaise . .	3	8 6	Barrett	First
Incendiary .	6	8 2	Warner	Second
Shotover . .	4	8 12	Marlow	Third
Geheimniss .	4	9 5	Giles	Fourth
Energy . . .	3	8 5	Nurse	Fifth

Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third; a length between third and fourth; three lengths between fourth and fifth.

On paper a truly wonderful performance; for we have Shotover, the winner of the Two Thousand and Derby, beaten six lengths at 6 lbs., or 13 lbs. less than weight for age, while Geheimniss, the winner of the Oaks, succumbs at 13 lbs., 6 lbs. less than weight for age; and to make sure of a pace, there is Energy in receipt of a pound.

It is, however, only fair to see how far this form will bear analysis. *Imprimis*—Shotover, who was within 3 lbs. of Incendiary when she was three years old, should surely have made some sort of improvement with another year over her head; and yet when she tries to give 10 lbs. she is beaten four lengths, which makes her out to be a trifle worse than she was before she filled those two niches in the temple of fame. Then Geheimniss never really stayed but once in her life, when she won the Oaks, and she had then nothing behind her but St. Marguerite, a worse stayer even than herself; and to wind up, Energy, though his tremendous turn of speed was probably more than suspected, had not at any rate proved himself the

flyer he afterwards became. On the whole, the old plater Incendiary seems to us to have emerged from the struggle with the most glory.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we have any wish to detract from the merits of St. Blaise. 'He did what he was asked to do'—more than can be said of most horses. He won the Derby, which can be said of only one horse a year, and he was an excellent second in the Grand Prix.

His subsequent failure is attributed, no doubt justly, to a sprain of the muscles of the arm. His racing career is ended. May joy go with him, and may he prove a success at the stud!

We heartily wish that we had at command information from all the leading stables as to the trials of the various 'cracks' who in time past have gone forth to victory from their gates; the subject is so fraught with interest that it would be hardly possible to satiate the regular turfite therewith, but the reader must know that all trainers do not keep trial-books. Many who do keep them destroy them every two or three years; and in other cases these records are for some reason or another inaccessible—e.g. the books of the late John of Danebury, which we believe to be in existence, but in whose hands we are not aware, though Thomas Cannon would probably pay a handsome price to the present possessor.

Lord Falmouth, though he never betted after he became an owner of racehorses, and was therefore not forced into trials by his betting-book, was nevertheless in the habit of 'putting them together' pretty frequently as a matter of curiosity, or of scientific recreation, and he and his paragon of trainers, Matthew Dawson, perhaps made as few mistakes as any two men who ever stripped horses in private. The wish may have been father to the thought with them as with others, but the money never was mother to the practice, and we fancy that they never bamboozled themselves in the almost invariably futile attempt to delude the omnipresent tout, by having a horse pulled up in his trial, when in his rider's opinion he could

have won, so as to allow other of the examinees to canter first past the post; a trick which has caused the boiling over of as many pots as any process we could mention.

What you see with your eyes in racing you may have some faint hope may prove to be true; but, for sheer vanity and vexation of spirit, commend us to the conflicting accounts of jockeys after a 'hugger-mugger' trial.

Matthew Dawson's system has always been to try a three-year-old at *less* than the accepted weight for age with a good old one, this being in his opinion the only way to make tolerably sure of winning a big race.

An instance of very much less than weight for age was when he tried Queen's Messenger for the Derby of 1872 at even weights with Kingcraft, and the young one won easily. It is true that Kingcraft was not a very good horse, was in fact a moderate one. Still he was then five years old, and he had won the Derby two years previously; also he must have been in form, or they would not have tried with him at all. This appears on paper a stupendous performance, yet the sequel proved that it was not good enough, for there were a couple of giants going about in those days in the shape of Cremorne and Prince Charlie, both of whom beat Queen's Messenger in the Two Thousand, and, though he had his revenge on the roarer in the Derby, Cremorne repeated the dose. Pell Mell's second may be regarded as one of those flukes by which indifferent horses sometimes get placed in good company; for Khedive, who gave him 7 lbs. at Ascot on the Old Mile, and beat him a neck, was at best only a second-class horse.

Lord Falmouth's second Derby winner Silvio was tried in the spring of 1877 at 11 lbs., one mile and a half, with a good four-year, Skylark, who had during the previous year met eleven of his engagements and carried off six of them. They started a quarter of a mile beyond the ditch gap, finished at the Rowley Mile stand, and Silvio won cleverly; yet it was some time before he confirmed this form in public, for starting a hot favourite in the Craven Biennial he was beaten off by a

field which contained but one good animal besides himself—Belphœbe.[1]

One of the most remarkable trials, perhaps the most noteworthy trial of modern days, was that which took place in the spring of 1879, when Silvio, five years, Jannette, four years, Wheel of Fortune, three years, and Charibert, three years, went down together to the Rowley Mile post to try conclusions over that famous mile. Well might Matthew Dawson exclaim to his employer, 'There's a sight, my lord, the like of which you may never see again,' and a goodly sight it must have been. The winner of a Derby and Leger, the winner of an Oaks and Leger, the putative and, as events proved, actual winner of the One Thousand and Oaks, and the actual, though almost undreamt of, winner of the Two Thousand! A racing man can imagine no greater agony of delicious excitement.

On this occasion, having regard to the unusual excellence of the trial horses, they ran at weight for age, and Wheel of Fortune won pretty cleverly, Jannette beating Silvio two or three lengths, a feat which she had already accomplished, though with

[1] The exact details of this trial, which took place on April 24, are—

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Silvio	3	7 10	Huxtable	First
Skylark	4	8 7	Lynch	Second
King Clovis . . .	3	7 10	Swift	Third
Queen's Herald . .	3	6 3	Morrell	Fourth
Fieldfare	3	6 1	Saddington	Fifth

Won very easily by half a length. Huxtable said he could have won by five lengths, but did not like to press the horse, and considered it a 7 lbs. beating. There was perhaps some excuse for Silvio in the Biennial, owing to the race being run in a blinding storm, when neither jockeys nor horses knew what they were about; but why should he afterwards have succumbed to Chamant and Brown Prince in a Two Thousand chiefly memorable for the favouritism of Morier, that rankest of turf impostors? The trial, however, came out right enough at last, when in the Derby Silvio, who started at 11 to 1, beat a field of sixteen, and very decisively turned the tables upon Chamant and Brown Prince; and he did not meet his master again that year, save when the mighty Springfield, poisoned horse though he was, romped home in front of him for the Champion Stakes.

rather less to spare, in the Champion Stakes of 1878, a year during which she only twice suffered defeat.

Charibert must have been beaten off, a circumstance which may account for the friendless price of 25 to 1 at which he started for the Two Thousand; but a curious fact in connection with this memorable trial is, that neither owner nor trainer seems to have any distinct recollection of the exact position Charibert occupied therein.

Let us seek once more the Southern Downs, and see how such an acknowledged master of the art of trying, and indeed of the whole business of racing, as Mr. Robert Peck, got at the truth, before some of the splendid and lucrative successes of the three-year-olds under his care at Russley.

Doncaster, the property of Mr. James Merry, whose trainer R. Peck then was, was in 1873 first tried with and proved himself 15 lbs. better than Peto, four years, a speedy horse over a mile (the distance of the trial), who had beaten a large field of horses at Northampton; and in a subsequent essay at home, Doncaster at 7 lbs. over a mile and a half beat Freeman, four years, by a length and a half, just after the latter had won the Great Northern Handicap at York, carrying 7 st.

This looks good enough, and touts must have been rare or stupid at Russley in those days; for Doncaster started for the Derby, which he won easily, at the forlorn outside price of 45 to 1.

In that same year Marie Stuart, who had won the Oaks, was tried just before the Leger with Freeman at even weights, and she beat him very easily indeed by three lengths. Freeman was taken to Doncaster, and with 8 st. 5 lbs. ran second for the Great Yorkshire Handicap in a large field, which by the way included Kingcraft, to whom Freeman was giving 1 lb. Marie Stuart on the following day won the Leger, beating her stable companion Doncaster by a head, thus showing clearly that a three-year-old in the month of September may be nearly, if not quite, as good as at any time during its career.

Before the Derby of 1876 Forerunner was tried to be 14 lbs.

better than Conseil, five years, who only the week before had won the Manchester Cup, carrying 7 st. 3 lbs. in a field of twelve; and Dalham, who was then in form—is it not written in the book how he was that year second in the Hunt Cup at Ascot, with 8 st. 12 lbs. ?—was beaten very easily a mile at 7 lbs. by Forerunner, yet could he get no nearer than second to Kisber, who was probably on that day an exceptionally good horse. Anyhow, as Ryan, Mr. Houldsworth's trainer, remarked before the race, 'he was the only horse that had ever fairly beaten Springfield at two-year-old, and that should make him worth backing for most Derbies.' What Bend Or was capable of doing at home with his comrades before he won the Derby of 1880 we are unable to state, for the very sufficient reason that he was not tried at all, though we may here mention that *as a yearling* he was better than Ramsbury, a smart two-year-old plater, at even weights! So that his career seems to have been foreshadowed almost from infancy.

Mr. Peck says that Peregrine, who won the Two Thousand in 1881, was in his opinion the best horse he ever tried. Before the Guineas he beat Bend Or at 16 lbs., and on the Saturday before the Derby ran a dead heat with him at 20 lbs.; and that the four-year-old was in his very best form there can be no question, for he had won the City and Suburban easily, giving 2 st. 7 lbs. to Foxhall, not to speak of the victory over Robert the Devil in the Epsom Cup. What manner of horse then must Iroquois have been who beat such a flyer as Peregrine in the Derby? Truly our American cousins were to the front in those days, for in the autumn of that year Foxhall would probably have beaten Bend Or at even weights—another instance of the enormous improvement which the summer months may effect in a three-year-old.

A famous horse in more ways than one is Bend Or. Green in the memory of our readers must be that celebrated lawsuit, the outcome of 'Pavo's' strictures on Mr. Peck's stable management, allusion to which comes fittingly under the head of trials; for it was one in which the 'Morning Post' had a beating of we

forget how many thousand pounds. Nor less celebrated was the investigation into the identity of the mighty chestnut, while the paternity of Ormonde, and of we hope many other winners, will perpetuate the renown of the son of Doncaster and Rouge Rose.

'The Bend Or case' is one of the *causes célèbres* of the Turf, a singular instance of disputed identity, and so instructive as to how such disputes may be and should be guarded against for the future, that an authentic account of it may for all time prove interesting. It created an immense contemporary sensation, and as all pretenders from Perkin Warbeck down to Arthur Orton have had, even after the collapse of their pretensions, a large if not over-intelligent following of believers, so to this day there are many who confidently affirm that Clemence and not Rouge Rose was the dam of the Derby winner of 1880.

The controversy originated in the foregathering of stud grooms at Newmarket in the July Meeting 1879, and happened in this wise.

The Duke of Westminster's servants had come from Eaton in that month to fetch away some brood mares, and while at the station had their attention called to Bend Or, who after winning the Chesterfield was being boxed for his homeward journey to Kingsclere. They made observations over which they pondered, and on their return to Eaton discussed freely this victorious two-year-old, ultimately arriving at the conclusion that the horse they had seen was the offspring not of Rouge Rose but of Clemence—in other words, Tadcaster and not Bend Or.

The following year, Goode, Lord Falmouth's stud-groom, took Lady Coventry to be served by Doncaster at Eaton, and while he was there Sexton, who had charge of Doncaster, unburdened his mind of the verdict arrived at by the saddle-room jury. When he got back to Newmarket, Goode chanced to meet Matthew Dawson, and in the course of a conversation which ensued on the mating of various sires and dams, Dawson mentioned that it was in consequence of Bend Or's prowess and

appearance that Lord Falmouth had sent the two Thormanby mares to Doncaster; whereupon Goode remarked that he had heard that Bend Or was *not* out of a Thormanby mare, and did forthwith his tale unfold, which Dawson subsequently repeated to Blanton, the trainer and part owner of Robert the Devil, who, as all the world *plus* Lord Macaulay's schoolboy knows, had just run second after a tremendous race with Bend Or for the Derby.

Mr. C. Brewer, also part owner of Robert, then sought counsel of Prince Soltykoff, the chief patron of Blanton's stable, and was by him advised to talk the matter over with Mr. Craven, one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, which Mr. Brewer, after a trip to Eaton, where he interviewed Arnull, the Duke of Westminster's stud-groom, accordingly did, and stated his case. Mr. Craven then requested the Duke of Westminster to come and hear this statement for himself. The upshot was, that in the July week at Newmarket a preliminary investigation took place before the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Sir George Chetwynd, however, who was then senior steward, having some pecuniary interest in the result, did not think fit to act, and he nominated Lord Calthorpe as his deputy. Mr. Craven therefore became chairman, Mr. James Lowther being the junior steward. At this preliminary investigation it was decided that the case should be thoroughly sifted and heard out, and the whole of the witnesses were summoned to attend on July 21, at Mr. Lowther's house in Grosvenor Street.

The inquiry lasted for four days, at the end which time the stewards announced that they found 'no bill,' that there were no grounds on which Bend Or could be disqualified.

It appears that the whole of the evidence in support of the theory that a mistake had been made between the two foals emanated from the Arnulls, father and son, who were under notice of discharge from Eaton, and were on the point of quitting that place. Arnull kept, or assumed to keep, a stud-book containing the dates of birth, the marks and colouring of foals, so that in evidence this record must have been proved to

be inaccurate and incomplete. On the other hand, Major Barlow, who was supposed to supervise the Duke's stud, kept, strange to say, no stud-book or record whatever! And it was at this point of the inquiry that the extraordinary fact came to light how few there are amongst breeders of thoroughbred stock who do keep any such register. This, considering the value of the animals produced, the perfect possibility of mistakes occurring, and the disastrous inconvenience which might thence accrue, does strike us as an instance of remarkable and dangerous neglect of interests both public and private. In the particular case under discussion there was exceptional need of accuracy, for Major Barlow had persuaded the Duke of Westminster that his weaned foals did not thrive in the Eaton paddocks; consequently Bend Or and Tadcaster were sent to Newmarket on leaving their mothers' sides, and from that day to the time when the two-year-old Bend Or ran in the Chesterfield neither of the Arnulls had once set eyes on either of them.

It also transpired that, though the Arnulls and Sexton had originally been most positive in their statements as to the markings of the two colts, yet when separately examined they all broke down completely in their descriptive evidence.

Moreover it was a curious thing that, having had, as they declared to the stewards, a knowledge of this matter since July 1879, they should never have made mention of it until they were discharged about the end of June 1880.

On the other hand, the evidence in refutation of the Arnulls' assertions was very strong, and came from witnesses who had not only seen the foals at their mothers' sides, but also afterwards when they were at Newmarket, and again whilst in training as yearlings and two-year-olds.

Thus *exiit in fumo* an episode which we believe to be unique in turf history. That one racehorse has ere now been substituted for another is undoubtedly a fact; it has happened perhaps more often than the world wots of; but in cases where a charge of this nature has been brought, fraud has been

implied or proved, whereas in this instance there was never the faintest imputation of dishonesty against any of the parties concerned. It was an imaginary allegation of 'accidentally changed at nurse;' it was investigated, disproved, and there an end. We have no more to say on the matter, unless it be a word of praise for the thoroughly honourable and straightforward behaviour throughout the whole business of the Duke of Westminster, of Mr. Brewer, of Blanton, and in fact of all those mainly interested in the issue.

No man has accomplished more turf surprises than did Thomas Jennings during the time he trained for the late Count Lagrange; but never did he make the general body of backers and bookmakers 'sit up' so effectually as in the year 1865, when with Gladiateur he made a clean sweep of the three great three-year-old prizes in England, besides the Grand Prix, and such sweet little fish as the Drawing-Room at Goodwood, the Doncaster Stakes, the Newmarket Derby, and the Grand Prix du Prince Impérial at Paris in the autumn, during which series of victories the French champion was only once fairly extended, viz. by Archimedes in the Two Thousand, and once only during his three-year-old career was he beaten, when he essayed the Cambridgeshire hill under the hopeless weight of 9 st. 12 lbs.

That the Count and Jennings had eaten of the tree of knowledge before sending their colt to the post for the Two Thousand, the following trials as clearly demonstrate as does the starting price of 100 to 15 show that they knew when silence was golden. Though for a long time at the head of a great racing confederacy, that inscrutable Count was never known to have been betrayed, either by partners or servants, perhaps because he never told the former anything, and also because he was what Count Paul Daru once described him to be—*un homme qui a toujours su se faire obéir.*

On April 19, the Wednesday in the Craven Meeting, 1865, Gladiateur was tried and thus acquitted himself:—

One mile. All three years old.

Name	Weight	Place
	st. lbs.	
Gladiateur	9 0	First
Argences	8 0	Second
Le Mandarin	8 7	Third
Le Béarnais	8 0	Fourth

On this occasion Argences was the trial horse, he having on the previous day run well up in the Newmarket Biennial won by Kangaroo, whom Lord Hastings immediately purchased from Mr. Padwick at an usurer's ransom for the purpose of winning the Derby.

In ten days time, on April 29, Jennings again tried his Two Thousand candidate, putting in some fresh tackle and increasing the difficulty of the task, with a similarly satisfactory result.

One mile.

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
Gladiateur . .	3	9 0	H. Grimshaw	First
Le Mandarin .	3	7 10	W. Barker	Second
Vivid . . .	5	8 8	Hunter	Third

Of these Vivid had, as a four-year-old, beaten Wingrave, Bathilde, a Cambridgeshire winner, Caroline, a smart mare of Mr. Longfield's, and Moulsey, who was the best horse Lord Bateman ever possessed, at weight for age over the Rowley mile. Note also that Gladiateur was here meeting Le Mandarin on 11 lbs. worse terms than when they were first put together.

Then came the Two Thousand, won by a neck from Archimedes, after what the Calendar describes as a magnificent race, with Liddington only beaten the same distance from the second. Either Gladiateur was not wound up or this was a false run race, for though Archimedes did struggle up third in the Leger, neither he nor Liddington was ever within a street

of the Frenchman. However, a Derby trial was considered necessary, and this is what happened :—

One mile and a half.

Name	Age	Weight	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.	
Gladiateur . .	3	9 0	First
Fille de l'Air . .	4	8 6	Second
Vivid . . .	5	8 6	Third
Soumise . . .	4	8 6	Fourth

Giving 8 lbs. to the winner of the last year's Oaks, and they laid 5 to 2 against him for the Derby.

To each of these three trials is appended the same simple comment—'Won as he liked'—a chapter in four words. He was a difficult horse to train, his fetlock joints, especially when in hard work, causing much anxiety, and on an ankle he bore the scar from one of those paddock fights mentioned in the earlier pages of this volume.

CHAPTER XII.

OVER A DISTANCE OF GROUND.

THE practice of trying horses over a long course, viz. of two miles or upwards, becomes, we are informed, yearly more honoured in the breach than in the observance—as, for that matter, does the running in public over those distances—and comparatively scanty are the illustrations we are able to provide for the guidance of those who may yet wish to subject their horses to this ordeal, which was common enough five-and-twenty years ago.

In 1858, if we may venture to take the reader back so far as that remote period, Mr. George Lambert tried Rocket for the Cesarewitch (which he won from the big field of thirty-five runners), to give Queenstown, also three years old, 19 lbs., two miles, on Lewes Racecourse. The ground was judiciously selected, for they knew Queenstown liked the course, she having won the Lewes Handicap, with 8 st. 1 lb., and Jem Goater on her back, though the company behind her was very moderate. Ridden by Fordham she won this trial. Custance was, of course, on Rocket, but either he came on rapidly, or the party thought there was a mistake somewhere, for a few days afterwards they tried again the same course, at the same weights, and this time Rocket won cleverly. Tame Deer, a five-year-old of Lord Portsmouth's, was also in the trial, but at what weight, or by whom ridden, we know not. J. Goater was probably the jockey.

Rocket's Cesarewitch is very ancient history now, yet that Mr. Lambert can stay as well as anything ever trained in those

punishing gallops at Findon or Myrtle Grove was attested by the confidently anticipated, and well-backed victory of Don Juan in 1883; and people *do* say that, had Marlborough not been coughing, Plaisanterie would have gained no bloodless victory in the Cambridgeshire of 1885, even if her number had been hoisted at all.

Before Julius in 1867 beat the record (long since out-recorded) and twenty-six horses by winning the Cesarewitch with 8 st. on his three-year-old back, he was tried the course with Silenus, a good sort of third-class horse of his own age, and one who had some pretensions to staying power—he had won a mile-and-a-half race at Lewes—and to him Julius presented a stone and a beating of fifty yards from the Bushes home, which would have been at least equivalent to putting Silenus into the Cesarewitch at six stone.

The following story is a remarkable, perhaps almost unique, instance of private trials over long distances, checked in the first place by a trial in public, and afterwards triumphantly vindicated by the actual race.

In 1866, the year in which Lecturer won the Cesarewitch, Mr. F. Swindells owned a horse called Abergeldie, which was entered for that event, and which he fancied could stay; but having nothing of his own to try with, he sought the assistance of a member of the Jockey Club, Mr. W. G. Craven, who being a friend of the Duke of Beaufort, obtained permission to have his mare Gomera, four years old, over from Danebury to Henry Goater's stables at Littleton, and to try her with Abergeldie. A three-year-old filly called Proserpine, up to that time considered a half-miler, and handicapped in the Cesarewitch at 5 st. 7 lbs., was put in to make the running as fast and as far as she could over two miles and a quarter on Winchester Racecourse. She won easily from Gomera, Abergeldie being beaten a long way; he could only stay a mile and a quarter, and, as history relates, won the City and Suburban in the following year. Mr. Swindells then voted Proserpine worth backing, and backed her accordingly.

After this trial John Day, who trained Lecturer, Ackworth, and Gomera, and who had already tried the two former together, tried Gomera and Ackworth, and, by Lord Hastings' desire, informed the Littleton party that Lecturer had 7 lbs. in hand of Proserpine. It is to this act of courtesy that we presume Mr. Swindells' biographers allude, when they describe him as saying on this occasion that 'Old John had him like a rat in a trap.'

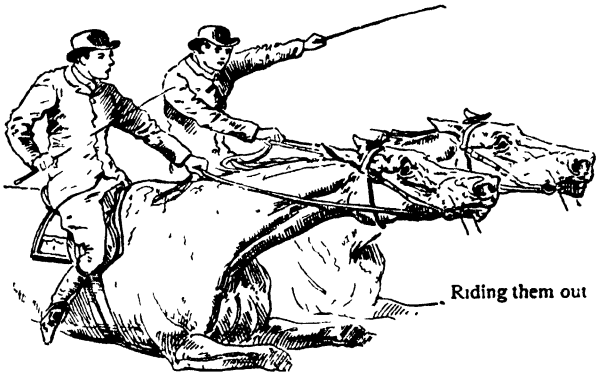
In order to make assurance doubly sure, the Daneburyites then entered Ackworth and Gomera in the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap. In those days the overnight handicaps were *supposed* to be made by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, though in reality the Admiral seldom if ever brooked any interference. On this occasion, however, he very reluctantly gave way to Mr. Craven, one of his colleagues, who was acquainted with the trials, and who told the Admiral that he was 10 lbs. wrong in his estimate of the relative merits of Ackworth and Gomera.

'Will you take the responsibility if you alter my handicap?' said the Admiral. 'Most assuredly I will,' was the reply, and Gomera was put down 10 lbs., the Admiral according to his wont vowing and declaring that he would eat his hat if anything beat her. Fordham rode Ackworth, and Cameron, who had ridden her in the trial, was on Gomera. Pintail, a five-year-old mare belonging to Mr. George Payne, won by three lengths,[1] and there was a head only between the two Danebury

[1] It was notorious that Mr. Payne's horses were always 'beaten a hundred measured yards in the trial.' Pintail, however, may have scrambled within the traditional distance, for she appears to have started first favourite at 5 to 2. He was continually chaffed on the subject of these home failures, being asked when he was going to bring out this wonderful old trial horse that could make everything lie down, &c. As will readily be believed, Mr. Payne could always rather more than hold his own in an encounter of wits, and his assailants usually had the worst of it. Once only do we remember his acknowledging a defeat of the mysterious and perennial schoolmaster. 'Cantinière made him look silly I can tell you,' was all he said. A volume might be filled with the quaint sayings of this extraordinary man, but, after all, they only sound stupid on paper. It was the twinkle in his eye, combined with the otherwise imperturbable set of his facial muscles, that, while he was enunciating the most

trial nags, whose jockeys had orders to ride them out and measure them, so that, as the conjurers say, 'there was no deception,' and 'nothing up anybody's sleeve.'

Admiral Rous did *not* eat his hat, but took it off to his colleague, while reserving to himself the right of eating it if Lecturer won the Cesarewitch, which he did easily by half a length from Lothario, who beat Proserpine a neck for second place; thus the running at Newmarket conclusively proved the accuracy of the trials which had taken place at Winchester and Danebury, though it would be hard to find three more dissimilar courses.



Riding them out

Admiral Rous's hatter, whose name has unfortunately escaped us, was no doubt an intelligent and enterprising tradesman, and as such presumably prosperous in his business; but what a colossal fortune he would have acquired had the Admiral only carried out one half of his threats of devouring

astounding paradox, or making an apparently common-place remark, would send a room full of people into roars of laughter, when the same thing said by anybody else would not have provoked a smile. It mattered not to whom he was talking—the gravest statesman, the most matter-of fact money-grubber, the shyest girl 'out' for the first time in her life, one and all, old or young, left him with the unalterable conviction that G. P. was *the* most delightful companion he or she had ever come across; and this charm of manner never left him to the day of his death, at 75 years of age.

his headgear in the event of public performance falsifying his private prognostications, while the number of horses he would have consumed under similar circumstances would have kept the Badminton kennels in flesh for a couple of seasons.

We have never been able to ascertain with absolute accuracy what Lecturer's trial for that Cesarewitch really was—it has always been given as Ackworth at even weights—yet have we some vague recollection of being told by John of Danebury that it was the Duke who had succumbed at even weights to Lecturer. What, however, we do remember most clearly, is old John's account of his blank astonishment and dismay when Lord Hastings threw to him across the table the folded slip of paper which contained his intentions with regard to the forthcoming trial. John thought the task, whatever it was, an absurd and impossible one. Nevertheless he knew he had to obey orders, for the Marquis was master in his own stable, and brooked no denial. Moreover, as John pathetically remarked, with *him* individually 'it was a case of Lecturer or Whitecross Street,'[1] for he had just been called upon, by the grace of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to meet a dishonoured bill of several thousand pounds, to which, with his usual *accommodating* spirit, he had unwisely appended his name, 'as a matter of form,' and to oblige—well, not Benson. The family exchequer too was at that moment at lowest ebb.

The story of Lecturer being left in by mistake when Lord Hastings, thinking his horses badly treated by the handicapper, sent to strike them all out, and of how this one happening to be entered by Mr. 'Peter' Wilkinson consequently stood, is too old to need more than passing mention.

It was a lucky *coup* all round, and came when most needed.

Let us have a peep behind the scenes of Hayhoe's stable in 1871, the Baron's year *par excellence.*

As soon as Hannah had won the Leger, the Baron knew

[1] That abode of misery, the debtors' prison in Whitecross Street, or, as it was eup roniously called by its inmates, 'Constable's Hotel,' out of compliment to the Governor, was then in existence. It has long since been abolished.

that in all probability he had the Cesarewitch at his mercy with Corisande, and a large sum of money to boot if only he could manage a quiet trial. He accordingly ordered Hannah to be despatched *at once* to Newmarket, greatly to the disgust of his trainer. In vain Hayhoe prayed and remonstrated—Meyer de Rothschild was nothing if not a practical man, and he liked the public to 'follow the Baron,' not to precede him, in the investment of *their* money upon *his* horses. So he had his way, as every owner should. Home went Hannah, and about sunrise on the Friday morning, she and Corisande were tried two miles on the July side at even weights; and the latter won a head.

Beside those immediately concerned not a soul saw this trial except one solitary individual—an important exception too, for he was a well-known Newmarket tout. However, he had his price, and promised not to tell what he had seen, on condition of 'standing' with Joseph Hayhoe. It seems that there is honour amongst touts as well as amongst thieves (almost convertible terms, by the way), and so well did the horse-watcher keep his word, that Mr. Perry, the stable commissioner, was enabled to take 10,000 to 300 on the Saturday.

That the trial was good enough no one could doubt, and Corisande, carrying Maidment and 7 st. 12 lbs., polished off her twenty-six opponents in the Cesarewitch with some ease, amongst them being Cardinal York, who was second, who had won the race the previous year as a four-year-old with 7 st. 8 lbs., and who on this occasion was giving Corisande 16 lbs. for the two years between them, or 3 lbs. more than weight for age.

By parity of reasoning, Favonius should that year have won the Cambridgeshire, had he not been pricked in shoeing; for in 1872, after he had been beaten at Ascot from want of condition by Henry in the Gold Cup, and by Musket and others in the Alexandra Plate, he was put into strong work, and tried with Corisande, to whom he gave a stone and beat her easily, thus proving his form to be, when fit, from 16 lbs. to 18 lbs. better than the two mares.

Verneuil's trials, if he ever had any, are not obtainable; but he was so thoroughly, and in all respects, the *beau ideal* of what a Cup horse ought to be, that any details concerning him must be well placed in a chapter dealing with the champions of the long courses. His great Ascot week (1878), wherein he won the Queen's Vase, 2 miles, the Gold Cup, 2 miles 5 furlongs, and the Alexandra Plate, 3 miles 1 furlong, is a notable feature in turf history, and the betting on that Gold Cup an amusing episode in the annals of the ring.

Silvio, then four years old, was first favourite with 7 to 4 *on* him, St. Christophe, whose Sundays out had been profitably spent in Paris by winning the Prix du Cadran and the Prix Rainbow, and who had in the first-named of these two events beaten his stable companion Verneuil at even weights, was supposed at Ascot to be carrying the bulk of the French money, and was made second favourite at 11 to 2, while 100 to 15 was laid impartially against Verneuil and Hampton, the other two competitors; but Sir Beaumont Dixie, at that time a heavy bettor and one, moreover, who had a playful habit of 'adopting' other people's horses, took it into his head that Verneuil, and Verneuil only, could win. So he proceeded to back the horse till the extent of his investments excited attention even at that plunging meeting. Still he went on backing, and at last the public, ever more ready to believe in the wholly improbable than in the most obvious truth, arrived at the conclusion that he was 'in the know,' and that the mysterious Count had confided to him some secret intention. Many people, indeed, became so impressed with this idea that they saved themselves on the horse, or backed him outright, on the plea that 'Dixie could not go on betting like that unless he knew something,' and when Verneuil cantered home six lengths in front of Silvio, could hardly be persuaded to credit Sir Beaumont's assurance that he was doing his own commission.

It was a good tip for the Alexandra Plate, and those who were out on the week had a first-rate chance of getting home, though a few of the ultra-sharp division pretended to discover

that there was to be a reversal of tactics, and that St. Christophe, who was giving 5 lbs. instead of running with Verneuil at even weights as in the Cup, would win. The fools in their folly suffered accordingly. Much fame accrued to Jem Goater over this threefold triumph.

Verneuil's proportions were so magnificent that they are worth giving. He measured thus :—

	ft.	h.	in.
Height	0	16	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Girth	6	0	6
Round cannon bone	0	0	$8\frac{1}{4}$

and his fore-feet were six inches across.

Naturally he was much coveted by owners for breeding as well as for racing purposes, and soon after his victorious Ascot an American telegraphed to—'Count Lagrange, Jockey Club, Paris'—offering ten thousand pounds for the chestnut.

Unluckily for the Count he was seized with a serious illness on his return to Paris, and was absent from the Jockey Club for three or four months, during which time the hall porter of that establishment never thought of forwarding the message to the Count's private address, but calmly awaited his re-appearance at the Club. He meanwhile had, through T. Jennings, entered into negotiations with M. Cavaliero to sell Verneuil for 8,000*l.* to the Hungarian Government. It is not difficult to imagine the delight of the owner on finding that the carelessness of a club servant had caused a clear loss of 2,000*l.*

'The Druid,' indefatigable in research, as he was incomparable as a turf-writer—perhaps, if we except Whyte-Melville, as a sporting writer altogether—was able to furnish his readers with accounts of several trials for the Ascot, or Goodwood, or other of the great Cups. We have not been so fortunate in our inquiries, possibly because these trophies are the object of less keen competition than was formerly the case, or it may be that the measure of the stayers is more accurately taken in public. Whatever the cause, we have to confess that the only trial for a recent event of this description which has come with-

in our ken, was the celebrated trial match between St. Simon and Tristan in public over the last mile-and-a-half of the Cesarewitch course before the first regular race on Thursday in the Second Spring Meeting of 1884. It was well known that the cause of this friendly contest was to decide which of these two horses should run for the Epsom Cup, as in either case to run for meant to win it. The Duke of Portland said he could not bear to see his horse beaten. M. Lefevre, though he had more than once survived this catastrophe in the case of Tristan, and presumably would have been able to do so again, was by no means anxious unnecessarily to run his faithful servant, who had before him a series of absolutely last performances ; so the match was made as aforesaid, was the medium of a very considerable amount of speculation at 3 to 1, and 100 to 30 on the young one, and ended thus—

Name	Age	Weight	Jockey	Place
	yrs.	st. lbs.		
St. Simon . .	3	8 0	C. Wood	First
Tristan . . .	6	9 9	Webb	Second
Credo . . .	5	6 2	Tomlisson	Third
Iambic . . .	3	5 8	Martin	Fourth

Won without an effort by six lengths ; the others beaten off. St. Simon literally smothered the chestnut the whole way, who ran as he always did, as true as steel, though it was constantly predicted of him that he would one day put his backers in the hole, by stopping to kick, or in some way showing temper. His disposition was not angelic, yet we believe he was never in his life beaten except by a better horse—at the weights *bien entendu.* Credo and Iambic were put in as pace-makers for their respective stables, and a very poor time the pair had of it.

St. Simon of course walked over for the Epsom Gold Cup.

Impenetrable are the mysteries of the Manton stable, yet as it *may* have been over a distance of ground that the celebrated trial took place which was endorsed 'No Effects,' and

which was so graphically described by the late Mr. George Payne, who was at the time in confederacy with Mr. Charles Greville, we will give the narrative in Mr. Payne's own words, as recounted by him at the Turf Club on the evening of the occurrence—his words: but the *manner of the man* cannot be rendered on paper.

Went down with old Greville to Alec's to try—never *was* such a morning. When we got on to the downs it was worse than ever, blowing great guns, and raining in sheets, I give you my word. The e was a haystack with a ladder up against it; decided to make that the winning-post—stuck Greville half-way up the ladder, and told him to look sharp as to how they finished. Says he, 'But I can't see.' 'Not see! Stuff and nonsense, you must see—beautiful day for seeing' [aside: 'Couldn't have seen an elephant fifty yards off to save my life']. Left him. Alec gone to start 'em fair. I went half-way to see what had the best of it there. On they came, thought it as right as the mail. Alec came bustling up, and we cut on as hard as we could to the haystack. 'Now then, Charles, what's won? what's won?' and there he was with his face to the stack holding on like grim death, and his d——d old cloak blown right over his head. 'What's won!' says he. 'How can *I* tell what's won; this thing got over my eyes as soon as you left, and there it's been ever since.' Never *was* such a go! Horses had a regular dusting, boys could tell us nothing. Deuce of a job to get Charles off the ladder; when he was down swore he was wet to the skin, and would have the gout. Hustled him into a fly and drove him to Marlborough; couldn't buy a shirt in the whole d——d place; bought him a smock frock though, and clapped that on next his skin, and it scrubbed him like fun all the long way up to town, I'll be bound. Ha! ha! ha! Now then, who's for a rubber?

Could anybody ever turn a *contretemps* to such good account as G. P.?

Mention has more than once been made in the foregoing pages of the now world-famous Rothschild stud and stable. Their almost accidental origin is no less noteworthy than their subsequent development and success.

In 1842 a lottery was got up in New Court, the renowned Rothschild place of business in the City, for a valuable emerald.

Baron Meyer drew the lucky number, resold the gem to the jeweller who was the original possessor at a small loss, and with the money bought a mare by Defence out of Æmiliana, and named her Emerald. She appeared a few times in public, and ran well in the Oaks, but it was in the paddock that she proved herself not only 'far above rubies,' but the length of a street in front of all other emeralds, for she gave birth to such illustrious offspring as Mentmore, King of Diamonds, Mentmore Lass, the dam of Zephyr (who in her turn became the dam of Favonius), and also of Hannah.

Evening Star by Touchstone, another of the parent stock of the Rothschild stud, was likewise so to speak a come-by-chance. Originally the property of the Marquis of Westminster, he turned her out of training as worthless for racing purposes, and gave her to Mr. Oldaker, the well-known saddler, who passed her on to Baron Meyer. She was covered by Kremlin, won several races while in foal, and produced Daughter of the Star, who bred Venetia, Hippolyta, and Hippia. Daughter of the Star was also goddaughter of Mr. Disraeli, who was staying at Gunnersbury when the filly won a race at Egham, and who then bestowed this name upon her.

With regard to this portion of our work which refers to the home doings of equine celebrities, we cannot adequately express our gratitude and sense of obligation to those owners and trainers who have furnished us with a mass of private information, without which our task had been impossible.

Amongst owners the names of Sir George Chetwynd, Lord Falmouth, Mr. G. Lambert, Captain Machell, General Pearson, Mr. R. Peck, and Mr. L. de Rothschild have been, and are, conspicuous in recent turf history, while the practical skill, judgment, and industry of Messrs. M. Dawson, J. Dover, J. Porter, T. Jennings, and R. Sherrard, rewarded as these qualities have been by a well-merited and oft-repeated success, have long caused these trainers to be recognised as leading members of their honourable guild.

To these gentlemen our best thanks are due, and are here

Scale of Weight for Age.

		March and April	May.	June	July	August	September	October & November
		st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.	st. lbs.
Five furlongs	Two years.	6 0	6 2	6 7	6 9	7 0	7 4	7 7
	Three years	8 2	8 3	8 5	8 7	8 9	8 10	8 11
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 1	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
Six furlongs	Two years.	5 7	5 11	0 0	6 4	6 7	6 12	7 0
	Three years	7 11	7 13	8 1	8 3	8 5	8 7	8 9
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 2	9 1	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
One mile	Two years.	—	—	—	—	—	6 5	6 7
	Three years	7 9	7 11	7 13	8 2	8 4	8 5	8 6
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 4	9 3	9 2	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
One mile and a half	Two years	—	—	—	—	—	6 0	6 4
	Three years	7 7	7 9	7 11	7 13	8 1	8 3	8 5
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 5	9 4	9 3	9 2	9 1	9 0	9 0
Two miles	Two years.	—	—	—	—	—	5 10	5 12
	Three years	7 4	7 7	7 8	7 10	7 13	8 0	8 1
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five, six, and aged	9 6	9 5	9 4	9 3	9 2	9 1	9 0
Three miles	Three years	7 1	7 4	7 5	7 7	7 9	7 11	7 13
	Four years	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
	Five years	9 8	9 7	9 6	9 5	9 5	9 4	9 3
	Six, and aged	9 10	9 8	9 7	9 6	9 5	9 4	9 3

gratefully recorded for invaluable assistance willingly vouchsafed.

We hope that our method of arranging these chronicles by stables, instead of chronological sequence, will prove acceptable to the reader.

For the sake of easy reference we give the scale of weight for age, as at present generally adopted. It may probably ere long be again subject to revision.

CHAPTER XIII.

UPON TRAINERS.

Of the two sister arts, training and riding, which are the chief auxiliaries of the noble sport of horse-racing, there can be little doubt that since the beginning of this century the former has undergone more radical changes and made more decided advances than the latter. Within the memory of many who are still far from old men, two admirable judges of racing have passed away—we refer to Mr. Thomas Thornhill, of Riddlesworth, and to the second Marquis of Exeter—who were always ready to maintain that between the best jockey ever tossed into the saddle and a good stable-boy there was no very great difference.[1] 'Give me three pounds the best of the weights,' Lord Exeter was in the habit of exclaiming with a characteristic chuckle, 'and I will run the match over again to-morrow, with Norman, whom you call "the post-boy," upon mine, and with anybody you like upon yours.' Sir Joseph Hawley, again, was of opinion that a competent jockey could always be found if the horse was good enough. The fourth Duke of Grafton used to say to Robson, his trainer, 'Let us first find the horse, and then it will be an easy matter to find a jockey to ride him.' But between the best trainers of to-day and their predecessors of sixty years ago and more there is, in some particulars, as much difference as between an express train and an old stage-coach. Speaking broadly, there are now, and there have from the beginning been, but two styles of training—the lenient and the severe. No better exponents of these systems could perhaps

[1] We strongly hold a contrary opinion, which every day's experience confirms, as to the very great difference that exists between jockeys, and the advantage of securing the best.—ED.

be found in the last generation than John Scott and John Barham Day; nor would it be easy to pronounce off-hand which upon the whole was the more successful of the two. Both, however, had learnt all that they were capable of acquiring before two-year-old races and short handicaps had begun to reduce all other contests upon the Turf to insignificance, and if either the 'Wizard of the North' or the founder of Danebury had lived thirty years later, he would perhaps have found it a losing game to compete with Matthew and Joseph Dawson or with old Tom Jennings as trainers of early two-year-olds.

Just about the time when John Scott, old John Day, and Thomas Dawson were beginning their careers Robert Robson, who was long spoken of as 'The Emperor of Trainers,' was withdrawing from the profession which had brought him wealth and honour in abundance. Seven Derby winners—Waxy, Tyrant, Pope, Whalebone, Whisker, Azor, and Emilius—went forth to victory at Epsom from Robson's stables at Lewes and Newmarket between 1793 and 1823, and none of the seven ever started for a two-year-old race. It goes, therefore, without saying that in the preparation of competitors for two-year-old spins, and for short handicaps, Robert Robson and his contemporaries were not 'in it' with their modern successors. 'Practice makes perfect,' and in the days when great racehorses like Plenipotentiary and Bay Middleton rarely faced the starter until the Craven meeting of their third year, it could not be expected that trainers should be adepts at getting two-year-olds ready for engagements in March and April. On the other hand, the old school of owners and trainers would never have consented to ruin a big colt like Wild Oats, or a slashing filly like St. Helena, by training them for races calculated to tax their powers prematurely with the result attributed in French phrase to men who are resolved at all hazards '*manger leur blé en herbe.*'

Having made these few initial remarks, we shall proceed to show what strides in advance the art of early training has made since James Edwards, William Chifney, Robert Robson, James

Croft, and Richard Boyce were among its most capable expositors. At the commencement of this year, a nobleman was still living, the venerable Earl of Stradbroke, whose undimmed memory recalled not only the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria, at which he was present in 1812 and 1813 in company with his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, but also the best Newmarket trainers at the close of George III.'s reign.

> To talk with him of other days seem'd converse with old Time,
> He remembered feats of Bunbury and Mellish in their prime;
> Sir Joshua and Filho seem'd but yestreen—from his lips
> Fell tales of colts by Diomed, of matrons by Eclipse.

In a communication recently addressed by the late Lord Stradbroke to a weekly journal, the patriarchal owner of Henham Hall gave the exact particulars of the trials in which Sir Joshua (the property of Mr. Neville, afterwards Lord Braybrooke) took part just before the memorable match at Newmarket in which he beat Filho da Puta in 1816. 'I think it very probable,' said Lord Stradbroke, 'that Filho was a little overtrained. The Chifneys, at whose stables he stood, were notoriously severe trainers.' In another letter, Lord Stradbroke added that Mr. Boyce, to whom Lord Stradbroke's father, Mr. Neville, and Lord George Cavendish (great-grandfather to Lord Hartington) entrusted their horses was 'a most respectable man, but not so clever as Robson and the Chifneys.' In no other way, perhaps, can we more forcibly exhibit the alterations and in some respects the improvements which training has undergone within Lord Stradbroke's lifetime, which ended on January 27, 1886, than by dividing the last seventy-five years into three periods of twenty-five years each.

The first, extending from 1810 to 1835, will comprise the careers of Robert Robson, James Croft, Tommy Sykes of Malton, William Chifney, Richard Boyce, and James Edwards.

Within the second, extending from 1835 to 1860, will be included those of William Edwards, John Scott, old John Day,[1]

[1] Young John Day trained Hermit, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, and Andover, winner of the Derby in 1856.—ED.

To exhaust the materials suggested in the last few lines, it would be necessary to compose a work *à longue haleine.* Within the space at our command, we can at best but hope to trace with substantial accuracy a few typical portraits *en silhouette.*

How crude were the notions of our forefathers about the mystic art of training may be gathered from many books, but most of all from Gervase Markham's work, 'How to Choose, Ride, Traine, and Diet both Hunting-horses and Running-horses'—a work published in 1599, and plentifully cited by Mr. J. P. Hore in the first volume of his interesting 'History of Newmarket and Annals of the Turf.'

In Chapter IV. (says Mr. Hore) Gervase Markham divulges 'The secrets and art of trayning and dietting the horse for a course: which we commonly call running Horses.' After contrasting the cocktail with the racer, and pointing out the difference between the former and a horse whose shape, countenance, and demeanour promiseth assurance of great swiftness, it is necessary, in the first place, to see that being fair and fat, when taken from grass, he conforms, in all points of diet, dress, and order, to the rules and regulations set down and observed in training the half-bred horse. For the space of three weeks or a month he should be fed on wheat-straw and oats. Then hay was substituted for the straw, and bread had to be provided, 'which bread shall be made thus: Take a strike of beans, two pecks of wheat, and one peck of rye, grind these together, sift them and knead them with water and bran, and so bake them thoroughly in great loaves; and after they are a day old at the least your horse may feed on them, but not before.' The orthodox sheeting, exercises, etc., are then set forth in detail. These we need not recapitulate here: suffice it to

say that when within a fortnight of the date of the race many quaint and exacting duties have to be promptly done and performed.

'Now, lastly,' observes our author, in conclusion of this remarkable chapter, 'as touching the day in which your Horse must runne for your wager, thus shall you use him: First, the night before, you shall giue him but a verie little supper, so that he may be passing empty in the morning, when you are to haue him out and ayre him an howre or two before day, taking great care that he empty himselfe thorowly while he is abroade, and then bring him in; and after you have well rubd all his foure legges, and anoynted them thorowly either with Neates-foot oyle, Treane oyle, Sheepes-foote oyle, or Linceede-oyle, all which be the most excellent oyles that may be for a horse. Then give him this food: Take a good bigge penny white loafe and cut the same all out into toastes, and toaste them against the fire, then steep them in Muskadine, and lay them betweene hote cloathes, and dry them, and so give them to your Horse. This be so comforting and pleasant that your Horse's empties shall little aggrieve him. When he hath eaten this, put on his mussell, giue him great store of lytter, unloose his sursingle that his cloathes may hang loosely upon him, and so let him stande to take his reste till the howre in which he must be led forth to runne, not suffering any man to come within your stable, for fear of disquieting your Horse. When the howre has come for you to leade him out, gyrd on his cloathes handsomely, bridle him up, and then take your mouth ful of strong Vinegar, and spirt it into your Horse's nosethrils, whereof it will search and open his pypes, making them apt for the receite of wind. This done, leade him to the race, and when you come at the end therefor where you must unclothe him, having the vinegar carried after you, doo the like there, and so bequeath him and your self to God, and good fortune.' *Che sarà sarà.*

That a great improvement in training was effected between the end of the sixteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century is attested by the following passage which we quote from 'Nimrod's' celebrated, but most inaccurate, article upon the Turf, which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' of July, 1833.

That noble gift of Providence, the horse (writes 'Nimrod'), has not been bestowed upon mankind without conditions. The first demand upon us is to treat him well; but, in order to avail

ourselves of his full power and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature and place him in those of art. The 'Gentleman's Recreation,' published nearly a century and a half ago, must draw a smile from the modern trainer, when he reads of the quackery to which the racehorse was then subjected, a pint of good sack having been one of his daily doses. Another wiseacre gravely informs his readers that only one month is necessary to prepare a horse for a race; but if he be very fat and foul, or recently taken from grass, he might require two. The same authority has also his juleps and syrups, finishing with the whites of eggs and wine internally administered, and chafing the legs of his courser with train oil and brandy. If these worthies could be brought to life again, it would astonish them to hear that twelve months are now considered requisite to bring a racehorse quite at the top of his mark to the post. The objects of the training groom can only be accomplished by medicine, which purifies the system; by exercise, which increases muscular strength; and by food, which produces vigour beyond what nature imparts. To this is added the necessary operation of periodical sweating, to remove the superfluities of flesh and fat, which process is more or less necessary to all animals called upon to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers. With either a man or a horse his skin is his complexion; and whether it be the prize-fighter who strips in the ring, or the racehorse at the starting-post, that has been subjected to this treatment, a lustre of health is exhibited, such as no other system can produce. . . . Some nonsense has been written by the author of a late work ('Scott's Field Sports') about omitting sweating in the process of training; but what would the Chifneys say to this? They are acknowledged to be preeminent in the art, but also to be very severe, perhaps too much so with their horses in work; and without sweating them in their clothes, they would find it necessary to be much more so than they are. It is quite certain that horses cannot race without doing severe work; but the main point to be attended to is, not to hurry them in their work. As to resting them for many weeks at a time, as was formerly the case, that practice has long been exploded, and experience has proved that not only the racehorse, but also the hunter, is best for being kept going the year round—at times, of course, gently. With each, as with man, idleness is the parent of misfortune.

It was well known to 'Nimrod's' contemporaries that he

was a consummate judge of hounds and horses, and of everything connected with what Mr. Delmé Radcliffe calls 'the noble science of fox-hunting.' Mr. Charles James Apperley's or 'Nimrod's' books, such as 'Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the Choice of Horses and their Management' (London, 1831); 'Northern Tours, a Description of the principal Hunts in Scotland and the North of England' (London, 1838); 'The Life of a Sportsman' (London, 1842), possess a value from which time can subtract little: but they have reference solely to the hunting-field. 'Nimrod' was also a fairly good coachman and judge of driving, and had at any rate a long and practical acquaintance with the mails and stage-coaches running upon the great high roads which led to London. But when it came to writing about horse-racing, he had to acquire most of his information at second-hand. As a gentleman jockey he occasionally put in a not discreditable appearance at Hunt meetings, but the frequenters of Newmarket hardly knew him by sight, and he had at best but scanty knowledge of the pedigrees and performances of famous racehorses. The results of his unfamiliarity with the Turf may be seen in swarms of inaccuracies which deface the third and least valuable of his 'Quarterly Review' essays. To begin with, it owes many of its best passages to acknowledged and unacknowledged plagiarisms. In addition to long quotations from 'Holcroft's Memoirs,' for which credit is given to that jockey-dramatist, 'Nimrod' borrowed largely from Taplin's 'Sporting Dictionary,' published in 1803, while his sketch of Colonel Mellish, said by 'The Druid' to be the best thing in his Turf essay, was mainly taken from one of Pierce Egan's books. Perhaps, however, the most ridiculous of 'Nimrod's' many mistakes will be found in the following passage:—

> After quitting Newmarket, his late Majesty (George IV.) was a great supporter of country races, sending his horses to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronised the meetings at Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite raceground, where, divesting himself of the shackles of

State, he appeared as a private gentleman and an inmate in Lord Sherborne's family, with the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than ever, and, by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable and agreeable meetings in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses, Fleur-de-Lis, Zinganee, and The Colonel, came in first, second, and third for the Cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

It is not a little remarkable that this last sentence should have been allowed to stand in edition after edition of 'The Chase, the Turf and the Road,' by 'Nimrod,' which the great house of Mr. John Murray has published since 1840. Everyone who was alive in 1830 and took an interest in the Turf during that year could hardly have failed to be aware that the Goodwood Cup won by Fleur-de-Lis was run upon August 12th, and that George IV. died upon June 26. The three horses in question belonged to the 'Sailor King,' William IV., who, when asked by his trainer, William Edwards, what animals were to be sent to Goodwood, characteristically replied, 'Take the whole fleet; I suppose some of them will win.'

It will be inferred, then, that 'Nimrod's' remarks upon the physiology of the Turf do not seem to us deserving of much attention. Moreover we entertain little doubt that Robert Robson, who retired from the active pursuit of his profession in 1828, would have taken exception to 'Nimrod's' words that 'in order to avail ourselves of the racehorse's full power and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature and place him in those of art.' It is notorious that Robson made it his practice to train in conformity with the laws of nature; that he abhorred hot stables; that he aimed always to bring his horses full of flesh to the post; and finally that he set his face resolutely against excessive sweating. So long as Robson lasted, the fourth Duke of Grafton was almost invincible at Newmarket, Ascot, and Epsom; but when Robson ceased to train his Grace's horses, 'the Grafton scarlet' was no longer

the object of terror it had long been. While the Chifneys were persistently inflicting upon their Derby horses eight-mile sweats two or three times a week, Robson won the great Epsom race in 1823 with Emilius, to whom he never gave a sweat at all, and it was a saying often on Frank Buckle's lips that in the preparation of a delicate horse Robson was seven pounds ahead of any other trainer.

It may, in fact, be fairly doubted whether Matthew Dawson, John Porter, Thomas Wadlow, or any other living trainer is superior to Robert Robson, or to his contemporary James or 'Tiny' Edwards, in the preparation of three-year-old horses and upwards for their engagements.[1] It was said of James Edwards, whose chief patrons were the fifth Earl of Jersey and Sir John Shelley, that 'he particularly shone in training Derby horses,' and Mr. J. C. Whyte extols him above all his fellows, as 'having acquired the enviable and difficult science of bringing his horse into a condition sufficient not merely to win one race but many.' There never was a more fiery and hot-tempered animal, and one more difficult to subdue, than Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton, the last Derby winner that 'Tiny' Edwards ever had in his hands. Turning for one moment from the art of training to that of soldiership, we may remark that in General von Müffling's 'Memoir of the Campaigns of 1813, 1814, and 1815,' there is a striking passage which details a conversation in which Napoleon the Great for once did justice to his English rival, for whom it was well known that he habitually

[1] In this connection we may perhaps be permitted to quote the following passage from a letter recently written by Matthew Dawson :—'I do not think the best trainers of to-day are superior, if equal, to Robson, Tiny Edwards, or John Scott in the preparation of three-year-olds and upwards. The younger horses, owing, I believe, to a better system of rearing and of paddock treatment, are more forward and come sooner to hand as yearlings than they did in former days, which, added to a better and more gentle method of training, enables the trainers of to-day to run their two-year-olds earlier, more frequently, and with more precision than they did thirty or forty years ago, and, I may add, with less harm to the animals. How often do we now see two-year-olds run through a season, and winding up, in some cases, by beating the speediest old horses at weight for age in the Houghton Meeting, and coming out in the following spring with fire and stamina quite unimpaired!'

cherished a profound dislike and jealousy. Speaking of the Duke of Wellington Napoleon said, 'In attack he is almost my equal; in prudence and patience he is decidedly my superior.' It is from no disposition to undervalue the present that we pronounce Robson, James Edwards of Newmarket, and James Croft of Middleham, to have been fully the equals and, perhaps, the superiors of any trainer now living, in prudence and patience. The preparation of Filho da Puta for the St. Leger of 1815 by James Croft, and of Bay Middleton for the Derby of 1836 by James Edwards, were, at any rate, manifestations of skill, temper, and patience to which, in the more hurried rush of modern times, it would not be easy to show a parallel.

Between 1810 and 1835 there were, in addition to Robson, Edwards and Croft, two other trainers deserving of special remark. The first was 'old Tommy Sykes,' as he was habitually called, who lived at Norton, near Malton, and occupied the house and stables now in the possession of Charles Lund. Tommy Sykes was nothing more than a rough training groom of the old-fashioned type, and had also the reputation of being under John Gully's thumb; but he was identified with all the early triumphs of the horses which belonged to Mr. Richard Watt of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, by whose successes, chiefly for the Doncaster St. Leger, the foundation of Gully's fortunes was laid. Writing of the latter in 1832, just after he had been elected to Parliament by Pontefract, Mr. Charles Greville says: 'About the same time Gully connected himself with Mr. Richard Watt of Yorkshire by betting for him; and this being at a time when Watt's stable carried all before it, he won large sums of money by Watt's horses.' The secret of the success obtained by Altisidora, Barefoot, Memnon, and Rockingham, who won the St. Leger in 1813, 1823, 1825, and 1833—to say nothing of the mighty Blacklock, who, to Mr. Watt's inexpressible disgust, was beaten by Ebor for the same race in 1817—was that their owner superintended their training no less than their breeding with acute and watchful eyes.

'Dicky Watt' was pronounced by Lord George Bentinck to be the finest judge of a yearling in the world, and many a lesson in Turf management and in the mysteries of pedigrees was imparted to the future owner of Crucifix by the owner of Blacklock in the Bishop Burton paddocks.

Concerning William Chifney, the last of the five trainers whom we have included in the first chapter of our trilogy, a volume might easily be written. It was the custom to speak of him and of his still more famous jockey brother, Samuel, habitually as 'the Chifneys;' but all the credit of training Priam, Zinganee and Shillelagh rested with William, the elder of the two. It is but four-and-twenty years since William Chifney died at the age of seventy-eight, but no Turf writer of a younger generation had energy or curiosity enough to gather up from his lips the fragments that remained, so that nothing might be lost.

For years before his death (says Mr. Rice, in his 'History of the British Turf'), William Chifney had been in very poor circumstances, living in the model lodging-houses at Pentonville, and getting down to his dear Heath when the state of his exchequer admitted of a third-class return ticket to Newmarket. Even then he was sometimes too feeble to get farther than the top of the town, where, with his back to the cemetery wall, he would watch the horses returning to the stables after the races. When it was one of his good days, he braved the blasts of the Heath in an ancient blue coat, and a hat made secure by a parti-coloured bandana. In appearance he was like a tall, thin, elderly clergyman, and rather lame; but he retained all that high-bred manner which marked him as a relic of the Prince Regent's prime. He was garrulous, and *laudator temporis acti*. In his London lodging, or at a Newmarket tavern, he would occasionally gather round him a knot of such as were willing to listen to the traditions of the giants of old. Of his father, of Buckle and Robinson, of Conolly and his own nephew, Frank Butler, he would talk by the hour, but his brother, Sam, he rather affected to pooh-pooh. Then, with pipe in his mouth and a mug of ale before him, William Chifney became 'Sir Oracle,' though it was of men rather than horses that he discoursed, Zinganee being the only animal he ever mentioned with pride.

The father of William and Samuel Chifney died within the rules of the Fleet Prison in 1807 at the age of fifty-two. He had been the Prince Regent's jockey from 1784 until 1804, when he was arrested by a saddler named Latchford for debt and thrust into prison, from which death set him free two and a half years later. He had ridden the Prince's Escape in those two memorable races in 1792 which made his Royal Highness eschew Newmarket for ever, and had written 'Genius Genuine' —a somewhat flimsy performance—in 1795. Like himself, his two sons were destined to bite the hard crust of adversity. When 'Nimrod' wrote his Turf article in the 'Quarterly Review' of 1833, he spoke of 'the houses of the Chifneys at Newmarket as stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale and very handsomely furnished; the Duke of Cleveland occupied apartments in it for several years during the meetings. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and perhaps, barring Crockford's, the best in Newmaket.' Such was the text as it came from 'Nimrod's' pen; but in a note appended at the foot of the page occur the following melancholy words: 'We are sorry to have to state that a reverse of fortune has been the lot of the Chifneys, and that the houses mentioned above are in the hands of their creditors.' Samuel the jockey died at Brighton, a pensioner upon Frank Butler, his nephew, and is buried in Hove churchyard; William died in 1862, as we have already stated, in very poor circumstances. Both brothers were far too easy-going and careless in money matters: but the end of William, who was as industrious and active as Sam was the reverse, should have been very different. It was necessary for a horse to have limbs of iron and a constitution *à toute épreuve* to stand William Chifney's training; but those able, like Priam and Zinganee, to endure it seldom failed to stay home. It was on the model of the Chifneys that old John B. Day, and his two sons John Day and William Day, laid down the rules which guided them in their racing operations, and in his useful and instructive work, 'The Racehorse in Training,' the latter

remarks, 'Show me a better system and I shall be happy to adopt it.'

The second period upon which we have set ourselves to discourse, extends from 1835 to 1860, and includes William Edwards (the son of James Edwards), John Scott, old John Day, John Forth, Thomas Dawson, Thomas Parr, Fobert, Thomas Taylor, the Dillys, Henry Wadlow, and the Kents. At the beginning of this epoch there were but 210 two-year-olds pulled out in the course of a twelvemonth, whereas in 1860 no less than 608 animals of this age faced the starter. Within these twenty-five years, the three-year-olds, of which there were nearly 400 in 1840 against 213 two-year-olds, sank in 1860 below the two-year-olds, of which, in the latter year, there were 608 against 521 three-year-olds. The mischief had thus been started of which, within our own time, it may be truly said:

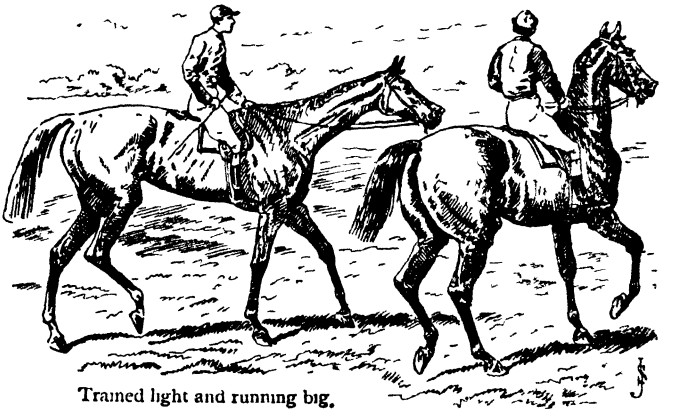
> Hoc fonte derivata tabes
> In patriam populumque fluxit.

We entertain no doubt that the excess of two-year-old racing and of short handicaps has exercised a deteriorating effect upon the noble animal all over the world, and that 'while'—in the words employed by General Peel before Lord Rosebery's Committee—'as good horses are bred now as ever, there are not so many of them relatively to the bad.'

Nevertheless, between 1835 and 1860, the forcing system of training which has now been developed, and especially at Newmarket, to the highest pitch of perfection, had hardly commenced. Perhaps the three most typical trainers of the era in question were John Scott, old John Day, and Thomas Dawson. Whatever other differences there may have been between them, all three were of one mind in requiring a horse, when about to run 'for the stuff,' to be in good condition, but as to what good condition meant there was some diversity of opinion between them. Almost without exception every animal, of whatever age or sex, trained at Danebury by old John Day was brought to the post light. There were horses under his

charge, like Venison, who could thrive on any amount of galloping, and they had it to their heart's content. But of the colts and fillies got by Bay Middleton, which belonged to Lord George Bentinck, and passed through John Day's hands, a vast majority broke down from overwork before they came to the post at all. When Gaper, who gave John Scott the greatest fright of his life in Cotherstone's Derby, left Hampshire as a yearling and was handed over to the Kents at Goodwood, the master of Danebury thought that the horse's legs would never stand training; yet under the able management of the Kents, he started twenty-one, and won nine, times, and was still sound when taken out of training. The truth is, that when old or young John Day got hold of a hardy animal like the Hero, Virago, or Lecturer, they brought him or her to the post fit to run for a man's life. But in the severe system adopted at Danebury as many horses gave way as under the Chifneys. As an instance, we may mention the case of Oulston, by Melbourne out of Alice Hawthorne, who was probably the best horse of his year, except Wild Dayrell. Oulston belonged to Mr. Padwick, and was trained by old John Day at Findon. He was laid against steadily for the Derby, as the public fancied him and stood him for a lot of money, his owner believing all the time that he had as good or a better horse in St. Hubert. After the Derby, for which Oulston did not start, he was pulled out for the Queen's Vase at Ascot, with the expectation that his supposed want of condition would stop him, and that he would run last. To the consternation of his owner and trainer, the horse was never headed and won in a canter, squandering five competitors. Young John Day not unnaturally conceived that if Oulston when in no condition was so good, he could make him a 21-lb. better horse after a few weeks at Danebury. Accordingly, he induced the late Mr. Elwes to give Mr. Padwick 6,500 guineas for the spanking son of Alice Hawthorne. The horse passed into the Danebury stable, and might as well have passed into his grave. For the Ebor St. Leger he met and was easily beaten by Wild Dayrell, who carried 6 lbs. extra for winning the

Derby, and had a leg which prevented his being trained, and broke him down soon afterwards in the Doncaster Cup. Oulston was brought out to run at York as thin as a hurdle, or, in other words, a worse animal by 2 st. than when, with no preparation, he had galloped away with the Queen's Vase at Ascot. Precisely the same circumstance happened in 1884 with Stockholm. The mare won the Goodwood Stakes without difficulty when she had done little work; but when elaborately prepared for the Cesarewitch, in which she was heavily



Trained light and running big.

backed by her party, she ran a 21-lb. worse animal than at Goodwood.

The truth is that nature, like whist, never forgives a mistake. There are horses which require to be trained, as the phrase runs, round a pocket-handkerchief; there are others which can hardly have too much galloping. The error, as it seems to us, of the system adopted by the Chifneys and the Days, is that they treated all their horses alike, and subjected them to a Spartan discipline which some, and, as we think, the majority, could not endure. William Day tells us, in his 'Racehorse in

Training,' that John Scott tickled the public taste by making believe that horses ran best when fat. 'In reality, the horses which he ran big were those that were bad. His good horses he took care to run light, as other experienced trainers did.' William Day adds that the lightest two-year-old he ever saw run was Dervish at Epsom, and the lightest three-year-old West Australian at Doncaster. But he forgets that against these two instances may be set a host of others, in which horses trained at Whitewall ran big, and won great races. There are few now living who witnessed and can recall Satirist's St. Leger in 1841. Yet it is notorious that Lord Westminster's colt was at least a stone worse than Coronation, whom he beat by superior condition: that condition did not prevent his coming big to the post—a requirement which the Marquis of Westminster exacted from his trainer in regard to all the Eaton horses. One of the finest manifestations of John Scott's judgment was displayed in connection with Mr. G. Watts's Irish colt, The Baron, who was beaten in 1845 for the Liverpool St. Leger, and with whom John Scott undertook to win the Doncaster St. Leger about seven weeks later, if the horse were sent to Whitewall. That promise was faithfully carried out; and when The Baron won the St. Leger, and again when he won the Cesarewitch, he was pronounced by the great Sir Tatton Sykes to be fit to carry a heavy man out hunting. Again, the condition of Lord Derby's Canezou, when she ran second, after a desperate race, to Lord Clifton's Surplice for the St. Leger of 1848, left nothing to be desired on the score of bigness. The fact is that, trained light, Canezou could not beat a hack. Finally, no animal ever came to the post in more superb fettle than Newminster, when he won the St. Leger of 1851, and, being the most delicate of horses, he required very gentle and judicious handling. There were undoubtedly some legitimate grounds for censuring the administration of John Scott's stable, upon which we need not touch; but in his diagnosis of the animal entrusted to his charge, no trainer ever had a clearer vision than the 'Wizard of the North.' His preparation of three-year-olds and of old

horses, when he wished them to go to the post in first-rate form was admirable, and, alone among trainers, he never allowed his Derby or St. Leger favourite to gallop on the day before the race. As regards the training of two-year-olds, he had become an old man before he seriously understood that thenceforward he would have to regard it as the most important part of his professional business.

Perhaps the best all-round trainer of the three was Thomas Dawson, from whom his three brothers—Matthew, Joseph, and John Dawson—learnt in great measure the mysteries of their difficult and responsible craft. Thomas Dawson, who trained at Middleham from 1830 until he died there in 1881, was not supported, as a rule, by such wealthy and fashionable patrons as gave their adhesion to Danebury and Whitewall. He dealt, therefore, with a rougher class of animal than his two great rivals, and turned them, as it must be admitted, to excellent account. Perhaps the brightest exemplification of his skill was displayed in the preparation of Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet for the St. Leger of 1842, of Admiral Harcourt's Ellerdale for the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 1847, and of his Ellington for the Derby of 1856. It was always the keynote of Tom Dawson's system, as of that of his three brothers, that horses differ as much in temperament and constitution as human beings. A recent writer has spoken of him thus :

> Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Middleham, is the originator of the modern and improved system of training thoroughbreds. He was the first to see the fallacies of the old method, and to act upon his own well-considered opinions. He did away with the drenchings, profuse sweatings, and short supplies of water, introducing in their stead plenty of old oats and hard work. Mr. Matthew Dawson to this day often quotes 'My brother Tom' as an oracle on horseflesh, and the thanks of owners are justly due to him for the radical and salutary change he has effected in the training world.

Upon this passage we may remark, first, that Joseph Dawson was more in the habit of quoting 'my brother Tom' with

admiration than Matthew Dawson has ever been; and, secondly, that, as we have already shown, the first great improvement in the art of training was introduced at Newmarket by Robert Robson. It is true, however, that a finer trainer than Thomas Dawson, especially for long-distance races, never entered a loose box, and, like all his brothers, he deservedly enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best fellows and most honest men that ever breathed.

Before quitting the second chapter of our trilogy, we have a few words to say upon the vast advantage which it is to a trainer to have a good wife. Two of those mentioned in our list—old John Day and William I'Anson—owed almost everything to the women whom they married early in life, and found, in Solomon's words, to be more precious than rubies. There is no calling, indeed, in which industry, early rising and sobriety are of more value than in that of a trainer, and its richest prizes fall, as a rule, to those who most deserve them by hard work, rigid attention to business, and temperate habits.

This portion of our narrative will not be fitly closed without a brief recital of the labours endured by the still living John Kent when he trained for Lord George Bentinck and the late Duke of Richmond, between 1841 and 1846.

During most of that time John Kent, junior (his father was still living, but the heat and burden of the day fell upon the son), had under his charge about 120 horses in training, 60 brood-mares, from 40 to 50 yearlings, and the same number of foals, four or five stallions, and 28 cart-horses. The latter were constantly employed to do work upon the racecourse and gallops at Goodwood, such as removing soil, rolling turf, making roads, and carting tan from Chichester. Turning from the equine to the human contingent, we find that John Kent had 95 men and boys to manage in the stables, 14 or 15 in the paddocks, and at one time not less than 125 labourers engaged in making and improving the gallops upon which the squadron of horses in training took their exercise. Five women were also employed daily in filling in and levelling the tracks

and indentations made by the feet of the horses when they galloped. On the average of each year Kent had from 40 to 50 horses running at the Goodwood meeting, and one year he started no less than 75 during the four days, all of which he saddled with his own hands. Upon one occasion the home stable won 14,000*l.* (then regarded as an enormous sum) during the week, including such stakes as the Ham, Gratwicke, 300 sovs. for four-year-olds, 300 sovs. for two-year-olds, the Lavant, the 200 sovs. for two-year-olds, the Racing Stakes, and several more. The engagements which Kent made yearly for Lord George were enormous, involving in forfeits alone such annual sums as 15,000*l.*, 16,000*l.*, and, in 1845, 18,000*l.* As might naturally be expected, the management and control of such a stud imposed an amount of labour upon its head the like of which no other trainer was ever subjected to. Lord George, as Mr. Greville says of him, 'did nothing by halves;' and his correspondence with Kent, consisting often of letters filling four, five, and even six sheets of note-paper, gave earnest of the capacity for work which he devoted during the last two years of his life to his newly-assumed duties as a politician. It will readily be believed that Kent seldom had more than four hours in bed, and that during the racing season he was travelling most nights, always, however, in a first-class railway carriage, upon which Lord George insisted for more reasons than one. The annual expense of travelling with Lord George's horses amounted to about 3,500*l.* or 3,600*l.*; but, before the railway era had commenced, the work of getting from Goodwood to various race-meetings was still more laborious. It took, for instance, seven days to go with horses from Goodwood to Newmarket, four to Epsom and Ascot, and nearly a fortnight to Doncaster. In a single day Kent had often to employ three horses, under saddle or in harness, to get through the work. After the introduction of vans, first designed by Lord George in 1836, the expenses of locomotion were prodigiously augmented. In order to convey his horses to the scene of action, it was frequently necessary for Kent to leave Goodwood with three double and two single vans,

which altogether required eight pairs of post-horses to drag them, at a cost of two shillings per mile for each pair, including ostler, post-boy, and turnpike gates. Not a single race-horse would Lord George ever allow to travel on the hoof when vans had been introduced. Even his yearlings were conveyed in vans from Danebury to Goodwood; and Kent, who superintended their removal himself, had to travel backwards and forwards day after day with three double vans, starting from Goodwood at 4 A.M., and getting back there at 8 P.M. —the distance there and back being 94 miles—each day.

Gaper (wrote Kent recently to a friend) was broken as a yearling by me. He ran three times as a two-year-old in 1842, winning a small stake at Goodwood, and the Criterion at Newmarket, in which he beat Cotherstone. He ran fifteen times as a three-year-old, and won seven races. Like his sire, Bay Middleton, he was a very high-couraged horse, and did not like to be checked or harshly ridden, to which Sam Rogers more than once subjected him. In his trials at home he was a good horse, Abdale being upon him, without whip or spur. About a week before the Derby he beat Discord, an old horse, a long way at 7 lbs. over a mile and a quarter, and with four others in the trial. Discord then went to Epsom and won the Craven Stakes, beating Alice Hawthorne and Knight of the Whistle. As regards my personal labours and fatigues, I have long felt certain that I could not have endured them but for great abstemiousness and non-smoking. When Princess Alice won the Champagne at Doncaster, Lord George gave instructions that, in addition to supplying champagne at the dinner held that evening at the Turf Tavern (then kept by Mrs. Bowe, the widow of Mr. Bowe, in whose name his Lordship's horses used once to run), an unlimited amount of wine of all kinds was to be distributed. I remember that my bill for the extra wine and cigars consumed that evening was 73*l.* Again, when Miss Elis won the Goodwood Stakes and Cup in 1845, Lord George won 26,000*l.*, and gave presents to everyone employed in his racing establishment. All this was a great tax upon me, and at last my health gave way, and I was obliged to rest for a time, but soon recovered, and think I could go through the whole again as well as ever.

Such was the every-day life of a still active and evergreen

trainer, who certainly was not 'rocked in the cradle of luxury;' nor was he of the same type as some of his modern successors. John Kent and his contemporaries belonged to a very different school, and the labours which he ordinarily endured were greatly augmented when Lord George was at Goodwood. Upon those occasions John Kent, after passing the whole day with his exacting master, was frequently sent for after dinner, and kept up until 1 or 2 o'clock A.M. Whenever Kent went to London, Lord George's positive orders were that he should report himself at Harcourt House, Cavendish Square, be the hour of his arrival what it might.

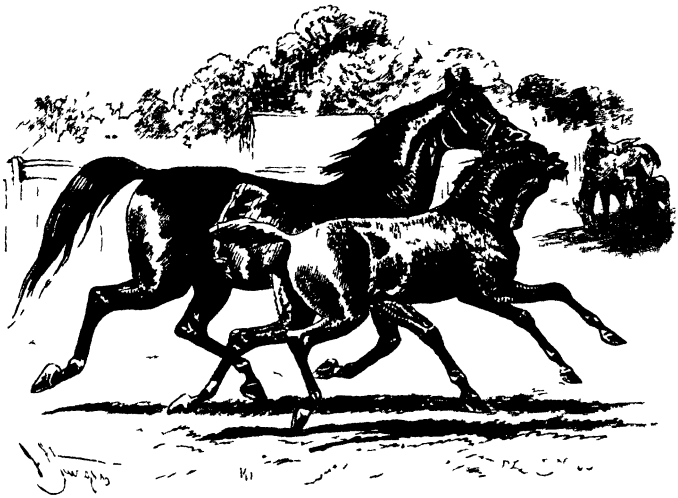
Sometimes (he adds) I was engaged trying a few horses, and exercising others at 3 P.M., when I would set out for London. Upon arriving, I used to go to White's Club, in St. James' Street, where his Lordship dined, generally about midnight. He would talk to me the whole time at dinner, and for some time after, and would then order a cab and drive with me to Harcourt House, where he kept me talking till three, four, or even five o'clock in the morning. I then had to leave London by the first train, and frequently had only time to wash and eat breakfast, which his Lordship ordered for me. I verily believe that if I could have fancied fried sovereigns I should have had them at his table. There was, in fact, no limit to his Lordship's thoughtfulness and kindness. For such a noble and generous master I felt I could never do enough. If supported by energy, zeal, and fidelity, his Lordship would provide means to any extent.

We come now to the last act in our little drama, which essays within a few brief pages to sketch the outlines of an art which has been in vogue ever since Gervase Markham published his quaint old book in 1599, and even from a still earlier date. Between 1860 and 1885 the exhaustive system of discounting the prowess of a three-year-old by running him ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty times as a two-year-old, has established itself so firmly as to forbid its eradication in the years to come. We have no objection to the early and repeated starting of small and compact two-year-olds, and it is of course possible that the totally unparalleled victories of The Bard in 1885

may have no ill effect upon his performances later in life. For better or for worse, it seems to be an inexorable law that nearly one thousand two-year-olds should now be stripped in public during the course of each successive twelvemonth, and, such being the case, no nation in the world can compare with ours in the skill of the trainers who handle and bring again and again to the post young and delicate racehorses, which, in the words employed by Edmund Burke in a very different connection, 'are still in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of maturity.' The method seems to answer, in that it sheds increased lustre upon the Turf by the excellence of the two-year-olds which it brings to the post. For many years there has not been such a batch of good youngsters seen in public as Minting, Ormonde, Saraband, The Bard, Philosophy, Bread-Knife, Braw Lass, Kendal, Modwena, Gay Hermit, Travancore, Mephisto, Volta, Miss Jummy, The Devil to Pay, Jacobite, Ste. Alvère, Deuce of Clubs, and Prince Io. Had it been possible that a race between this lot could take place for the Two Thousand Guineas or Derby, it would have pleaded trumpet-tongued for the style of Turf management which could produce a contest invested with so thrilling an interest. The old school of trainers would have been powerless to do full justice to the host of fine upstanding two-year-olds which went into winter quarters after the season of 1885. It remains for us at present to describe in a few words the arts and appliances by which animals not yet twenty-four months old are able to wear the appearance of mature hunters presented by Minting, Ormonde, Saraband, Kendal, and Gay Hermit.

Of the forcing system now applied to stallions, brood-mares, foals, and yearlings, there were no two better exponents than the late Joseph Dawson and the late William Blenkiron. As regards his stallions, the latter exacted from them as much slow exercise as a first-class rider across country imposes upon his hunters in the months of September and October. Residents in the neighbourhood of Eltham were familiar with the spectacle of Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Marsyas, Breadalbane,

King John, and other sires, as they walked or trotted for hours daily along the adjacent roads, led by a man on foot, or in some cases by one mounted on a pony. As regards their brood-mares, the old slovenly system which found favour in the eyes of Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir Charles Monck, Admiral Harcourt, Sir Tatton Sykes, and Thomas Dawson, gave place, under the supervision of Joseph Dawson and Mr. Blenkiron, to greater discrimination in the choice of food and to less exposure to rain



'Many a foal wore the appearance of a yearling.'

and weather. When the foal was born, Joseph Dawson was of opinion that 'the best was not good enough for him.' However fecund a milker his mother might be, the founder and owner of Bedford Lodge insisted that the foal should drink the richest Alderney milk. Stimulating food of all kinds, suited to his delicate digestion and tempting to his immature appetite, was placed within his reach, the result being that, before Christmas came round, many a foal gambolling in the paddocks behind Joseph Dawson's house wore the appearance of a yearling.

Shortly after the first recurrence of his birthday, the youngster began to stretch himself out in the gallop as though he understood the business for which he had come into the world. The finest Scotch oats, imported to Newmarket from the Carse o' Gowrie, and crushed before consumption, old hay (such as the last Lord Wilton but one, or Mr. Stirling Crawfurd, would have given to their hunters), mixed with carrots or vetches, expanded the youngster's powers, assisted his growth, and tended to convert him into a galloping machine. His handling when broken, his early trials in the autumn, and the training to which he was subjected throughout the winter, if wanted to run at Lincoln or Northampton, had the natural effect of developing in him a precocity at which John Scott and the trainers before him had no notion of aiming. Such was the system by which Joseph Dawson gained his reputation as a consummate artist in the preparation of early two-year-olds, a system in which Matthew Dawson and Thomas Jennings are equally proficient.

Critics who believe that the highest aim and object with which the thoroughbred foal comes into the world is not that he should be a superlative two-year-old, and should go out of training at the end of his third year, have abounded in the past, and will, we entertain no doubt, continue to abound in the future. The three most noticeable members of this school within the last thirty years were Sir Charles Monck, of Belsay Hall, Northumberland; Mr. Thomas Parr, of Benhams, near Wantage; and Mr. E. Phillips, of Bushbury, near Wolverhampton. Each of the three owned and bred a lot of good horses in his time, and each was always ready to maintain his unalterable conviction that superior three-year-olds and stout mature horses are more likely to be secured by scanty food, including hardly any oats, by rough treatment, and plentiful exposure to the elements in their youth, than by the forcing and pampering system which goes to the creation of Brocklesby and Althorp Park winners. 'I give them plenty of Belsay grass, hay, and water, and nothing else,' exclaimed Sir Charles Monck to a friend with whom he was inspecting the Belsay yearlings, among which

Vindex,' by Touchstone out of Garland—the winner of the Champagne Stakes in 1852, and as fine a colt as ever looked through a bridle—was included. Thomas Parr maintained that to the Spartan discipline, the ice-cold stables, the one light rug over their loins in the depth of winter, and the scanty feeds of oats with which he regaled the appetites of his horses, were due the successes of Fisherman and Rataplan, of Weathergage, Mortimer and Saucebox. To a still higher degree, however, than the other two, Mr. Phillips of Bushbury carried the starving *régime* to which he attributed the birth in his paddocks of Truth (by the Libel), who won the Cambridgeshire in 1851, of Gunboat, Lifeboat and Kohinoor. Among the freaks and vagaries of the 'Stud Book'—that storehouse so suggestive of endless thought and study to those who are capable of digesting it aright—nothing is more curious than the history of Sir Hercules, by Whalebone out of Peri—one of the most celebrated stallions ever reared in these islands. Sir Hercules was born in 1826 and died in 1855. Three or four years before his death he became the property of Mr. Phillips for a few sovereigns. When he reached Bushbury the gallant old horse was a bag of bones. Under the judicious care of Mr. Phillips he soon revived, and from the first mare mated with him, when he was twenty-seven years old, sprang Gemma di Vergy. In the same year (1853) Sir Hercules got Gunboat, in 1854 Lifeboat, and in 1855 Topsail—all of them being from the same mare, Yard Arm by Sheet Anchor.

We have perhaps said enough to indicate our conviction that in the management of big three-year-olds and four-year-olds, it would be hard for any modern trainer to teach much to Robson, Edwards, Croft, the Days, John Scott, the Kents, or Tom Dawson. It is, however, equally certain that the best living professors of the art of preparing horses for their engagements have made enormous strides in advance of their predecessors as regards the rapid development of two-year-olds, and the faculty of bringing them out to run frequently in public. We must not omit to notice that in transporting his horses

backwards and forwards from England to France, and getting them to run up to their best form in both countries within a few hours of their arrival from a long land and sea voyage, Tom Jennings has had no rival for the last thirty years.

To these giants of the past a younger generation of trainers, not inferior in merit to their able predecessors, is rapidly succeeding. At Newmarket, Joseph Cannon, private trainer to Lord Rosebery; Hayhoe, acting in the same capacity to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild; Gilbert, who trains for Lord Cadogan; Charles Archer, who numbers 'Mr. Manton' among his employers; and young John Dawson, who is patronised by Lord Ellesmere and Mr. Rupert Carrington, give excellent promise of attaining the highest position in their trying profession. At Danebury, Thomas Cannon, although blessed thus far with little luck, is so intelligent and well-mannered, and has such sympathy with the horses under his charge, that we trust a revival through his agency of the ancient glories of the Stockbridge Downs is not far distant in the future. John Porter, honoured at Kingsclere with the distinguished patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Westminster, maintains the record of triumphs he won in Sir Joseph Hawley's era. The mention of Sir Joseph Hawley also specially calls to mind Alex. Taylor, of Manton, a thoroughly honest and most capable man, who has in his time done admirable service for Sir Joseph, Mr. George Payne, Mr. Charles Greville, the Marquis of Ailesbury, Mr. Stirling Crawfurd, of bygone celebrities, and still gives the most complete satisfaction to the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. 'Manton,' and other employers. Among the many races which have been won by horses under Alex. Taylor's care may be mentioned the Derbies of 1851 with Teddington and of 1878 with Sefton; the Oaks of 1881 with Thebais; the St. Leger of 1860 with St. Albans, and of 1878 with Craig Millar. At Beckhampton, young Sam Darling has enlarged and improved the stables formerly occupied by the horses of Sir William Gregory and Mr. Graham, and bids fair soon to turn out another Clermont, and another Regalia and Formosa. At

Lambourne, Humphreys and Jousiffe are steady, careful, and vigilant trainers; while at Stanton, Thomas Wadlow still exhibits the same skill and secrecy which long ago won him the favour of the first Lord Wilton, and of that superlative judge of racing, Colonel Henry Forester.

Finally, there is one trainer—the *doyen* of his profession—who has just retired from the command of the largest and most successful training establishment in the world, to enjoy, we hope, many years of well-earned repose. It is now not far from six-and-fo ty years since Matthew Dawson accompanied Lord Kelburne's Pathfinder from Gulhane in Scotland to Epsom, where the colt ran unplaced for the Derby of 1840. From that day to this the same experienced trainer has been actively and laboriously engaged in the pursuit of a profession which has brought him abundant laurels, and crowned him with as many triumphs as ever fell to any of his predecessors or contemporaries. To enumerate the winners of the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Two Thousand, One Thousand, and of a hundred other races—winners which have come forth from Matthew Dawson's stables at Middleham, Russley, and Newmarket—were equivalent, in Virgil's phrase, 'to counting the waves which beat on the Libyan shore.' The last year of his career at Heath House witnessed, perhaps, the proudest of Matthew Dawson's many triumphs. With Melton, despite the horse's bowed sinew, he carried off the Derby and St. Leger; with Minting, one of the biggest and heaviest two-year-olds that ever ran, he achieved five victories without once experiencing the bitterness of defeat. As Sir Joshua Reynolds, lecturing for the last time at the Royal Academy, desired that the final words syllabled by his lips in that place should be 'the immortal name of Michael Angelo,' so we cannot end this necessarily brief and imperfect disquisition upon trainers more appropriately than by recommending future votaries of that arduous craft to emulate the unblemished integrity, the strict attention to duty, and the large-hearted sympathy which have won world-wide fame for Matthew Dawson

CHAPTER XIV.

UPON JOCKEYS.

ALTHOUGH it is the fashion among the younger generation to imagine that every winner of a handicap who carries an unusually high weight is 'the horse of the century,' it is obviously becoming difficult to apply this high-sounding and hypothetical title to each of the swift succession of animals by which the record of the past has been broken of late years. Within the last decade the title in question has been bestowed upon eight animals—Rosebery, Isonomy, Barcaldine, Robert the Devil, Foxhall, St. Gatien, St. Simon, and Plaisanterie—the last five of which established their right to bear the title at the early age of three years. In like manner, we shall probably awaken irritation in the breasts of those who have not been on the Turf for more than a dozen years if we say that there have been many jockeys between 1785 and 1885 who were at least the equals of the four or five 'consummate artists' now lauded and extolled to excess by the contributors to the daily sporting press. There are, to say the truth, certain exercises and accomplishments in which the human frame cannot attain a higher perfection in one age than in another; and of these the art of jockeyship is undoubtedly one. Similarly (if we may use such a comparison), Lord Macaulay tells us, in one of his famous essays, that 'as regards natural religion —revelation being for the moment altogether left out of the question—it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favourably situated than Thales or Simonides.' Between the perfection of Job Marson's finish upon Nutwith for the Doncaster St. Leger of 1843 and Fred Archer's pre-

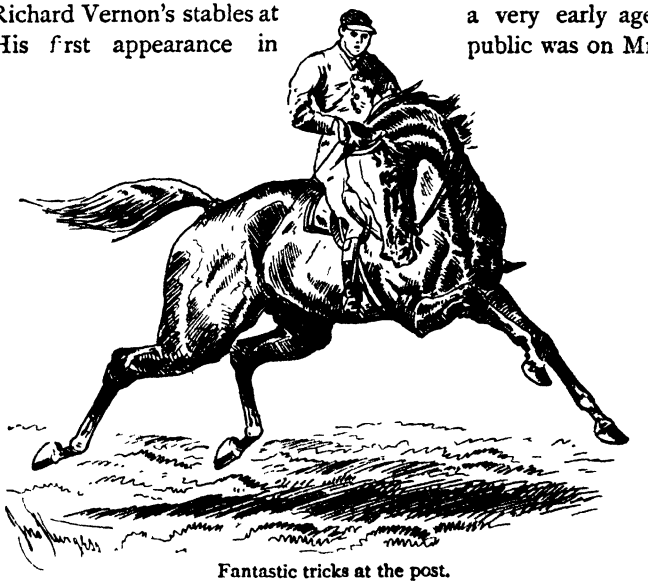
cisely similar finish upon Jannette for the same race in 1878, there is, for instance, no more difference than between the value of the rationalistic speculations as to the immortality of the human soul indulged in by Thales twenty-five hundred years since, and those indulged in by Benjamin Franklin at the close of last century. Putting revelation aside, to which Thales was anterior, and in which Franklin was no believer, the earlier philosopher had before him just the same evidences of design in the structure of the universe, arguing the existence of a Creator, as were open to the later. Thus, if we may be permitted for a moment to compare the very little with the infinitely great, there was nothing conducive to skill in horsemanship which Frank Buckle, who flourished from 1783 to 1831, had not as much at his command as the celebrated jockey who won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Epsom Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris, and the Doncaster St. Leger during the year 1885. We may go farther, and say that Frank Buckle—gifted, perhaps, with as fine a character as a professional jockey ever bore—was as great a favourite with our predecessors of three generations since as any of his living successors is with the racing world of to-day. When, in 1823, Buckle (for the third time) carried off the Derby and Oaks, upon Mr. Udny's Emilius, and the Duke of Grafton's Zinc, 'poetry,' in Pierce Egan's words, 'greeted him with her laudings,' which we here present to our readers :—

Though long by the beaux reduced to disgrace,
The Buckle's the gem, and the pride of the race.
For, lo ! this bold jockey's neat dexterous strokes
Have crowned him the conq'ror of Derby and Oaks ;
When back'd by this rider's consummate address
The high-mettled racer feels sure of success.
Eclipse was the horse of all horses that ran,
But whate'er be our horse, surely Buckle's the man.
Oh ! where is a match for a treasure so rare !
Look round the wide world and ye'll ne'er find a pair ;
For, trained to the Turf, he stands quite alone,
And a pair of such Buckles was never yet known.

We propose in the next few pages briefly to analyse the performances in the pigskin of some of the greatest ornaments of the British Turf from the commencement of this century to the present hour. Among the dead, there will pass under our review such masters of the art of race-riding as Francis Buckle, Samuel Chifney the younger, James Robinson, Harry Edwards, J. B. Day, William Scott, Tommy Lye, Job Marson, Sam Rogers, Elnathan Flatman, Francis Butler, Alfred Day, 'Tiny' Wells, Thomas French, and Thomas Aldcroft; while among the living, George Fordham, Henry Custance, John Osborne, James Snowden, Fred Archer, Fred Webb, Thomas Cannon, and Charles Wood will naturally claim notice in these pages. The list both of dead and living jockeys deserving of mention might, perhaps, be still further extended, but we doubt whether we have omitted from it a single name borne by a professional horseman of the very highest rank. Thus from the dead we have excluded Sim Templeman, Charles Marlow, Sam Darling, Arthur Pavis, Patrick Conolly, and James Grimshaw, as belonging to those who, in French parlance, 'brillent au second rang;' while among the living there will doubtless be two or three whom their admirers would wish to add to our category. We have, however, set ourselves a task which will more than exhaust the patience of our readers and the space at our command. Every variety of riding and of character demands investigation and analysis at the hands of those who undertake, however perfunctorily, to glance at the careers of the twenty-three jockeys named above. Among the dead we have included but one—Tommy Lye—whose performance in the saddle was not of the highest class, and him we select more 'to point a moral' than to 'adorn a tale.'

'We may venture to aver' (exclaimed 'The Druid,' in his 'Post and Paddock') 'that a more brilliant quartet of horsemen than Buckle, Chifney, Robinson, and Harry Edwards never issued side by side from the Ditch stables.' Mr. John Gully, who was as intimately acquainted with the *dessous des*

cartes of the Turf as any man of his time, has left on record the opinion that, within his experience, which hardly extended beyond 1856, he had known but three inflexibly honest jockeys. His caustic remark applied, of course, to professional horsemen who are now no more, and we shall be wounding no susceptibilities by saying that in Mr. Gully's incorruptible trio Frank Buckle was included. The latter was the son of a saddler at Newmarket, and commenced as a lad in the Honourable Richard Vernon's stables at a very early age. His first appearance in public was on Mr.



Fantastic tricks at the post.

Vernon's bay colt Wolf, in 1783, when he rode 1 lb. short of 4 st., including his saddle. He continued riding in public until his sixty-fifth year, and from first to last he could go to the scale at 7 st. 11 lbs. with ease. At the very end of his career he showed that his nerve was still unshaken by winning upon Lord Exeter's Green Mantle in the Second October Meeting of 1828, after the mare had played all sorts of fantastic tricks at the starting-post.

And here we may remark that the style in which Buckle and his great contemporary, Sam Chifney, particularly shone was in riding a waiting race. Like Frank Butler and Alfred Day in a later generation, they both abhorred making running, and in this respect both fell under the lash of that consummate judge of racing, the late Mr. Thomas Thornhill of Riddlesworth. 'None of your lying off and winning in the last stride for me,' would the owner of Euclid exclaim, with an oath which shook his ponderous frame. 'Lie right in front from the first, and if your horse has a fancy to make running, indulge him with the lead. I'll warrant that he'll get home as well as any of the others.' The Squire of Riddlesworth was of one mind in this respect with Jacob, the stout blacksmith who for many years shod John Scott's horses, and was in the habit of addressing a remonstrance more forcible than polite to Frank Butler, when the latter was tossed into the saddle to ride a Whitewall favourite. 'If I win by the length of my arm, Jacob, won't that do as well,' inquired the great jockey, 'as a couple of lengths?' 'Nay, lad, thy foin finishes shorten a man's loif,' rejoined the blunt blacksmith, in his racy Yorkshire dialect. 'What's t'use of having a nag fit to roon if thee wonna mak' use on 'im?'

It is well known that Robert Robson, 'The Emperor of trainers,' had a great antipathy to jockeys who, in days long anterior to railways, performed their journeys upon wheels. For this reason Frank Buckle, who was for many years the first jockey in Robson's stable, found it necessary to keep some of the best hacks that ever stepped. Although the winner of the Derby five times, of the Oaks seven times, of the St. Leger twice, and (in his own words) 'of all the good things at Newmarket,' never had occasion to exhaust himself by hard sweating, the life of a jockey between 1800 and 1830 was very different from that of his successors between 1850 and 1880.

If we compare (says William Day, in his 'Race-horse in Training') the work done in old days by jockeys with what is done to-day, we shall find how great are the extremes, and, it may be added, how different the work done by stable-lads as well. It was

once no uncommon sight to see daily at Newmarket ten or a dozen wasting jockeys returning from an eight-mile walk, thoroughly exhausted. Now, such a thing is scarcely known. Jockeys were then to be seen riding over Newmarket Heath with a light saddle round their waist, in their boots and breeches, carrying their own saddles to the scales, and saddling their own horses. Now, most of them ride in carriages to the course dressed as gentlemen in the very height of the fashion, and having their horses saddled for them. What would such jockeys think of riding from Exeter to Stockbridge on a small pony with their light saddle tied round their waist after the races, and arriving at the latter place in time to ride there; and then starting in the same fashion for Southampton races? Mr. Montgomery Dilly and my father both did this, when boys, for two consecutive years. Old Mr. Forth, as a boy, used to rise from his bed and walk wasting during the night, in order to keep himself light, besides doing his daily work. And when my father trained he often wasted by walking on the downs while the horses were taking their exercise, which is much more tiring than walking on the road. And yet with all his riding, and with one hundred horses under his charge, he had no one to wait upon him—neither valet, amanuensis, nor clerk. Similar cases might be given by scores; but enough has been said to show how great is the change for the worse, not only as regards the physical capability of, but the inclination to exert themselves in, the jockeys of the present day.

'Take that silly gimcrack away, and bring me a plain snaffle.' Such were the words employed by Sam Chifney the elder, when the Prince Regent, at the close of last century, sent a horse called Knowsley, whom he had bought in Yorkshire, to Guildford, to run for the King's Plate. Knowsley was one of the hardest pullers that ever looked through a bridle, and had run away in the north with every jockey that crossed him. Great doubts were expressed as to the ability of old Sam Chifney to manage such a refractory brute, and many of the Prince's friends went down to see the fun. The horse was brought out with a tremendous curb bridle—such as the Mexicans use for breaking their *bronchos*—in his mouth; but was sent back to his stable with the contemptuous request that a simple snaffle should be substituted for the curb. Sam Chifney then got into the saddle, and it became evident at once that he had

entire control over his insubordinate mount. Knowsley won in a canter, and as he passed the Judge's chair, his jockey leant back, according to his wont, in the saddle, and left the slackened rein upon the horse's neck. There have been many Newmarket jockeys who exemplified more forcibly than the Chifneys, father and son, the truth of the Psalmist's axiom, 'So long as thou doest well to thyself men will speak well of thee;' but two finer horsemen were never seen upon the classic Heath. Their names are inseparably connected with the Chifney rush and the slack rein, and their style of finish was admirably portrayed in the picture of Baronet, by Stubbs, with the elder Sam Chifney upon his back. To explain his idea as to the way in which a horse should be ridden the same jockey wrote 'Genius Genuine,' in which the following passage occurs :

As the horse comes to the last extremity, finishing his race, he is the better forced and kept straight with manner, and with fine touchings of his mouth. In this situation the horse's mouth should be eased of the weight of his rein ; if not, it stops him more or less. If a horse is a slug he should be forced by his rider's manner up to this style of running, and particularly so if he has to make play, or he will run the slower and jade the sooner for want of it. The phrase at Newmarket is that you should hold your horse together so as to ease him in running. When horses are in great distress they cannot face that visible manner of pulling; they must be allowed to ease themselves an inch at a time as their situation will allow. This should be done as though you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and were afraid of breaking it.

Trained from his earliest childhood by an intelligent and vigilant father, young Sam Chifney was the *beau idéal* of a long-legged jockey. He was born in the autumn of 1786, and began to receive lessons in riding from his father when no more than three stone in weight. Many was the race upon a course of 300 yards, laid out under cover of the Warren Hill plantation, in which the pair rode against each other, the elder on his hack, and the boy upon a pony.

Every phase of finishing (says 'The Druid') was compressed within the lesson. Sam would make running, and then his father

would get to his girths, take a pull, and initiate him into the mysteries of a set-to. The tactics would then be reversed, and Sam taught to get up and win by a head in the last stride, and to nurse his pony and come with a tremendous rush, which, however, did not supersede the favourite slack-rein system. Sam almost lived on his pony, and Dennis Fitzpatrick, who died in his forty-second year, used to look forward to the day when the father and son would challenge him right and left at the winning chair

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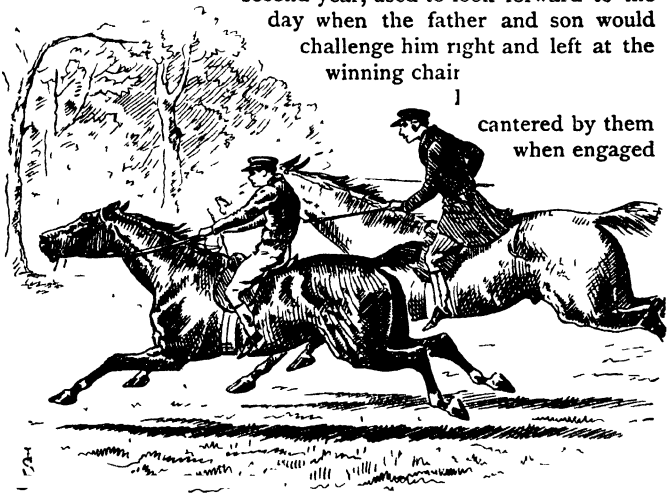
cantered by them when engaged



Paternal instruction.

at this game, 'it's not fair; Buckle and I will be having old Sam and Sam's son down on us soon.'

Yet with all their artifice and resource in the saddle, no one acquainted with their lives and deaths would care to set the two Chifneys up on high as examples worthy of imitation by their successors. The father died, as we have recorded in the previous chapter, at the age of fifty-two in the debtors' ward of the Fleet prison. The son, who, together with his trainer-brother, Will, had sat as a boy upon the Prince Regent's knee, and received a guinea from his royal hand, was far from meriting the character given to his rival and contemporary, of whom it was said that the sun might as easily be turned

from his course as Frank Buckle from the path of honour and duty. The younger Sam Chifney was, indeed, the laziest of mortals. Mount after mount was refused by him rather than exert himself to travel a few miles away from Newmarket, and even upon the Heath itself he was constantly too late to ride a trial or a race in which he had promised to take part. Although the title of 'Old Screw' was bestowed upon him by his contemporaries, it had nothing to do with financial thrift. To the close of Will Chifney's life we adverted in the last chapter, and that of Sam Chifney ended at Brighton, where he had long been in receipt of a pension from Frank Butler his nephew. In one respect, however, residents of the British metropolis have been gainers during the last thirty years by the dishonesty of Sam Chifney, the younger. For the Derby of 1812 Mr. W. N. W. Hewett's Manuella, ridden by Chifney, started first favourite at 7 to 2. She failed to get a place, and her owner, who had backed her for a very large sum, was ruined. In the Oaks she started at 20 to 1, and was ridden by William Peirse. One single bet of 2000 to 100 was taken about her, not by her owner or trainer, but by the jockey who had ridden her for the Derby, and knew that she would win the Oaks in a canter, which she did. Mr. Hewett, accompanied by a large family of boys, transferred himself to Paris, and it was in the hospitals of the French metropolis that one of his sons acquired the rudiments of surgery. In this manner a later generation of Englishmen have had cause to thank the corrupt riding of Chifney in the Derby of 1812 for one of the most accomplished surgeons that ever lived—the present Sir Prescott Hewett.

A better illustration of the rascally and unscrupulous type of jockey than the one-eyed Harry Edwards it would be impossible to select from the list given above. He was one of the many sons of James, or 'Tiny,' Edwards, who trained for Lord Jersey and Sir John Shelley, and astonished the Prince Regent during one of his visits to Newmarket by 'the multitude of jockeys' to whom he and his wife had given birth.

Among these sons were included William Edwards (who was George IV.'s last trainer, and received a pension and the lease of the Palace stables at Newmarket for life after the decease of 'the voluptuous monarch'), and George Edwards, who won the Derby on Phosphorus. Harry Edwards was one of the most accomplished finishers that ever got into a saddle, but, in the words of the author of 'The Bye-Lanes and Downs of England,' 'he would rather nobble for a pony than get a hundred by fair means.' He was engaged for some years as second jockey to John Scott's stable, but was dismissed after he had pulled Epirus in a race at Wolverhampton under the very eyes of Bill Scott, who was himself mounted upon the favourite, but had backed Epirus heavily through Colonel Anson. Harry Edwards's end was such as might have been expected and as he himself deserved. When he could no longer command a mount upon the English Turf, he transferred himself to Nantes, in France, where he trained, rode, and nobbled in a small way. Even on the other side of the Channel, where pulling was said by the late Captain Lockhart Little to be reduced to a fine art, Harry Edwards was too unscrupulous for our vivacious neighbours to stomach. He returned to England, settled down at Carlisle as a veterinary surgeon, and died in abject poverty. Had he possessed a grain of principle, Harry Edwards would have been among the three or four most successful jockeys of his day. As matters stood, he was buried in a pauper's grave, leaving behind him a name so unsavoury that his surviving relatives, of whom we believe there are many, may felicitate themselves upon the thought that, owing to the shortness of human memories, the name is already 'writ in water.'

The history of Jem Robinson—the fourth of 'The Druid's' brilliant quartet—much resembles that of Sam Chifney the younger, upon whose style the rider of Cadland and of Bay Middleton fashioned his bearing in the saddle. Among the Newmarket veterans whom time has still spared, Bob Sly (who finished second to Mincepie in the Oaks of 1856 upon Lord Clifden's Melitta) has often been heard to aver that he has

known two incomparable match riders in his time: Jem Robinson during the last, and George Fordham during the present, generation. The former was the son of 'Joppa' Robinson, who, according to the prevailing rumour of to-day, was a small trainer at Newmarket, and supported by the patronage of Mr. Bullock and of William Crockford (better known as 'Crocky'), but whom, upon the authority of Mr. J. F. Clark, the much-respected Judge at race meetings under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club, we believe to have been a farm labourer. Jem Robinson had the good fortune to commence his career by passing thirteen years in Robson's stables, where he soon attracted the notice of Frank Buckle, who condescended to give him many hints for his future guidance. The pair were destined to struggle against each other in many a future match, and that in 1821 between Lord Exeter's b.c. by Ardrossan out of Vicissitude with Robinson up, and Mr. Udny's Abjer with Buckle on his back (which ended in a dead heat), was never forgotten by those who witnessed it. The Ardrossan colt had 'savaged' Robinson in the Ditch stables a week before the match, and had bitten off the thumb of his stable lad when he got home after being beaten in his trial. When the match came off Robinson had his revenge, and the punishment inflicted by him on his refractory mount was never forgiven by one of the sulkiest horses that Newmarket ever saw. Two years after, when Robinson visited Burleigh, Lord Exeter persuaded him to enter the colt's box, on the plea that his temper was quite subdued. His first glance at Robinson dispelled the illusion. The savage brute behaved as Ellerdale did when she heard Tom Dawson's voice, as Mentor when he saw Mat Dawson, and as Muley Edris when he had Fred Archer within reach of his teeth. It is, in fact, a well-established truth that the antipathies sometimes conceived by horses against human beings are extinguished only with the lives of the former.

It is difficult within the few lines at our command to give a correct idea of Robinson's matchless seat in the saddle, but if ever the expression 'dropped from the clouds' was justly

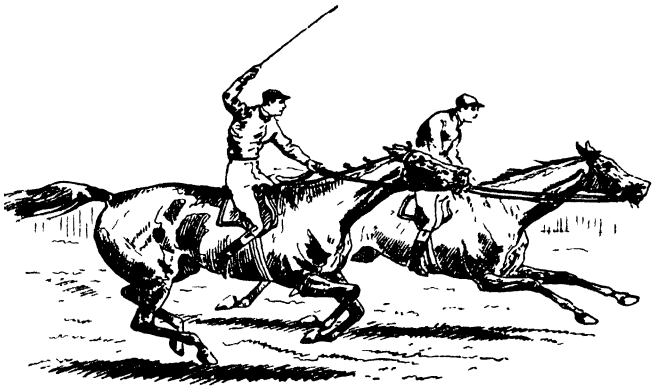
applicable to a jockey, the races in which Rathmines won the Houghton Handicap, Russborough ran a dead heat for the St. Leger, and Flatcatcher triumphed for the Two Thousand, might be quoted as fitting illustrations of the above words. Few frequenters of Doncaster races are now left who witnessed the memorable dead-heat between Job Marson on Voltigeur and Jem Robinson upon Russborough for the St. Leger of 1850, but none who saw the struggle will ever forget how the Irish horse swooped down upon the Derby winner in the last dozen strides. 'It was,' in the late Lord Exeter's words, 'as fine an exemplification of Jem Robinson's style of finish as had been exhibited by him during the previous fifty years;' nor should it be forgotten that the artist who made a dead heat with a horse of far superior quality was himself nearly sixty years old when he rode Russborough. Again we have to chronicle that Robinson's concluding days were passed in poverty and gloom. In his hour of prosperity (far less remunerative, by the way, than that of his modern successors) it was remarked that all the money gained by him during the racing year was wasted in riotous living in the metropolis during the following winter. From the close of the Houghton until the first day of the Craven meeting Newmarket saw nothing of its crack jockey, while the London lodgings in which he and his equally improvident wife were ensconced from October to March might have suited a nobleman of fortune. But for the kindness of the Dukes of Bedford and Rutland, the rider of Azor, Cedric, Middleton, Mameluke, Cadland, and Bay Middleton for the Derby, of Matilda, Margrave, and Russborough for the St. Leger, of Augusta and Cobweb for the Oaks, and of nine Two Thousand winners, might have died in the workhouse. It was, indeed, with difficulty that his widow was preserved from this fate during the few years for which she survived her husband.

To attempt within a few brief pages to trace the career and to portray the character of Bill Scott, the most famous north-country jockey that the Turf has ever known, were an impossible task, although it is not a little singular that the lives of

John and William Scott have never been undertaken by a competent hand. No other jockey ever won the St. Leger nine times, although John Jackson with eight winners scored a capital *proximè accessit*. The leading features of Bill Scott's life are well known, and a brief glance at his thirty-three years in the saddle will suffice here. To his nine St. Legers he added four victories for the Derby, three for the Oaks, and three for the Two Thousand; but his fame and reputation, in the opinion of those who knew him best, rested chiefly upon the superlative excellence of his judgment as a trier of horses. No crack jockey that came from Newmarket to take part in a Whitewall trial was ever allowed to know which was the best horse engaged therein. That precious information was reserved for the ears of John Scott and of Colonel Anson, by the latter of whom the stable commission was worked with admirable discretion. When Bill Scott died in 1848 at the age of fifty, the event was said to have eclipsed the gaiety of Yorkshire, whose favourite jockey he had long been. His racy sayings; his mysterious midnight departures from his house on the edge of Knavesmire at York for Whitewall as the Two Thousand Guineas stakes drew near; his tips, always veracious, to one or two tried friends like Mr. George Swann, the York banker, but generally misleading when imparted to casual acquaintances; his tremendously energetic finishes when riding a coarse slug like Mundig, out of whom he cut the Derby with whip and spur; his inimitable stories, with Captain Frank Taylor of the 13th Light Dragoons (the owner of Ainderby, who once beat the Queen of Trumps), and also with the still living Mr. W. H. Rudston Read, with little Charley Robinson, the sporting chemist of York, and with Sim Templeman for audience; these, and a thousand other memories, will long keep the name of Bill Scott[1] alive in the racing metropolis of the north.

[1] That Bill Scott was scrupulous cannot be said. In the Derby of 1840—the first, and we believe the only, one ever seen by the late Prince Consort—Scott was on Launcelot (brother to Touchstone) and Macdonald on Little Wonder. Scott had backed his horse heavily, feeling confident of success;

When in his best form (wrote one of his contemporaries) Bill Scott was surpassed by no man as a horseman upon the flat, and was rarely excelled in his knowledge of a horse's powers. He won the St. Leger on Satirist, and defeated the Derby winner, Coronation—a better horse by at least a stone—after one of the most brilliant displays of judgment and fine riding ever witnessed upon a racecourse. Patience, hands, and the act of coming at the precisely right instant, landed him a gallant winner by a short half-length in advance of his formidable opponent, steered by old John Day. The many traits of charity, generosity, and good



The energetic and the quiet styles.

feeling which might with truth be placed to Bill Scott's credit leave a considerable balance due to him in the account current of character.

It would be idle to pretend that Bill Scott, or his frequent rival, old John Day, were fit, as jockeys of the elegant and finished type, to hold a candle to Jem Robinson or Frank Butler among the dead, or to George Fordham or Tom Cannon among the living. To say the truth, the riders of Sir Tatton Sykes and of Crucifix were butchers, who considered that they

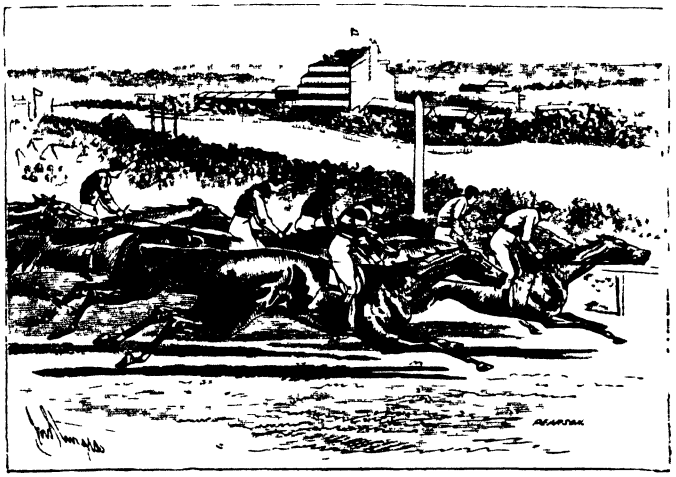
they had rounded Tattenham Corner and almost reached the Bell, little Wonder evidently had the race in hand. 'A thousand pounds for you if you stop him, Macdonald!' Scott shouted out. 'Too late, Mr. Scott, too late!' was the answer. Little Wonder was said to be six years old. He was certainly more than three.—ED.

had not earned their fee unless they punished a horse to excess long after all hope of his winning had passed away. No better contrast between a perfect and an imperfect style can be imagined than was exhibited by the race for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 1836, in which Jem Robinson upon Bay Widdleton defeated old John Day upon Elis. The former never moved in the saddle and never lifted his whip, while, in the case of John Day, the upraised arm and the restless heel were ceaselessly at work. It is easy to understand therefore why it is that Matthew Dawson should with good cause pronounce Bill Scott, old John Day, and Sam Rogers to have been 'good rough jockeys,' capable of getting the last ounce out of a sluggish horse, but little fitted to shine in those 'delicate mouth-touchings' of which the Chifneys, Jem Robinson, Alfred Day, Frank Butler and George Fordham were such accomplished exponents.[1] Upon one occasion, Sam Rogers punished The Ban, one of Sir Joseph Hawley's chief favourites, so severely and unnecessarily that 'the lucky Baronet' registered a vow never to put him up again, and kept his word. One maxim, however, was laid down by Bill Scott—who, with all his eccentricities, had a capital head on his shoulders—which is of universal applicability, and deserves attention from all who desire to shine as winners of great races. 'I have a horror,' the famous north-country jockey would exclaim, in phraseology too impolite for reproduction here, 'of seeing a fellow ride twice as quick as his horse is going.' Bill Scott's theory was that no jockey could do justice to his mount in the Derby—the most difficult and dangerous course, in his opinion, that it was possible to conceive—unless hand and seat kept perfect time with the horse's action. The Derby is generally won, according to Bill Scott, by the horse which strides farthest down hill; and any failure on the jockey's part to encourage his animal to stretch himself out to the utmost is necessarily fatal to the chance of both.

Upon only one other jockey of the past have we space to dwell at any length, but it were an injustice to omit to mention

[1] F. Archer should not be excluded from this list of jockeys.—ED.

that, although many finer horsemen than Elnathan Flatman or 'Nat' have got into a racing saddle, there is no name more deserving of honour than that of the incorruptible rider of Orlando in the Derby of 1844, of Voltigeur in the Doncaster Cup of 1850, and in the great match at York with the Flying Dutchman, in 1851. He was born at Holton St. Mary, a village in the south-eastern corner of Suffolk, in 1810, and made his way to Newmarket as a very tiny boy in the spring of 1825. Good fortune attended him from the first. Upon making application



The Derby is generally won by the horse which strides farthest downhill.

for employment in the stable of William Cooper (who was for many years private trainer to General Peel, Lord Strafford, and Captain Gardner) Nat was lucky enough to attract the favourable notice of Mrs. Cooper, who persuaded her husband to give the boy a chance. Of that 'chance' the pages of the 'Racing Calendar' show what good use 'the boy' was able to make. For seven years—from 1846 to 1852 inclusive—Nat was always first on the list of winning jockeys, and between 1830, when he first began to catch the public eye, until 1859. when he rode his

last race, no jockey had so many mounts. It is, however, more to the purpose to repeat that a more faithful, respectful, modest, trustworthy and inflexibly honest servant than Nat never donned the silk jacket of a member of the Jockey Club. No such rewards as those now lavished upon successful jockeys fell to his share, but of the modest competency bequeathed by him to his still living widow and his two surviving sons, not a guinea had been earned by finessing or trick. 'Evil,' says a recent writer, 'will be the day for Newmarket when the memory of Elnathan Flatman shall cease to be held in honour.' By his strict attention to business, his inviolable secrecy, his honourable discharge of every duty that he owed to his racing masters in public, and to his own family at home, the jockey whom for thirty years Newmarket and all its temptations could not beguile to do wrong, and who having passed away, like Bill Scott, in his fifty-first year, now lies under the shadow of All Saints' Church, well deserves to be held up as a model for succeeding generations. Admirable in his deft and delicate management of two-year-olds, almost always the first to jump off when the flag fell in earnest, and as scrupulous as John B. Day and Alfred his son in eschewing the coarse and ribald phraseology which generally prevails at the starting-post, Nat had also the great merit of reprobating and avoiding the unsparing use of the whip, which Bill Scott, Sam Rogers, Tom Aldcroft, and others, wielded with such terrible effect.

Before we endeavour to make a few comments, in conclusion, upon the style of riding and the general character which distinguish five or six of the most famous jockeys who are now alive, we have a few words to say upon the widely different conditions under which the business of their profession is now carried on when compared with those prevailing half a century since. It is now all but sixty years since Mr. Petre's Matilda, ridden by Robinson, beat Mr. Gully's Mameluke, ridden by young Sam Chifney, for the St. Leger of 1827, after thirty or forty false starts, which delayed the race for

nearly two hours, and were subsequently found to be the result of a corrupt bargain between the starter (who was dismissed from his post in consequence) and a knot of rascally betting-men, who had laid heavily against Mameluke. From that time, until a comparatively recent date, the art of starting horses, as practised by the late Mr. McGeorge, and at present by Lord Marcus Beresford, had not been invented. The same system prevailed as that referred to in Pick's 'Authentic Historical Racing Calendar of all Plates, Sweepstakes, Matches, &c., un at York from 1709 to 1785.' Thus we find that, upon August 21, 1759, there was a great two-thousand-guinea match at York over four miles of ground, between Lord Rockingham's Whistlejacket by Mogul, and Mr. Turner's Brutus by Norris's Bolton. 'This,' says the primitive reporter, 'was an exceedingly fine race, being strongly contested the whole four miles, and won by a length only. Whistlejacket was rode by John Singleton, and Brutus by Thomas Jackson, who both showed great skill in horsemanship, and so jealous were they of each other gaining advantage at starting that they called one another back several times.' Turning to the records of Crucifix's races about eighty years later, the same tactics, as we shall find, were still maintained. Lord George Bentinck's famous filly made her first appearance in public for the July Stakes in 1839, which she won in a canter, with young John Day on her back. Two days later she was again pulled out for the Chesterfield.

After an amazing number of false starts all got away except Merle, who was left behind. Notwithstanding that the flag was still up, they went right through and made a good race of it, Lord Albemarle's Iris winning by half a length; Crucifix was second, having by her immense stride made up for a very bad start. This, unfortunately for that popular nobleman, Lord Albemarle, was pronounced to be no race, and all ran it over again after several more false starts. The running in the second heat was made by Crucifix as far as the hill, where Iris took it up, and enabled young John Day to ease his mare; on reaching level ground, he resumed his lead, and won in a canter by two lengths.

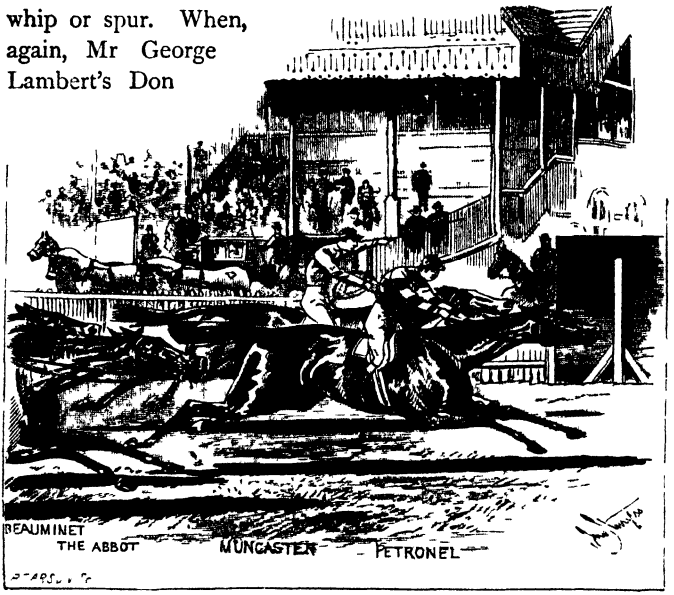
Small wonder can be felt if, under these circumstances, many noble patrons of the Turf occasionally assumed the duties of starter at provincial meetings. The late Lord Derby and his father sometimes officiated in this capacity at Prescot and Liverpool; the first Marquis of Westminster and the fifth Earl of Glasgow took the flag in hand respectively at Holywell and at Catterick Bridge; and upon one memorable occasion Lord George Bentinck started a large field of horses for the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster in 1843. The efforts of these amateurs were, as might naturally be expected, not more successful than those of gentlemen and ladies with a so-called talent for acting, who undertake to play 'The School for Scandal' and 'She Stoops to Conquer' at St. George's Hall for a local charity. In the north of England and the south of Ireland jockeys did what seemed to them good in their own eyes. 'Win, tie, or wrangle,' were the conditions under which they generally rode in Yorkshire, and nothing was more common than to see a couple of them engaged in endeavouring to punish each other towards the close of the race more lustily than the horses they bestrode.

We have said enough to show that half a century since, when the prize-ring was still a firmly rooted institution, it was necessary for a jockey, in addition to knowing how to ride, to be endowed with undeniable pluck, and to be tolerably handy with his fists. The natural result was that the famous horsemen of George IV.'s and William IV.'s reigns were of a coarser and rougher type than the jockeys whose names are now on every racing tongue. In some of those who belonged to the old school there was a surliness and a readiness to take umbrage which bespoke a low origin and total lack of education. Job Marson, who, upon horses which suited him, had few if any superiors in the saddle, looked upon a Newmarket rival with ill-concealed aversion. When informed that some crack south-country jockey had come north to ride a favourite in some great race which he thought himself sure to win, he would reply in his gruff way, 'Do he; then I tell ee that he woant.' Bill Scott's

banter, addressed to some jockey whom he interpellated as 'Mr. Newmarket,' was more feared before the race than his finish at the close. It was because Jem Robinson's sunny temper could never be ruffled that he was able to outride Bill Scott for the Derby of 1828, after the dead-heat between Cadland and The Colonel. When, however, the great northern jockey encountered Patrick Conolly for the St. Leger of 1839, which ended in a dead-heat between Charles XII. and Euclid, the rider of the latter had to undergo such a pitiless pelting of chaff and 'Billingsgate' from his antagonist that he was totally unfitted to ride the deciding heat. When Phosphorus won the Derby of 1837 with George Edwards on his back, the latter was violently attacked by Arthur Pavis, who was second upon Caravan, and had to pay a fine for losing his temper, and using his whip upon his opponent's person.

It will thus be seen that the milder manners and greater refinement of the present age have contributed not a little to the elevation of the jockeys who are now at the head of their profession. A better specimen of this class than George Fordham, who withdrew from the saddle just before the Two Thousand of 1884, which, had his health permitted, he would undoubtedly have won upon Scot Free, it would be impossible to select. Every attribute that a great jockey should possess—such as perfect temper and patience, exquisite hands, first-class nerve, consummate judgment, and a thorough comprehension of the animal under him—was combined in George Fordham with an honesty *à toute épreuve*. No finer judge of horse-racing was ever seen than the late Lord Howth, by whom the rider of Epaminondas for the Chester Cup of 1854 was pronounced to be the most wonderful light weight that ever got into a saddle. There is scarcely a race-meeting at which there have not been one or more superb finishes, and it would, therefore, be invidious to pick out a particular race as having been won by more excellent jockeyship than any other. But if ever a confirmed jade was coaxed by delicate mouth-touching into winning against her will we should say that Lord Rosebery's Levant,

when, ridden by George Fordham (who *pro hâc vice* took the place of Constable), she won the July Stakes in 1875, was a case in point. The example of George Fordham is deserving, moreover, of citation in another respect. His best finishes, such as those upon Mr. Graham's Formosa for the Two Thousand of 1868, and upon the Duke of Beaufort's Petronel for the same race in 1880, were ridden without the use of either whip or spur. When, again, Mr George Lambert's Don

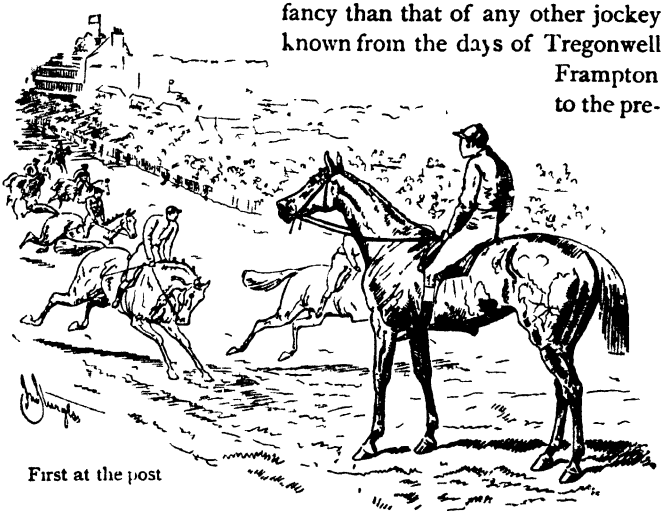


Without the use of either whip or spur.

Juan won the Cesarewitch in 1883, the horse's rider, Martin, was advised at the last moment by Fordham to surrender his whip in order that he might not be distracted by his effort to use it when, as Fordham anticipated, the critical struggle between Hackness and Don Juan took place as they breasted the hill at the end of the Rowley Mile. If Fordham has been

less fortunate than some of his younger rivals in the rich presents given him for winning races, he may at least console himself with the thought that he retired from the active pursuit of his profession with a popularity and esteem which have never been exceeded in the present century, and equalled only in the instance of Frank Buckle.

Since the withdrawal of Fordham from the pigskin, the name of Fred Archer has taken greater hold of the public fancy than that of any other jockey known from the days of Tregonwell Frampton to the pre-



First at the post

sent hour. In many respects, and especially upon the Epsom course, where two Derby winners, Bend Or and Melton, owe their victories mainly, if not entirely, to his superior judgment and horsemanship, Archer is undoubtedly deserving of his pre-eminent fame. No jockey ever lost fewer races which he ought to have won; and if, as in the case of Paradox for the Two Thousand of 1885, he occasionally fails to make the most of his mount, no one is more ready to confess his mistake and to amend it—as happened last year in the Grand Prix de Paris—when he rides the same horse again. In attention to

business, in being always at the post in time to secure the best berth, and in resolute riding when the race necessitates it, he has never had an equal upon the British Turf. The place which he has now occupied for many years at the head—and not only at the head, but *facile princeps*—of his rivals attests his extraordinary industry and merits, and although his length of limb and increase of weight forbid the supposition that he will be able to go to scale for as many years as Frank Buckle, Tommy Lye, Nat, Sim Templeman, Bill Scott, John Osborne, George Fordham and James Goater, he has already inscribed his name so deeply upon the annals of Turf history in his time that, in all probability, the epoch through which we are now passing will hereafter be known as the Archer era. Of all the jockeys now in possession of a licence, Archer would have been most certain to win commendation from that most censorious and *difficile* of judges, the late Squire Thornhill of Riddlesworth.

Among Archer's contemporaries, Tom Cannon and C. Wood are perhaps the most conspicuous, the former for exquisite hands and general judgment, the latter for decision in riding a race. There are, however, contests—and notably the two St. Legers in which he rode Lord Clifden and Apology, and the Two Thousand in which he rode Prince Charlie—where the skill and strict attention to orders displayed by John Osborne merit the highest praise. Although blessed with little luck, Fred Webb is surpassed in the determination of his finish by none of his contemporaries, and his triumph upon Florence over such a horse as Bendigo, and such a rider as Jem Snowden, for the Cambridgeshire of 1884, was perhaps the brightest example of his style. The strong seat and resolute courage of Custance were seen to great advantage when he rode the insubordinate Broomielaw for the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood ; and, speaking summarily, the racing men of to-day may boast that half a dozen living jockeys are equal—we do not think them superior—to the 'brilliant quartet' selected by 'The Druid' in the last generation as *primi inter pares*.

It cannot, however, be denied that the times through which

we are now passing possess the peculiarity, and in one respect the disadvantage, of surrounding the crack jockeys of the day with temptations to which their predecessors were strangers. For reasons which partly defy human analysis, but are in the main attributable to the universal diffusion of railways and electric wires, there has during the last twenty years been such a shrinkage of speculation upon future events, that it has become altogether impossible to land the heavy stakes by betting which were so familiar to men like the late General Anson and Sir Joseph Hawley, or even to living patrons of the Turf like Mr. Chaplin and Captain Machell. The natural result is that finessing and trick, to an extent heretofore unknown, are imposed upon owners of horses who desire to back their favourites for heavy sums. In their anxiety to anticipate the forestallers who, without even leaving the metropolis, await the ticking of the tape in the Strand, in Wellington and Fleet Streets, and in almost every public-house in the heart of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, Dublin, and every great provincial town, the rightful backers of horses belonging to them are too often forced to resort to artifices which were wholly unnecessary when the powerful stables at Whitewall, Danebury, and Middleham were in their prime. It goes without saying that to render these artifices successful, the intervention and assistance of jockeys are frequently invoked by their masters, and sometimes by others who are secretly in league with the crack riders of the day. The oft-repeated fulminations of the Stewards of the Jockey Club against betting jockeys, and against the dangerous practice of their receiving handsome presents from men who are not their masters, are, we fear, neither more nor less than idle threats. As a necessary consequence, the 'consummate artists' of the pigskin enjoy an immunity from the control and supervision which rendered their predecessors more amenable to the direct influence of the noblemen and gentlemen whose colours they wore. The mischief—and a very grave and dangerous mischief it is—has now attained its highest proportions, and, more than any other cloud hovering upon its horizon, it is

beginning to overcast the vitality and threaten the future prosperity of our great national sport.

It must never be forgotten that, as was lately remarked by a writer of authority, 'the greatest drawback to the Turf is, and will always be, that the most inflexibly honest master—such, for instance, as the late Lord Glasgow—and the most upright of trainers, are both of them necessarily and entirely at the mercy of a lad who is frequently born in the gutter, whose education has generally been utterly neglected, whose principle is sorely tried, if not radically sapped, by his early surroundings and associates, and who is girt about with dangerous temptations to do wrong as countless as the motes that dance in the sunbeam.' No trainer of experience will attempt to deny the impossibility of detecting by ocular observation whether the jockey whom he employs 'drops anchor' or does his best to win a race. Under these circumstances, it necessarily follows that very large fortunes, won in a few years by jockeys who commenced without a sixpence, must always be viewed with jealousy and suspicion by the outside public.

Fortunes of this nature have been swollen of late years by the prodigious and, as some think, disproportionate presents lavished upon fortunate riders who win great races. In his 'Racehorse in Training,' William Day, with fifty years of racing experience to guide him, denounces the enormous rewards now given to jockeys with an energy and directness to which nothing can be added. In this connection we are reminded of an incident which happened at Newmarket within living memory. In 1850, the late Earl of Airlie was the owner of a racehorse named Clincher, which was trained by Henry Wadlow, and subsequently started first favourite for the Derby won by Voltigeur. Clincher was brought out to run at the Craven Meeting against a fairly good horse, called Compass, belonging to the late Duke of Richmond. In a race across the flat, Clincher, ridden by Frank Butler, gave 6 lbs. and an easy beating to Compass. Immediately after the race, Lord Airlie rode up to Butler upon the Heath and presented him

with 100*l.* It chanced that year that John Scott's powerful stable was without a horse likely to start for the Derby, and Lord Airlie was naturally anxious to secure the services of Frank Butler to ride his horse at Epsom. Nothing could be more legitimate than a present given to the great Whitewall jockey under these circumstances; but such was Butler's astonishment at receiving 100*l.* for winning a little race at Newmarket, that he instantly put the money back into Lord Airlie's hand, and requested him to back Clincher for him with it for the coming Derby. When evening came Lord Airlie dined (as was then the usual custom) at the Jockey Club Rooms. Tidings of the present which he had given to Butler reached the late Lord Derby's ears, and after dinner he proceeded to lecture Lord Airlie in very stinging language upon the impropriety of demoralising a jockey by such unusual generosity. Lord Derby's remonstrances were heartily echoed by General Peel and Lord Glasgow, with the result that upon the following morning Lord Airlie shook the dust of Newmarket off his feet, and retreated to London in order to escape a renewal of the reproaches which had been launched at his head.

It is but thirty-six years ago, yet how different is the atmosphere by which we are now surrounded! Instead of 100*l.*, presents of five times that amount, and even more, are now constantly bestowed upon jockeys for winning races at Newmarket and elsewhere, compared with which the triumph of Clincher over Compass, a few weeks before the Derby, was a matter of great significance. The status and condition of our modern professional horsemen have, as a natural consequence, been elevated to such a disproportionate degree that it becomes the Jockey Club to take up their parable against the unwholesome system of lavishing extraordinary rewards in return for very slight services. It is impossible that jockeys can be kept in their proper position when successful members of the riding fraternity are enabled to realise fortunes of 100,000*l.* and more, within a dozen years of their first appearance in the saddle.

CHAPTER XV.

BETTING.

Καὶ τὸν πανόπτην κύκλον βιβλίου καλῶ.
Prometheus Unbound.

BETTING may or may not be intrinsically immoral, but if it is, then undoubtedly the English character leaves much to be desired on the score of morality, for the love of betting, and more particularly of betting on horse-races, is thoroughly ingrained in the average Briton. Not that it is his all-pervading idea, his *raison d'être*, as in the case of the industrious ring-man who, on his return from an early walk during which he had, or was supposed to have, called on the butcher, was asked by his frugal wife, 'What's the price of mutton, John?' and replied without hesitation, 'Six to one.' 'Six to one!' said the lady, 'what do you mean? What nonsense you are talking!' 'Well then, a hundred to fifteen to YOU, and don't bother'—after which there was no further offer. Not all men, we repeat, are thus saturated with the spirit of the ring; but not one Englishman in fifty can resist the temptation of backing his own or somebody else's fancy for a race, if the opportunity offers itself: and if it does not, he is very willing to go in search of it, nor has he far to seek; while of regular racegoers—and it is with them we are chiefly concerned—a very large majority would endorse the opinion, that racing without betting would be like an egg without salt, like cod without oyster-sauce, like anything in fact that is flat and unpalatable. Of course we all grumble occasionally at the noise, and, especially when losing, curse that infernal din of 'Six to four bar two.' Moreover,

in the construction of our stands, we endeavour to place the ladies as far as may be out of reach of what they call the shrieking of those horrid ring-men ; but let us be honest, and confess that we do this rather because we want the fair ones out of the way when we are transacting business, and that nine out of every ten of them would, if they had their choice, prefer being so situated that they could bet in running, which in their case means an imaginary possibility of betting after the winner's number has been hoisted.

Let any turfite try to picture to himself the appalling gloom of a ring silent *before* the race. The hush which follows the success of a heavily backed favourite is, we admit, not altogether ungrateful to the nerves of his overwrought supporters.

One thing, however, is certain—that as long as we have racing we shall have betting—that ceaseless war between layers and backers will still be waged ; though the odds (in every sense of the word) are so enormously in favour of the former, yet are the ranks of the latter quickly closed up after defeat by fresh champions,

> Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell.

At present we see no sign of a final Armageddon. Of these two opposing armies, the paradox of whose life is, that neither could exist without the other, precedence shall be given to the layers of odds—the betting *fraternity* as they are rightly called—their cohesion and identity of purpose giving them just claim to that title ; for they act as much in unison as a Roman legion, though each man has to fight singly and desperately for his own hand, as was the case with that fierce soldiery.

The generic term 'Bookmakers' is now almost a misnomer, implying, as it does, that a man who lays claim to that title makes an all-round book on any and every race where the possibility of so doing presents itself—i.e. that he is willing to bet against each runner if the market is good enough, or, in

other words, if the public support a sufficient number of horses at such prices as to enable him to win by most or all of them, the latter alternative for choice. Considering that he himself *sets* the market, the process is not so difficult as it might appear to the inexperienced. Say, for instance, that the names of six runners appear on the telegraph board, that the bookmaker has a hundred-pound book, and the betting rules thus :—

100 to 100 *v.* A	100 to 20 *v.* D
100 to 50 *v.* B	100 to 15 *v.* E
100 to 30 *v.* C	100 to 5 *v.* F

it is not easy to see where the loss can come in; and this is no extravagantly hypothetical case. It is, on the contrary, an unusually liberal quotation; for as a matter of fact he would not lay 100 to 5 against F, or anything of the sort—far more likely 100 to 10—unless he had good reason for thinking that F was fat, or lame, or otherwise 'not on the job;' and if by chance that outsider does poke his nose in first, the layer, after the irrepressible cheer which follows the hoisting of the number, quickly pulls himself together, and mindful always to pose as the victim of circumstances, replies to some backer's query of, 'Well, you had a good race *that* time?' with, 'Worst a' had; laid all book agen winner, and never got to lay favourite,' in the tone of one who, having had a couple of hours of the thumb-screws, is about to try the rack for a change. One of the regular all-round bettors, a man who has every right to give his opinion on the subject, has been heard to declare, 'There's no denying that it's a good game; if they all paid on Monday it would be too good, but as it is it's good enough.' Of another, who has as large a business as any in the ring, it is said that he will bet with any man who has a decent coat on his back; no introduction of any sort is required, and he defends himself against the charge of recklessness by saying, 'If they bet with me at all, they must bet my prices, so that I know they *can't* go on winning, and they generally pay in the long run, because they want to come back and bet again.'

A large number of the so-called bookmakers, however, do not under the modern system make regular books. The races on which there is any betting beforehand worth speaking about may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand; the public taste of to-day is for post-betting, the hurry and scramble of which render real bookmaking a laborious occupation; while the prices which can be laid against favourites are so utterly unrepresentative of their actual chance, that to stand against one and see it out on every race hardly comes under the denomination of gambling.[1] But even such slight risk as is here implied is not necessarily incurred. 'The field a monkey!' —shouts Mr. Kute the ring-man, as soon as the numbers go up. 'Done,' says Mr. Hastie, who has his own and the owner's commission (both heavy ones) to execute. 'And with me too, Captain,'[2] implores Mr. Keene next on the roster. 'And with you too,' replies the excited commissioner. A word and a nod from the layers and a couple of emissaries hie them 'to the back,' where the takers are a trifle sharper, and the odds a little more elastic. If Messrs. Kute and Keene can each get an average of 500 to 400, or 600 to 500, they may well rest content with standing a hundred to nothing on the field or the favourite as the case may be, and with the pleasant consciousness of having obliged a customer.

This prompt hedging business is perhaps chiefly, if not exclusively, the privilege of those members of the ring who, from seniority or some sort of prescriptive right which never appears to be disputed, occupy the coveted positions 'next the rails,' in Tattersall's enclosures, to which the higher rank of backers do mostly congregate. At the back of this more or less select sanctum, or in the outer rings, of which there are generally two or three of various degrees of respectability and

[1] To lay 6 to 4 ON a ten to a seven at hazard, would be fair main and chance compared to the odds which backers often eagerly bet on horses about which the only thing that is certain is, that they are really bad, and have an unknown quantity to beat.

[2] It is a recognised fact that, in default of actual, a backer is always entitled to military, rank.

solvency, the betting is carried on in more genuine fashion. The ready-money bookmakers especially, who can make no bad debts, not uncommonly continue to lay against all or nearly all the horses in a race; and as these gentlemen when once they have established a *clientèle* seem to prosper exceedingly, it is fair to suppose that the all-round book is not unremunerative even at prices which satisfy a very shrewd class of customers; for it is a noticeable feature in the ready-money trade that a wrangle over the odds is never heard, as is so frequently the case where the transactions are 'on the nod.' When the terms are 'Cash,' bargaining seems to be out of the question. 'How much So-and-So?' inquires the would-be backer, and if the answer does not meet his requirements, he turns away without more ado, and takes his money elsewhere. Why the Legislature should have set its face against ready-money betting—surely the fairest method of speculation which can be imagined—it is not easy to understand. If the authorities acted with any hope of suppressing betting, they must have been grievously disappointed; for not only does wagering go on more briskly than ever, but the impossibility of preventing the immediate exchange of coin of the realm is demonstrated on every racecourse, both before and after every race. Even at Newmarket, the most that can be done is to issue a manifesto against *illegal* betting, and against the use of clogs, stools, umbrellas, or any too flagrant symbol of the forbidden trade, and then more or less to take it on trust that people will bet legally, whatever that may mean.

A Cabinet Minister once said that 'In legislating on the subject of ready-money betting, you have to consider whether a man is more likely to steal money in order to enable him to make a bet at all, or in order that he may pay after he has lost.' An utterance which was not rendered the less enigmatic by the speaker refraining from expressing his own opinion on the knotty point.

One of the stock arguments against the posting of money in advance by the backer is that it is such an unfairly one-sided

arrangement, as it leaves the layer of odds free to levant with his plunder during the progress of a race, and the takers with the barren consolation of cursing him, as they gesticulate with their dishonoured pawn-tickets over his deserted location. The plea is, to a certain extent, true, and is justified by the fact that —especially on badly-managed courses—the confidence trick is not unfrequently practised; yet it may be urged as *per contra* that it is easier for many to watch one man than for one man to watch many, and if they have doubts as to his honesty, they can stand by to pounce on him if he attempts to stir.

They know that he has *their* money, and probably a good deal more besides; it is not the poverty but the will that makes most welshers, and it is tolerably evident that the bagman who bolts during the few moments he has to spare for the purpose would be a singularly unlikely person to be found awaiting his creditors on Monday in or outside of Tattersall's had he, furnished only with book, pencil and the *æs triplex* which is *not* kept in the pocket, been betting legally according to the law.

Nothing too could be simpler, one would imagine, than for the veriest novice to discover, if only from the nature and number of their customers, which are the trustworthy operators in any ring; but on the theme of welshing it is useless to dilate. The human race, and notably the human racegoer, in the matter of folly, is, always has been, and always will be, *audax omnia perpeti.*

A singular anomaly in the law is, that you may legally pay or receive payment the instant a race is over, and may make this arrangement with your bookmaker to your heart's content. Unless there is a deposit beforehand, it is not ready-money betting.

Mr. Bumble was not altogether wrong when he said, 'The law is a hass.'

It would be ungracious to conclude this brief and therefore imperfect notice of the ring without mention of two most meritorious attributes of that body. *Imprimis*, when they lose

they pay punctually, and, so far as is consistent with the character of true-born Britons, pay without grumbling. Secondly, their generosity, individual and collective, is proverbial. If a jockey gets a fall either on the flat or over a country, or is incapacitated by other illness from pursuing his calling; if a trainer dies suddenly leaving a wife and children unprovided for; in fact, if misfortune in any way overtakes men whose living depends upon Turf pursuits, a subscription is forthwith started and nobly responded to in the ring; and when the object of their charity is beyond the reach of human aid, they club purses and bury him decently.

'The community of backers' is a favourite newspaper phrase, yet, except in the very broadest sense of the term, no such community exists at all. There are a lot of men who back horses, and who growl in chorus over the insufficiency of the odds, but here the common feeling begins and ends. The backers are not split into sections, as is said to be the case with the Liberal party; they are divided into units, and of necessity, for by very virtue of his occupation the more chary a backer is of imparting his knowledge, however acquired, the better chance he has of profiting by it. His position is the exact converse of that of the bookmakers. He wants to take long, they want to lay short odds, and it stands to reason the more the good thing is put about, the better for them and the worse for him.

A certain interchange of confidence amongst owners of horses there must of course be. 'Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours' is a precept which holds good in all trades, but on the Turf, the scratching (of the back) is done as discreetly and with as much reservation as possible.

To the general public the owner, at any rate if he bets, is habitually and rightly reticent—why should he be otherwise? Why should he divulge to some threescore intimate acquaintances the trial of his dark flyer, or the secret of the jostle, cross, bad start, or other misadventure which deprived a public performer of previous victory? The threescore would be at work

in the ring while he was talking to his trainer, and would then with splendid candour give the straight tip to any and everybody they met. Small chance has the rightful heir to the odds under these circumstances; so, as a rule, he holds his tongue, or fences the question with the retort courteous or the countercheck quarrelsome, preferring if he wins to run the gauntlet of 'You never said a word to *me*,' 'You might have given *me* a hint,' 'You put *me* off,' to the universal cry of 'How could you tell us to back such a brute as that?' which will assuredly be his co isolation for the defeat of a published certainty.

The professional backer is the greatest of all nuisances to the proprietary interest. An *habitué* of most race-meetings, the smaller ones for choice—he dearly loves racing round London—he has an immense circle of acquaintance amongst owners, trainers, jockeys and touts; he insists on being told something by everybody, and on finding out all that is to be found out respecting every stable. He it is who helps to set the market and to make favourites, two or three of them very often, for he likes having more than one string to his bow. Woe betide the owner on whose horse the professional has set his affections, and who thinks that by biding his time he may get on at a reasonable price! Under his very eyes are the scanty odds snapped up, leaving him to be content with such crumbs of 'even' as fall from the forestaller's table; and his best chance often is to give his natural enemy the commission, so as to secure even a portion of goods.

'What a bore Forehand is!' said a heavy betting owner, as he compared the fearful probability of loss with the inadequate possibility of gain before a plunging selling race. 'Why do you employ him then?' asked the friend to whom the remark was made. 'Why do I employ him? Why, because I get *something* on, whereas if I let him have first run I should get nothing. I must start my horses sometimes, and he goes everywhere.'

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that money is never made in the long run by backing horses. Many of the

professional backers earn a very good living by it, and many of course are broke, but their ruin has no deterrent effect upon others; fresh hands are always appearing on the scene, and the extinction of the species is not likely to occur before the millennium.

The backer in a small way, who bets in small sums, though he may bet frequently, does not count; his investments in no way affect the market, and no one grudges him such success as he may achieve. He has this pull over the heavy punter, that he can afford to wait, as there is always time to make such small wagers as he deals in up to the fall of the flag. There are many men of this class, too, who earn a few hundreds a year, and many more who annually lose a similar amount.

The one class of backer whose interests are persistently overridden or ignored is yet after all the one who alone has any real claim to sympathy, and to protection if the law could afford it to him. This is the class which consists of men who own racehorses—whether as a matter of business or pleasure, signifies not one iota.

They bear the expense and the risk of the most precarious pursuit in the world, and to them rightfully belong the fruits of success. What is actually their position? The work done by their horses is regularly touted, and as regularly described with more or less accuracy in the newspapers. To this perhaps there would not be so much objection were it not that trials are equally watched and laid bare to the public; for who when he reads that 'Homer, Æschylus and Euripides were then stripped, and, ridden by Archer, Watts, and Goater, were sent six furlongs at their best pace,' does not know that Homer at any rate came in first in a private spin? though it seems that such an announcement does not actually infringe the strict letter of Racing Law. How it fares with the owner when personally or by deputy he proceeds to the betting ring has already been partially described. He must either take what his own knowledge tells him is an utterly false price, or he must forego (according

to the view he takes of racing) the pleasure and excitement of speculation, or an opportunity of receiving a dividend on invested capital—with the result that if his horse wins he will be openly derided by the jumpers on; if beaten, and the fact of his abstention from betting becomes known, he is almost told to his face that he 'was not having a go.'

This on a post-betting race; in the rarer instances where books are open for some time previous to an event, the public are even more confident that every man's horse is their property. 'Regardless of grammar (and of everything else) they all cry—that's him!' and in they dash where the owner, by this time in no angelic frame of mind, has the gravest fears of treading.

Then, if in a fit of temper, or simply because he chooses to wait for a more convenient season, he runs the pen through the favourite's name, what an outcry arises! How magniloquently does 'Magpie' of the 'Daily Stump,' or 'Lurker' of the 'Weekly Liar,' discourse of the 'blow inflicted on the credit of the Turf,' the 'bitter discouragement of staunch adherents,' the 'nauseating transactions connected with the forthcoming race,' the 'outrageous disregard of public rights'! Public rights! The public have two rights as regards betting, and two only: the first is that an owner shall not directly or indirectly lay against his own horse except for purposes of the most strictly fair and straightforward hedging; the second, that if a horse goes to the post he shall, so far as lies in the power of his jockey, be made to do his best and win if he can.

Given these two conditions honourably fulfilled, the owner is perfectly at liberty to do what seemeth good in his eyes. It is true that, if he elects to sit and suffer, he will gain some temporary popularity, should he set store by that very perishable article.

Hardly worth mentioning are the backers who come in for a hit-or-miss dash at the ring—'to go for the gloves,' as it is called in Turf parlance. Stray individuals of this class do periodically crop up, who for one or two meetings have a

miraculous but short-lived run of luck. *Rari nantes*, they soon disappear in the vast whirlpool, and scant mercy do they receive at the hands of the usually long-suffering bookmakers. They are the subject of a Monday's lamentation and are heard of no more, unless indeed the meteoric passage across the racing firmament has been of sufficient brilliancy to justify a hope that the memory thereof may be resuscitated, in which case after many days may appear an advertisement to the effect that 'Jones the defaulter issues his unrivalled falsehoods to an ever-increasing circle of Jugginses,' or some such pithy and alluring appeal for alms.

The casual settler, the backer whom an easy-going ring allow to get heavily in arrear with his payments, is the most helpless case of all. He belongs to the 'lost legion' continually struggling against overwhelming odds (or the want of odds). Usually a man of some social position, he is either credited with means which he does not possess, or with expectations which are purely imaginary; hence the leniency with which he is treated, and which more than anything else conduces to his ultimate relegation to that mysterious bourne, the Fiddler's Green of the Turf, known as 'outside.' He may, and he generally does, pay away considerable sums of money during the course of the year, but he is never quits with his creditors, there is always a bit owing. Strange, even paradoxical, as it may appear, the ring look upon him from their point of view as a lucrative customer. Said a veteran bookmaker to a veteran backer, 'Of course, sir, we like to bet with you, because you've been about so many years and you're an old friend, but you're no real good to us.' 'Why not?' inquired the astonished turfite, conscious of an income sorely diminished by his love of speculation. 'Because, sir, *your account is always there on Monday*, and as you pay regularly, so you will have the top o' the odds such as they are, and then you can win sometimes. Now, sir, we like the gentlemen that let it stand over; they generally pay, or pay most of it in the long run, though of course we make a lot of bad debts; but then they *can't* win, for

they must take anything we choose to offer, and we never have to pay *them.*' In the serpent's coils with a vengeance! But though this was the avowed opinion of one man, and is probably the theory of many, it must, even to its upholders, be a rotten and unsatisfactory state of things—one which could certainly not exist were ready-money betting the legal rule instead of the illegitimate exception.

Of unwillingness or inability to *part*, there were many curious stories told in the old days when Tattersall's was in Grosvenor Place and the gentlemen used, as a rule, to settle their own accounts, instead of doing it, as at present, by deputy. Then of course it was necessary to put in an appearance after a big meeting, as the total *absence* of an account was sure to be severely commented on, and to be able to carry it off with an air was sometimes almost as good as having the bank-notes.

'You owe me fifty, my lord,' said a nervous bookmaker, sidling up to a notoriously unready settler. 'Quite right, I do,' was the prompt response; then, after a pause, 'What the devil are you waiting for?' 'For you to pay me, my lord.' 'Pay you! Haven't I told you you are quite right, and isn't *that* enough for you; go away, man, and don't bother me.' Retirement of crestfallen creditor.

'Now, Humby,' said another backer hailing from Short Street, in the middle of one of the busiest Monday afternoons of the whole year, 'it's long since you and I had a regular settlement of accounts, and it's quite time we did it.' So the pair, mutually pleased with each other, sat down at one of the small tables, and set to work comparing bets over many past weeks of heavy and incessant wagering.

Both proved to have kept admirably accurate record, the books tallied in every respect, and when at the end of two hours the work was concluded, and a balance declared in favour of the bookmaker to the amount of 606*l.* 10*s.*, he felt that, though he had neglected the rest of the settling, yet that, having got rid of an account so long outstanding, he had by no means lost his day. Then, with a satisfied air, rose the backer,

not the less satisfied perhaps that *he*, also, had been too obviously engaged to attend to other matters, and drawing forth *six pounds ten shillings*, he laid it on the table, with the remark, 'Now, Humby, I'm thoroughly glad to have sifted all this. I owe you 600*l.* and we can start fresh'—saying which, with head erect, and looking neither to right nor left, he marched triumphantly out of the room, while the forlorn book-maker collapsed literally speechless on his chair.

Memorable from their monstrous absurdity, these and such like were nevertheless more or less isolated cases, and bad though they undoubtedly were, yet were they not altogether so bad as they seem; for this sort of game would not bear frequent repetition, and as aforesaid, if a backer absented himself from 'the Corner,' he soon began to be talked about at the Clubs as a defaulter, to lose caste, and to be avoided by his compeers, whereas it is to be feared that in these days the fact of 'being on the slate with the boys' is too frequently regarded as in the nature of things, and as having no bearing on social status.

To backers who have, as it were by accident and without malice aforethought, overstepped the limits of prudence and of their tether at their bank, the ring-men have invariably proved themselves kind and forbearing to the last degree, easily assenting to reasonable composition, or allowing almost any time for payment in full, once they are assured of the good intentions of the debtor. On such occasions their confidence is seldom misplaced.

The situation is not unfrequently such as was thus summed up by a well-known Baronet to a friend whose ambition had been momentarily larger than his pocket, and who in despair sought advice as to the course to be pursued on the following Monday.

'The question is, do you think it worth while to pay sixty per cent. for the immediate acquaintance of the ring? That it is has always been my opinion, and on those terms you may probably find the money; if you don't happen to agree with me, go to your lawyers and begin making arrangements for an

insurance at once, and send round word to Tattersall's that you are so doing. You may depend upon it no one will bother you.'

To a young gentleman entering on his novitiate of backing, or for that matter to most persons concerned in this pleasant but perilous pastime, no better counsel could peradventure be given than that vouchsafed by the author of 'Racecourse and Covert-side.' Here it is quoted in full:

W ıat, then, it may be asked, should be done by the race-goer who likes to feel some greater interest in the race than the mere spectacle of the struggle can afford?

There is something to be said for the plan of backing favourites; because a horse is not likely to attain that favouritism unless it has done good work at home, and commanded the confidence of its stable. Favourites are, of course, made and worked up in the market on occasions for deceptive reasons; but, as a rule, to 'follow the money' is judicious.

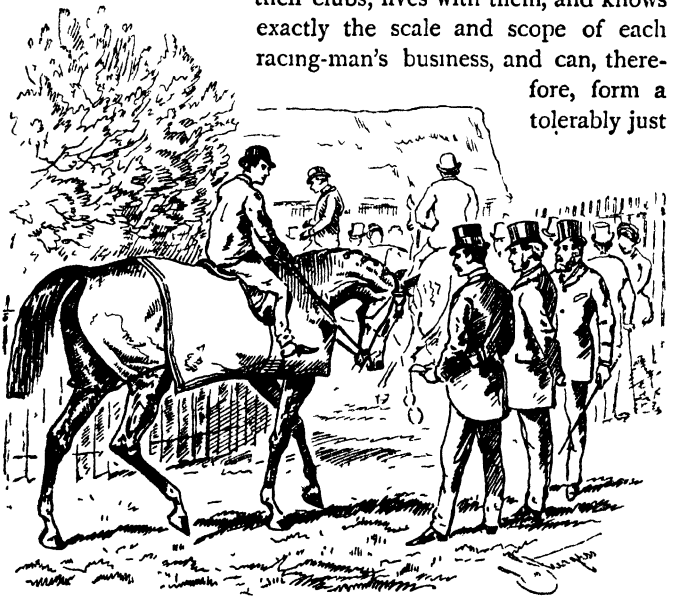
The searcher for winners will also probably have found that one or two of the sporting prophets write with knowledge and judgment. Some of them, on the other hand, do not; but he must take pains to find those who do, and note their advice. It will be well for him, perhaps, furthermore to study 'the book' and make himself acquainted with the form of the horse he is inclined to fancy. He should also consider whether it belongs to a stable worthy of confidence, presided over by an efficient trainer, and whether the jockey is a master of his craft. If he knows anything of horses, he should then carefully look it over in the paddock, and during its preliminary canter, noting also how it goes in the market.

Having done all this, and convinced himself that the horse is likely to win, he will be in a position to advise his friends—men on a racecourse usually take any advice that is confidently offered from any quarter—to back the animal. He had better not do so himself, as there are numerous chances against him of which he knows nothing. Should they take his advice, and win, he can congratulate himself on the benefit he has conferred; should they not show faith pecuniarily, he can reproach them with their folly in missing the 'good thing;' while, should they lose, he will have no difficulty in finding numerous reasons to show that the defeat

is an unexampled piece of bad luck, which, however, rather vindicates his judgment than otherw se.

Amongst the accessories of betting, before or after the fact —as bettors' abettors—the professional commissioner or commission agent plays an important part.

More often than not himself a converted bookmaker, he is thoroughly well acquainted with the fraternity, belongs to their clubs, lives with them, and knows exactly the scale and scope of each racing-man's business, and can, therefore, form a tolerably just



Carefully look it over in the paddock.

estimate whether a horse is being backed by the right people, or *peppered* by the wrong ones.

On the smaller events he is largely employed by owners who, through idleness, or an idea that, by not personally appearing on the scene, they will get better odds, are disinclined to make their own investments. On the larger, or p.p. races, his services are almost a necessity, especially when the owner

wishes within a few hours to back his horse all over the country. Due notice of this intention having been given to the commissioner, his agents are forewarned, cyphers and keys prepared, and when the telegraph signal flashes forth, operations are conducted almost simultaneously in London and in the remotest provinces. The old system of an owner dropping into Tattersall's on a Monday afternoon, and backing his horse for a Derby, Cesarewitch, or other race, has almost entirely dropped into desuetude, and the heavy business is left altogether in the commissioner's hands. Sometimes, when the transaction is exceptionally promising, it is undertaken by one of the leading bookmakers, who 'goes for it,' and endeavours as far as may be to fleece his brethren, but this device entails the obvious disadvantage to the proprietor of missing a leading book.

Whether the commission system as at present carried out tends to the welfare of backers, those who employ it should be the best judges. It is for the most part fairly and honestly conducted, the agents of course finding their profit in the special and early information, which enables them to invest and hedge their own money with that of the stable. The hedging perhaps is the most difficult part of the whole affair; for, unless a horse comes with a sudden rush in the market, necessitating an equally hasty 'getting out' on the part of those who have overlaid themselves, the appearance on the scene of the accredited commissioner with palpable *laying* orders often causes a reaction in favour of the 'bears' and defeats the object in view.

The settlement of backers' accounts after each meeting is now practically altogether in the hands of the commission agents—a modern improvement of magnitude. They do the work promptly, and thoroughly, while in cases of difficulty their tact and discretion are beyond praise; that semi-fraudulent manipulation of accounts—the drawing all, and paying as little as possible, formerly so frequent (more especially when during the Newmarket meetings a daily settlement was *supposed* to take place), is now, let us hope, a thing of the past.

'Two nice matches,' said one of the shy parting division, many years ago; 'I do like matches because you are always *sure* of winning some ready.' 'Sure! how the devil do you make that out?' replied Mr. Payne, who was the recipient of this confidence. 'Oh! because I *always* back them both, and then to-morrow I must have *someone* to receive from!'

Touting has now become a recognised profession; more shame to those, be they of high or low degree, by whom the nefarious trade has been fostered and encouraged, till it has attained its present immense proportions.

Touts are thieves who steal stable secrets, either by spying on horses in their gallops and trials, or by bribing servants to betray their masters, and to reveal any important information acquired in the opportunities of observation which the nature of their work necessarily affords.

The employers of touts are simply receivers of stolen goods, who hope for profit by themselves making use of their ill-gotten intelligence, or by retailing it in such fashion as finds the best market.

Like the slave trade of old, the openness of the traffic renders it none the less abominable.

Its suppression seems impossible, though the Jockey Club has issued some stern edicts on the subject. You cannot close public highways or footpaths, nor can you always lock up stablemen, and if you could, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

Tipsters are almost all swindlers, though to this rule there may be exceptions, as will presently be pointed out.

But the Tom Archers, and Fred Cannons, and Billy Wattses, and that crew of sorry knaves whose advertisements sully the columns of sporting papers! What are they? and what is it they want somebody, or a great many somebodies, to believe? Just this: that the 'moral certainties,' 'dead snips,' 'priceless finals,' and all the rest of the promised rigmarole, issue at first hand from the eminent jockeys whose surnames are borrowed for the occasion. The device is so transparent that one

would suppose no living creature could be gulled by it, yet that it pays, its constant repetition must be taken as conclusive evidence.

Of a somewhat different type is that philanthropic gentleman from Sharpshire, who is intimately acquainted with several of the leading owners and trainers within that favoured district, and who is anxious to enter into correspondence with other sportsmen on topics which may prove of mutual interest and advantage. Which being interpreted means, 'A traitor in two or three camps wishes to put his treachery up for purchase by the highest bidder.'

Not, one would think, a tempting negotiation, even for speculators of tough moral fibre to enter upon—yet if nothing is ever caught, why is the trap so constantly baited? The possible exceptions (to which allusion has been made) to the broad rule that tipsters are mostly swindlers may be found in certain industrious students of public form from book or from personal observation on racecourses, who print and privately circulate yearly, monthly, or weekly analyses of past racing, with reasonable deductions as to their bearing on future events. These men also send to their subscribers daily telegrams indicating a certain number of probable winners. Whether the game is worth the candle to the subscriber, no sufficiently scientific data are forthcoming to assure us. Often during a meeting are heard such expressions as these:

'That's a wonderful man of mine—hardly ever wrong, spotted five winners out of six to-day,' or 'If I'd only followed Trinket's advice, I should have won a monkey;' but to the query, 'Did you back the wonderful man's five winners?' or 'Why did you *not* follow Trinket's advice,' come almost invariably the melancholy rejoinders: 'Because I got the telegram too late,' or 'I put it in my pocket and forgot it,' or 'I wanted to follow his tips and was talked out of them all at the last moment.' So in the long run the priceless information would seem to profit no one but the sender, who, whatever his intellectual shortcomings may be, is no doubt wise enough to

refrain from wasting the subscription money on any of his own selections.

Once, and once only, did the writer of these presents press home the question as to who the much-vaunted issuer of certain daily prophecies really was, and after a severe cross-examination elicited that the seer was, *as far as anybody knew*, a French waiter at a London hotel much frequented by Americans ! ! But rack and thumbscrew would have failed to extort the secret of why one palpably possessed of second-sight was content to remain a waiter.

It must be clearly understood that in the above somewhat sweeping denunciation of tipsters are *not* included the prophets of the sporting press. They are generally wrong, as everyone must be who attempts the impossible feat of naming every winner for each day's racing ; but at least they do not pretend to infallibility, they often back up their forecasts by excellent reasoning, and there is no extra charge for admission to the Wizard's Cave.

As the Jockey Club ostensibly ignores betting, two courts, the Committee of the Rooms at Newmarket, and the Committee of Tattersall's, have been organised for the purpose of arbitrament and judgment in all matters of dispute having connection with betting transactions. These two Committees have a code of rules which, though not officially sanctioned by publication in the Book Calendar, are yet virtually recognised as binding by all Turf authority.

The first named, the Committee of the Rooms at Newmarket, assembles at Newmarket only during the progress of a meeting, but can be appealed to each morning before the commencement of the races by notice duly lodged with the secretary on the previous evening, so that he may have time to warn the defendant to appear.

The Committee of Tattersall's, of which five form a quorum, meets in more spasmodic fashion, and is not so readily convened at its own residence ; hence adjournments, delays and inconvenience often result.

It has, however, a special power of holding impromptu meetings on racecourses when called upon by the stewards; drumhead courts-martial, whereat cases of disputed bets and of default in bets may be speedily adjudicated on, an arrangement which has much terror for evil-doers, who might otherwise by dexterous manœuvring defy for many weeks those whom they have defrauded.

It is said that the joint committees are about to appoint delegates thoroughly to overhaul and revise the Rules of Betting, of which No. 18 seems to stand in urgent need of a simple amendment.

At present it runs thus:

If a *declared* defaulter (the italics are not in the book, but are intended to call attention to the point) does not satisfy the claims of his creditors within twelve months, he shall not be entitled to receive any debts which may be due to him for the race in which he was in default; but if his debts are paid within the prescribed time, viz., 'one year,' i.e. 365 days, inclusive of the day when the money was won, the Committee will support his just claims to receive payment from his debtors.

Nothing could be in intention fairer than this ruling, for a man is hereby *de facto* given a whole year wherein to discharge his betting liabilities, with full right within that time to exact payment of such sums as may be owing to him; though he may not, as a *declared* defaulter, appear in the interim on any racecourse; while if he fails to fulfil these comparatively easy conditions, he is justly fined for his non-compliance, by the forfeiture of money which otherwise he would have received; but the little word *declared* has recently caused considerable complication, and enabled the more unscrupulous of the sharp division to drive the traditional coach-and-four through this enactment. It has already been shown that bookmakers—who are the sufferers in ninety-nine out of a hundred of these cases—are extremely lenient to their debtors; this in a great measure out of good nature, but also partly from self-interest; for to *declare* a man a defaulter is a very serious proceeding, so

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